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..... OF

..... ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

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THE IMAGINATIVE ACHIEVEMENT

OF

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

by



Serafina Penny Petrone

Submitted in partial fulfillment of
the Requirements for the
Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

The University of Alberta

Fall, 1977

Department of English

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The undersigned certify that they have read, and
recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research,
for acceptance, a thesis entitled
THE IMAGINATIVE ACHIEVEMENT OF ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.....
submitted by Serafina Penny Petrone.....
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy.



ABSTRACT

Most Crawford biography and criticism to date have been superficial and sketchy, and anyone who studies them will quickly find himself entangled in a web of contradictions, errors, and omissions. Almost all criticism of the poetry is in the form of reviews which often seem to stress qualities indicative of each writer's special interest. There is, as yet, no full-length study of Crawford's work as a whole--both verse and prose--and no one has yet made a detailed study of her life.

This thesis offers a new and more complete biography of the woman herself, a critical analysis of her extant prose, and a general evaluation of her total canon. It is divided into nine chapters. Chapter I is the Introduction. Chapter II attempts to correct, on the strength of new data which I have been able to locate, a number of traditional errors which until now have persisted in Crawford's biography. Chapter III is a collection of synopses of a representative selection of Crawford's prose works. Chapter IV assesses Crawford's ability as a writer of short stories, and Chapter V provides an evaluation of her as a novelist. Chapter VI deals with the imagery in Crawford's prose. Chapter VII is a critical discussion of the expanded corpus of Crawford's poetry in relation to her prose. Chapter VIII considers the

common themes and images in Crawford's work, both prose and poetry. And Chapter IX, the Conclusion, offers a general evaluation of Crawford's stature as an imaginative writer.

The thesis tries, first, to show that Crawford's imagination was shaped by a combination of an early frontier experience, a home life quite unusual in its refinement and literary culture, a private world of romance, story-telling and make-believe, and an adult life spent in the largest and busiest city of English Canada. And the thesis also tries to show that, although a large proportion of Crawford's fiction and verse is indistinguishable from other light, popular fiction and poetry of her day, Crawford, despite a secluded life, was not detached from the problems of contemporary society. As an intelligent woman of marked opinions, she was intensely preoccupied, in a considerable portion of her prose and poetry, with poverty and suffering, the problems of women, and the nature of Christianity and civilization.

Unfortunately, however, a lack of artistic restraint and appropriateness seriously mars her work. Even her ability to create images, which is the source of her greatest strength, is, too often, exercised without control. Crawford is often guilty of tedious verboseness, distracting and tiresome digressions, pretentious pseudo-scholarship, and an inordinate use of melodramatic devices. Her novels have little to recommend them on literary grounds. Only one of

her short stories, "Extradited," is probably worth preserving. And only a few of her poems, those dealing with the Canadian wilderness in particular, deserve to be remembered.

And yet such failure notwithstanding, scattered unpredictably throughout her works is the sentence with the shimmering edge of wit, the occasional flash of insight, the adroit stab of irony, the deft touches of lyrical grace, and the imaginative leap that momentarily excites the reader.

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ABBREVIATIONS

<u>ABS</u>	A Bar of Sunset
<u>ALB</u>	A Little Bacchante
<u>AFT</u>	A Five O'Clock Tea
<u>ARG</u>	A Rose in his Grace
<u>BH</u>	[Belfry House]
<u>CHEL</u>	Cambridge History of English Literature
<u>CP</u>	The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (1905)
<u>Ex</u>	Extradited
<u>FLJ</u>	Fair Little Jealousy
<u>FYY</u>	From Yule to Yule
<u>GdeB</u>	Old General de Bezir
<u>GRGD</u>	Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter
<u>HCL</u>	His Christmas Love
<u>HD</u>	The Heir of Dremore
<u>HR</u>	Helen's Rock
<u>HWLL</u>	Her Whole Life Long
<u>JCF</u>	Journal of Canadian Fiction
<u>IBM</u>	In the Breast of a Maple
<u>LA</u>	Lodesley Abbey
<u>LaT</u>	La Tricoteuse
<u>LNMPA</u>	Let No Man Put Asunder
<u>LPC</u>	Lorne Pierce Collection
<u>OSPMK</u>	Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems
<u>PD</u>	[Philip Dudley]
<u>PM</u>	Popular Monthly
<u>PS</u>	Pillows of Stone
<u>S</u>	[Sam Shane]
<u>SDCB</u>	A Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography
<u>SF</u>	Sevres Fulkes
<u>SS</u>	Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford
<u>THT</u>	The Hunters Twain
<u>TLD</u>	The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas
<u>TT</u>	Tudor Tramp

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Isabella Valancy Crawford's biography and literary career are recorded in a hodge-podge of histories, encyclopedias, newspaper reviews, and occasional pieces of criticism. These accounts are marred by omissions, inconsistencies, and inaccuracies. As a result, details of Crawford's life and of her literary reputation are very often confusing and contradictory. For example, most biographical accounts have persisted in lamenting the critical neglect Crawford suffered during her lifetime and after her death. In 1887 "Seranus" (Mrs. S. F. Harrison) complained that Crawford was "unknown to the general public of the Dominion."¹ In 1901 Burpee lamented that Crawford's "work has never yet received the recognition it deserved."² In 1938 Garvin stated that the general acclaim which his 1905 collection of Crawford's poems received "awakened Canadians to the fact that they had had in their midst a great woman poet who had been overlooked if not carelessly neglected."³ And as late as 1975 Dorothy Livesay noted that Crawford "died too young, at 37, to receive any recognition from her own generation."⁴

Despite such lament, however, careful examination of testimony shows that Crawford was well-known during her

lifetime, acclaimed after her death, and popular as an anthology poet through the years thereafter. When she published her only volume of poetry the local papers commented on her reputation. The Globe said that "by many Canadian readers the name of Isabella Valancy Crawford is already favourably known as that of a lady whose poetical gifts are above the average of excellence."⁵ The Telegram stated that she was "one of the best known of Canadian writers."⁶ At her death in 1887, Henry Morgan, in the Dominion Annual Register and Review of 1887, referred to "the late regretted Miss Crawford" whose death was "universally deplored in our literary circles."⁷ In the same year, "Seranus" stated that Crawford was one of Canada's "most original, powerful, and inspired singers,"⁸ and in her volume of poetry entitled Pine, Rose and Fleur De Lis published in 1891, "Seranus" wrote "A Monody. To the Memory of Isabella Valancy Crawford," a long poem paying tribute to "Sappho, who is dead,/ Was ours, and great."⁹ In 1905 Ethelwyn Wetherald referred to Crawford as "Canada's first woman poet."¹⁰ In 1927 Lorne Pierce believed Crawford to be "one of our three outstanding women poets."¹¹ Three years later V. B. Rhodenizer asserted that Crawford had "an unrivalled position as Canada's greatest female poet."¹² In 1943 Northrop Frye spoke of Crawford as "one of the subtlest poets that Canada has produced."¹³ Ten years later The Cambridge History of English Literature stated that Crawford

"is the first Canadian poet of distinction."¹⁴ And as recently as 1972, James Reaney called Crawford the grandmother figure of Canadian poetry.¹⁵

And although Hale claimed that Crawford was hidden in obscurity until Garvin rescued her in his 1905 collection, Crawford was, in fact, between 1887 and 1905, a popular anthology poet with some international recognition. As early as 1887 she was anthologized in The Canadian Birthday Book edited by "Seranus," who included sixteen poems by Crawford, some complete, some in excerpt. Considering that Sangster had twenty-three and Roberts nineteen, Crawford ranked a good third, and the compiler spoke of Crawford's verse as being "almost the finest yet produced in Canada, being instinct with a breadth and vigour and melody unsurpassed by few living writers."¹⁶ Two years later, in his anthology Songs of the Great Dominion, W. D. Lighthall included a number of Crawford's works: "The Farmer's Daughter Cherry," "Said the Canoe," "March," and the popular "Love, the Master Builder," the "Canoe Song" and several long descriptive passages from Malcolm's Katie. In his introduction emphasizing the national quality of Canadian writing (a characteristic feature of the period that immediately followed Confederation), Lighthall praised Crawford's "boldly new" treatment of Canadian subjects, and placed her work next to that of Sangster and Roberts whom he considered the two most important national poets. He claimed

that, after her death, her verse was, in fact, seen to be "phenomenal." In 1891 Crawford's poetry appeared in an American anthology, Younger American Poets (1830-1890). Since 1890, she has been included in many major Canadian anthologies. And if it is true that the poetry which the ordinary Canadian knows is the poetry that has been taught in the classroom, then many Canadians have met Crawford. She was included in Shorter Poems edited by W. J. Alexander, an anthology which, for more than a generation, was a prescribed textbook for the schools of the Province of Ontario. And Crawford was even anthologized in a book of Irish poetry.¹⁷ Such exposure does not suggest that she lay buried in cruel obscurity, nor that she has suffered from critical neglect.

Unfortunately, however, although Crawford's work has attracted praise and recognition, the tragic nature of her life has preoccupied certain critics, and this interest has posed obstacles to detached assessment. Some early writers have leaned towards "appreciation," rather than impartial analysis, urging more sympathy, perhaps, than admiration for true merit. In the Introduction to his Songs of the Great Dominion published in 1889, W. D. Lighthall went as far as to assert that "there is very little doubt that the neglect [Crawford's] book received was the cause of her death."¹⁸ Even the more objective assessments of modern critics, certainly not concerned with any critical neglect

of Crawford's work, seldom failed to mention Crawford's heroic struggle with poverty, disappointment, and bereavement: in 1965 Roy Daniells wrote that Crawford "deserves to be remembered, and even longer for her life than for her work,"¹⁹ and Frank Bessai in 1970 asserted that "it is the story of natural genius and unflinching courage, of the power of a lonely and loving spirit."²⁰ Such statements, of course, tend to convey a patronizing tone which weakens objectivity.

Moreover, the current interest in a thematic approach, rather than a literary evaluation based on matters of structure and style, has created additional difficulties. Although critics like Reaney and his followers offer a new critical perspective, they tend to be interested almost solely in their specialized area of inquiry and neglect analyzing Crawford's work as literary art.

Furthermore, the concentration of contemporary critics upon Crawford's poetry rather than her prose has provided still another problem in the assessment of Crawford's work. What is generally not known today is that Crawford was also a novelist and prolific short story writer. When her volume of poetry was published in 1884, the Evening Telegram wrote that Crawford's "prose contributions have been a regular feature in Leslie's New York publications."²¹ At Crawford's death three years later the same paper claimed that Crawford "had already made her mark in the world of

literature, poetry as well as prose."²² In 1895 E. J. Hathaway, commenting on the publication of Crawford's "A Little Bacchante" which was serialized in the Evening Globe in 1886, stated that it "was an honor which few local writers had ever received, and the success of the novel proved the wisdom of the selection."²³ Early critics such as Hathaway, "Seranus," Burpee, Hale, and Garvin consistently referred to Crawford's prose, but it has since been completely disregarded; and, until recently, no one has ever collected it or attempted a literary evaluation.²⁴

The critical neglect of Crawford's prose is not entirely without reason, of course; the prose is simply inaccessible. Bibliographical information is sketchy and faulty: a fairly complete bibliography of Crawford's poems exists in Hale's anthology but only two prose selections are listed. There is as yet no systematic bibliography of primary and secondary sources. The bulk of Crawford's prose is located in manuscript draft in the Lorne Pierce Collection at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, but, as Dr. Pierce noted in a letter dated September 3, 1937 to Eliza Jane Crawford, wife of Isabella's younger brother, Stephen Walter, the manuscripts are "in a sorry plight."²⁵ The bulk of the collection consists of incomplete tales, many of them untitled: stories that start elaborately as novels are abandoned; many of those that seem to begin as short stories stop abruptly. Several versions of the same story exist in

various states of revision. Several of the fragments are portions of projected three-volume novels intended for serial publication.²⁶ Whether any of the material was finally prepared for publication cannot be determined, and whether any of it was rejected by publishers is also difficult to ascertain.²⁷

The manuscripts are often difficult to read: punctuation is erratic, grammar is faulty, paragraphs are seldom indicated. Crawford's perverse habit of using dashes for commas and semi-colons proves often distracting and irritating. English and foreign words are often misspelled. Words are sometimes left out, and the manuscripts are written in several hands. Crawford obviously wrote rapidly, and there is very little evidence of revision. Chapters are often unnumbered, making it difficult to determine the sequence of a story. Names and ages of characters sometimes change within the story. (The amnesia victim in From Yule to Yule was initially called Karl, but when Crawford later picked up the story, he was Dick.) Word counts are scattered throughout the hundreds of closely written pages. In fact, Crawford is so short of paper that she sometimes crams one story into another with no space between. Despite all these difficulties there is a need for more biographical work as well as a total reassessment of the merits of Crawford's literary achievement, both prose and verse.

As far as I can determine, Crawford's surviving work

in prose in the Lorne Pierce Collection consists of ten complete and nineteen incomplete short stories and sketches, nine novel fragments, seven completed fairy tales, one boys' story, and one complete novel. In addition to this material, I have unearthed, in the Frank Leslie publications between the years 1880 and 1886, six hitherto unlisted short stories;²⁸ Chapter IX of the novel, "A Little Bacchante; or Some Black Sheep," in the Evening Globe of January 21, 1886; and a short story, "Extradited," published in The Globe on September 4, 1886.

Crawford's poetry is available in four collections: Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems published in 1884 by Crawford herself; The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, edited in 1905 by John Garvin with a brief introduction, dealing with Crawford's life and works, by Ethelwyn Wetherald, a popular poet of her day; a book of biography and criticism containing a small miscellany of poems for Ryerson's Makers of Canadian Literature Series (c. 1923) issued by Garvin's wife, under the pen-name of Katherine Hale; and in 1972 a reissue of the 1905 edition by the University of Toronto Press for its Nineteenth-Century Reprint Series with an introduction by James Reaney. In addition to these collections there is a small body of shorter pieces and an untitled, incomplete narrative poem in the Lorne Pierce Collection. I have also located thirty-four

uncollected poems which are mentioned in Hale's bibliography as well as eight additional poems never before listed.²⁹

This thesis will offer an expanded and corrected bibliography of Crawford's writings and criticisms of her work; a chronology of the extended canon of Crawford's works; the first critical analysis of her prose; and the first general evaluation of her work. Since a knowledge of Crawford the woman will help to explain her work, I shall attempt to bring together the surviving work and Crawford's experience and personality into a coherent whole.

The thesis is divided into nine chapters. Chapter I is the Introduction. Chapter II is the biographical section: Crawford's biography has been flawed by a lack of documentary evidence, exaggeration and sentimentality, and I shall expose and correct these where possible. Chapter III contains a collection of narrative summaries of a representative selection of Crawford's prose pieces. Chapter IV evaluates Crawford's ability as a writer of short stories, and Chapter V, her skill as a novelist. Chapter VI concentrates on the imagery of Crawford's prose. Chapter VII treats the expanded canon of Crawford's known work in verse and offers a critical assessment. Chapter VIII considers the common themes and images in Crawford's work, both prose and poetry. Chapter IX forms the conclusion of this thesis, surveys the critical opinions of Crawford's work, attempts to arrive at

an evaluation of Crawford's imaginative achievement, and suggests areas of future study.

CHAPTER II

BIOGRAPHY

About a year before she died Isabella Valancy Crawford wrote a brief biographical account of herself for "Seranus":

I am of mingld Scotch, French and English descent, born in Dublin, Ireland. My father was Stephen Denis Crawford. M.D. M.R.C.S. England, and L.M.B.A. Canada. I am his sixth child and only surviving daughter. I was brought to Canada by my parents in my earliest childhood, and have never left the country since that period. I was educated at home, and have never left my home but for about a month, that amount of absence being scattered over all my life. My father settld finally in Peterborough Ontario where he passed out. My mother and I came then to Toronto where we have ever since resided - I have written largely for the American Press, but only published one volume on my own account "Old Spookses Pass; Malcom's Katie and Other Poems" which appeared in 1884, in Toronto, and is decorated with press errors as a Zulu chief is laden with beads. Voilà tout!¹

With a French idiom Crawford dismisses a whole life history. Whether she valued her privacy or felt there was no more to tell must necessarily remain conjecture. Her critics have been able to find very little more biographical data, and no really dependable account of Crawford's life exists. As late as 1935, the year before he died, John Garvin, who has been considered the chief authority on Crawford's life, was asking Crawford's sister-in-law, Eliza Jane Crawford, such questions as "Was Isabella Valancy Crawford the third,

fourth, fifth, or sixth child? Was she older than the sister who died in Peterborough?"² Even in 1971 Eliza Jane Crawford's only surviving child, Mrs. Valancy Perry, whom I had hoped would prove the best source of information passed on through family tradition, could help little in supplying any further details of her aunt's life.³ Crawford's biography is still incomplete and--in its various accounts--inconsistent.

Despite such difficulties, however, there is evidence that enables us to dispel some of the obscurities, fill some of the gaps, eliminate some of the distortions of traditional criticism. On the basis of previously unpublished information I can now fix with greater confidence than heretofore the date and place of Crawford's birth and the dates of the family's arrival in Canada and of Crawford's subsequent moves to Lakefield, Peterborough and Toronto, and I can now state with certainty the exact date of Crawford's death. Research into newspaper files has uncovered letters and review articles which furnish hitherto neglected details of her personality, and I can now reconstruct more fully the events of Crawford's career as a freelance writer, and make some suggestions with regard to her private life.

Little is definitely known about Crawford's family background. Contradictory accounts exist even with regard to the place and date of her birth. Her obituary notice in The Globe gives her birthplace "in Ireland near Dublin,"⁴ but records no birthdate. Both Ethelwyn Wetherald and Elsie

M. Pomeroy, however, speak of her birth "in Dublin on the day before Christmas, 1850."⁵ Other dates vary from 1846 to 1851, 1852 and 1857.⁶ Since my research has failed to locate any official record of her birthdate, I can only rely upon the strongest secondary evidence yet available: both Garvin, who knew Crawford's brother, Stephen Walter, personally, and Mrs. Valancy Perry, who was Crawford's only surviving relative, agree on Christmas Day, 1850.⁷ Until such time as an official record of birth is found, we must accept this date as the most probable of all those recorded. We know, of course, and this on the strength of her own testimony, that Crawford was born in Ireland.

There have also been differing views regarding Crawford's ethnic background and her place in the family. Garvin, for instance, states that she was "of Highland Scotch and Irish descent," and "the seventh daughter of Stephen Dennis Crawford, M.D., and his wife, Sydney Scott,"⁸ but the Peterborough Examiner death notice for another child, Emma Naomi, on January 27, 1876, spoke of Emma Naomi as the "seventh daughter." In her letter to "Seranus" Crawford herself states that she is "of mingld Scotch, French and English descent" and the "sixth child" in the family.⁹

Accounts of Crawford's early childhood have also differed. Garvin records that in 1857 Crawford's father went to Australia to investigate the prospects for a medical practitioner settling there, but that he was forced to

return to Ireland after having received news of the death of seven of his eleven children.¹⁰ Caswell claims that the Doctor took his family of fourteen to Australia in 1856.¹¹ Mrs. Valancy Perry denies the accuracy of both statements. She insists that the Doctor went to India, not to Australia, and while he was practising in India during the Indian mutiny nine out of his family of thirteen died in seven days from black diphtheria in Dublin. However, a record containing his testimony that he was the person mentioned in a diploma given by the Royal College of Surgeons of England is dated April 1, 1857.¹² And a petition, containing Dr. Crawford's signature, to the Crown Lands Department of Canada for permission to erect a Wesleyan Methodist Church in Paisley is dated October 27, 1857.¹³ If Dr. Crawford was, indeed, ever in India or Australia, he was there before April 1, 1857.

Although we now have documented proof that Dr. Crawford was in Paisley in 1857,¹⁴ there is no certainty regarding the date of the family's arrival in Canada or of the number of children that arrived: arrival dates vary from 1856 to 1857 to 1858,¹⁵ and the number of children that came from three to four to five to twelve to fourteen.¹⁶ Mrs. Perry states that her father, Stephen Walter, was born on Christmas Day, 1857 in Dublin¹⁷ and that the family--Mrs. Crawford and four children (Isabella, the eldest, two younger sisters, Sydney and Emma Naomi, and a baby brother, Stephen Walter)--migrated to Canada the following year.¹⁸ There is official

evidence that Mrs. Crawford came no later than 1858: an extant instrument of sale dated August 11, 1858 shows the purchase of land from the Crown by Sidney Crawford, wife of Stephen Denis Crawford of the Village of Paisley.¹⁹ It appears, then, that Dr. Crawford arrived in Paisley in 1857, and that the family followed the next year. Reports of the number of children who died in Paisley have varied from one to two to nine.²⁰ Mrs. Perry insists that only one child, Sydney, named after her mother, died in Paisley. A recently unearthed newspaper article by "Antrim," Mrs. Annie Sutherland, who received her information first-hand from her mother (whose father Samuel Thomas Rowe built Dr. Crawford's home in Paisley),²¹ also reports the death of only one child. But once again, this information lacks documented proof.

Very little is definitely known about Crawford's early childhood and education in Paisley.²² Her father, however, was not an illiterate manual labourer but a physician and her mother a gentle-woman. Crawford's family home was likely that of a professional man with a respect for books and learning. The children did not attend school, but were taught privately by their parents. Given their educated background, Crawford may well have been exposed to their literary heritage and old world culture. Local tradition records that Crawford was a diligently studious child who was fondest of history and poetry, read Homer, could translate

Horace, and claimed Dante for her favorite poet. There is no documentary evidence of these interests, but from her prose and poetry one cannot help suspecting that Crawford's learning has been over-rated. She probably read Homer and Horace in translation. Although traditional biographical sketches have consistently credited her with a thorough grounding in Latin, only commonplace Latin tags such as vox populi, pro bono publico and ipse dixit appear sporadically in her works. And if Dante was, in fact, her favorite poet, it seems strange, indeed, that the only time he is mentioned, his book is closed: "Unheeded, Dante on the cushion lay,/ His golden clasps yet locked" ("My Irish Love," CP, 261). Crawford's writing, however, does indicate a considerable range of reading.²³ It reveals an acquaintance with the Bible, and poems by Burns, Moore, and Scott; a familiarity with pithy adages probably drawn from dictionaries and rhetoric books; knowledge of Shakespeare and Tennyson; and an interest in the Graeco-Roman classics and Oriental fantasies.²⁴

In view of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan's statement that both the Doctor and Mrs. Crawford were clever conversationalists and good raconteurs,²⁵ it is likely that they entertained their children with fairy stories, myth, and legends. Such a world of fantasy would have contributed to the development of Crawford's imagination and provided her with a storehouse of memories from which she could later draw for her creative pursuits.

Music may well have been another popular form of family entertainment. Local tradition claims that the Crawford's brought a harp to Paisley.²⁶ Many of Crawford's heroines play the harp, and music-making at home plays an important role in many of her works. Perhaps Crawford's fine ear which was to have a good deal to do with the best of her accomplishment as a poet was first cultivated at home by hearing folk ballads and such popular dance tunes as "The Highland Fling" and "The Sailor's Hornpipe" as well as such popular household airs as "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and "Annie Laurie," all of which are mentioned by name in Crawford's works.

Such a cultured home environment was an anomaly in a pioneer community still struggling to wrest itself from the wilderness, but it was, of course, no more extraordinary than that provided in the homes of such better-known Canadian pioneers as the Stewarts, Langtons, Moodies, and Traills, who also came from the cultured and comfortable life of the British middle-class to settle in the backwoods of Ontario.

Crawford was undoubtedly fortunate to have been raised in such culturally stimulating circumstances. Like that of her fictional character, Thea Foote, who was similarly educated at home, Crawford's education, however, seems to have been "smattered" rather than methodically structured. Evidence from her writing shows that she had difficulty learning to spell and punctuate properly.

While her upbringing provided Crawford with literary "spots of time" which she would later use in her writing, the wilderness of Bruce County doubtlessly fed an impressionable imagination that would also later recall the Indians and the Canadian wilds. "Antrim" goes so far as to claim that when Crawford, accompanied by her father, would visit the camps of the Indians ". . . she was their Nenemoosha (sweetheart): for her they wove their prettiest basket and beaded moccasins while she watched them and she carried away with her, too, the beaded bag of many gay colours."²⁷

These details may well be apocryphal, but it does seem likely that a pioneer child would be familiar with Indian encampments. It would also seem reasonable to suppose that it was here, growing up in a valley of the Ontario backwoods, that Crawford saw the pioneer farmers burning the land clear, driving their yokes of oxen round black stumps, and heard the ringing blows of the axe chopping down the giant trees, those blows that we later hear in the invocation to the axe in "Malcolm's Katie."

In the new settlement the Crawfords, to all outward appearances, kept up the customs and habits of nineteenth-century gentlefolk. According to Mrs. Maud Miller Wilson, the Crawford home was the centre of gentle, dignified hospitality for its guests who "were sure of a warm welcome, music, and a game of whist."²⁸ And "Antrim," too, records that

Sabbath morn saw the Crawfords among the church-going villagers, the doctor dignified in his morning coat, gray plug hat and ivory-headed cane; his wife in Irish poplin and Paisley shawl and bonnet tied with brown ribbon, and the little Isabella in hoop skirt and tartan plaid with dainty frilled pantellettes, beaver cloth coat and blue satin hat; the trio was followed at a respectable distance by Maggie, the faithful nurse, with frail little Naomi by the hand.²⁹

Such details as church attendance, elegant dress, and servants in a pioneer community are credible. Other well-known settlers of Crawford's cultural background tell of trying to maintain a similar quality of life in the Ontario clearings.

But the village doctor's practice was not lucrative. Dr. Crawford was often forced to take poultry and other produce in payment for medical services which, it seems, were not frequently required: "The community was healthful, the rites of birth were in the hands of midwives and a physician's scope was not large at the time."³⁰ Possibly as the result of this small demand for his services, the Doctor decided to move.

Once again traditional biographical accounts do not agree: dates given for the departure from Paisley vary from 1864 to 1865 to 1866.³¹ It now seems safe to say, however, that the family remained in Paisley only until 1861, or perhaps 1862, because the property bought by Sydney Crawford was mortgaged to a Thos. Brightly on March 18, 1861, and the Crawfords are enumerated in the 1861 census for Elderslie Township, Bruce County.³² Although the exact date of departure from Paisley cannot be verified, it is now certain

that the family was present in the Lakefield area as early as November, 1862. Official records reveal purchases made by Dr. Crawford at Sherin's store in Lakefield during that month.³³ Whether Dr. Crawford had planned to move to Lakefield when he left Paisley is uncertain. An observation in the following letter by a friend of Frank H. Dobbin, who compiled a history of the medical men of Peterborough,³⁴ illustrates the unsettled state of the family at the time:

In the summer of 1864 my brother and I travelling for the Canada Land Co. throughout Eastern Canada happened to put up for the night at a village hotel, north of Kingston. There we met Dr. Crawford, at the time a man nearly 60 years of age, his wife, a son and two daughters. . . . They seemed to be poorly off, and we felt real sorry for them out here in Canada amidst such unsuitable surroundings. My brother, knowing that there was no resident physician in the village of Lakefield made to them the following offer. That they move to Lakefield, and make use of his home during the months in which he would be away from the village. His offer was accepted and presently Dr. Crawford and family came to the village and he took up practice being the first resident practitioner that Lakefield acquired.³⁵

How much trust we can place in this letter, however, is debatable: the date, 1864, is certainly incorrect since evidence demonstrates that the Crawfords were already in Lakefield in 1862.

By the time the Crawfords moved to the region in 1862, Lakefield was a thriving village. It boasted several public schools, but the Crawford children did not attend these. Isabella³⁶ continued to be educated at home along with her younger sister, Emma Naomi, and younger brother,

Stephen Walter. The same "bookish" environment that had distinguished their home in Paisley prevailed in Lakefield. Mrs. Valancy Perry tells how her father, Stephen Walter, would work at his arithmetic willingly and practise his penmanship diligently, while Isabella and the frail Emma Naomi would sew and embroider and write stories.³⁷

As in Bruce County, there were in the Lakefield district several settlements of well-educated, upper-class Englishmen,³⁸ and the village itself possessed a flourishing literary circle. One can validly infer, then, that the Crawfords shared the stimulation of a restricted circle of learned friends. The presence in the village of Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, the well-known writer, and the Reverend Vincent Clementi, another prominent literary figure, talented musician and first President of the Mechanics' Institute of Lakefield, would, no doubt, have impressed a young girl. According to Miss Florence Attwood, a niece of Katie Traill, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, Crawford was a friend of Katie. There is no documentary evidence of any friendship between Crawford and Clementi, who had come to Canada from England where his Italian father, Muzio Clementi, "Father of the Pianoforte," was a celebrated composer, but we see in Crawford's later work a marked interest in music and a love of Italy.

Whether Crawford began selling her stories, as Burpee claims, while she lived in Lakefield--"at the age of

fourteen she wrote stories for Frank Leslie's Magazine"³⁹-- cannot be verified. Miss Florence Attwood reports, however, that Isabella spoke of writing a book which she was going to call Lavender and Old Lace. "There was to be an old lady in it dressed in velvet with lavender trimmings and old lace and ribbons in cap, etc."⁴⁰ Crawford's work does demonstrate a persisting interest in clothes and in old people. And there is solid evidence that she did write stories at the time. Her signature, "Isabella Valancy," appears at the end of a fairy tale entitled "The Waterlily" along with the address "North Douro" on the back of the last page.⁴¹ Another story, "The Golden Locket; or, the Story of a Nun," is also signed "Isabella Valancy." Since Crawford's signed works, beginning with her residence in Peterborough,⁴² bear her signature in full, it is reasonable to suggest that "The Golden Locket" was also written in her adolescence. Such evidence lends credence to Burpee's statement that Crawford was writing stories while a girl in the Lakefield region.

Lakefield was a beautiful town with its west foot on the Douro Township side and its east foot on the Smith side of the Otonabee River that flows into Lake Katchewanooka, the last in the chain of the island-studded Kawartha Lakes.⁴³ Mrs. Wilson states that "there in the

early morning did the young girl paddle her canoe through the lily-beds and witness the islands, shaking off their misty coverings. . . . There she has heard the plaintive call of the loon, and has startled the wild duck from its marshy nest amid the ricebeds."⁴⁴ But we must allow for the imagination of the writer in such a passage; no evidence exists that Crawford in fact camped out-of-doors at Lakefield although there is the possibility that she did so, for in several of her poems she does reveal a close familiarity with the Canadian wilderness.

There is documented evidence, however, that, as in Paisley, the family participated in the religious and social life of the village, at least for part of their stay. Vestry notes from Christ Church of North-Douro reveal that from March 1862 to October 9, 1866 Dr. Crawford took an active part in church affairs. Isabella, moreover, is said to have been confirmed there at the age of fourteen, but the records are apparently not now extant. And Florence Attwood reports that the Crawfords "lived in a little house where Mother remembers going with Aunt Kate and Grandmother to take tea with them."⁴⁵

But, as in Paisley, Dr. Crawford's medical practice failed to prosper. The family's financial difficulties became worse, although the family suffered in silence. One

contemporary Lakefield woman has recorded her view of the Doctor's reputation, the family's independent attitude, and the community's self-righteous reaction to them:

They seem to have been a rather odd family. Her father Dr. Crawford was the first doctor to reside in Lakefield and from what I can gather not a first class one . . . Mother who only met them on a visit to Lakefield and so only knew them by hearsay, thinks Dr. Crawford took too much milk punch. . . .⁴⁶

If this observation is true, it helps to explain why the Doctor, an educated and cultured man, moved about so much and was so poor.

Nevertheless, whatever the reasons for the Doctor's lack of success--his age, his failing health, his drinking problem, his alleged incompetence, his supposed lack of business acumen,⁴⁷ the small demand for medical services,⁴⁸ or his failure to adapt to pioneer surroundings--the family once again packed up their belongings. This time they moved to Peterborough, probably in the hope that the rapidly growing town and larger area would bring a more profitable practice. And once again dates for this change vary from 1864 to 1871 to 1872. But two pieces of documentary evidence--the Doctor's first advertisement in the Peterborough Examiner on March 24, 1870, and the Peterborough Assessment and Collector's Rolls--indicate that the family took up residence there in 1870.⁴⁹

In Peterborough the family first settled in one of the first brick houses in what was later to be known as "Green's Terrace." It was at the corner of Water and Charlotte Streets, the front windows overlooking the Otonabee

River where the colourful log drives from the timber stretches of the north passed on their way to Lake Ontario in the spring.⁵⁰ But, as in Paisley and Lakefield, the Doctor's practice failed, and his financial troubles worsened. The family evidently became so poor that they almost starved. Mrs. Wilson reports that in the winter season, callers at the Crawford door were often told that Mrs. Crawford and her daughters were not receiving, while the truth of the matter was that the family did not wish it known that there was no fire in the parlour.⁵¹ Perhaps we should not put too much trust in such a sentimental account, but Wilson's assertions, however, do bear out those of Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill's great-niece, who also noted that the Crawfords "were very proud . . . and although poor, resented any kindness."⁵² If Wilson's statement that the Crawford home in Paisley was the centre of hospitality is accurate, and if she and Attwood are correct about the family's poverty and pride, as they appear to be, we can assume that mingled poverty and pride prevented the family from having the social life they had hitherto enjoyed. Poverty is embarrassing at any time, but genteel poverty is particularly painful: to women like the Crawfords, public knowledge of their position would be unendurable. Mrs. Wilson has suggested that Isabella's attitude, "as if daring anyone to offer to help them," was a form of noblesse oblige that "declined favors which she might never hope to return, from neighbours of a less privileged class than that to which

she herself belonged."⁵³ It is interesting that the chief characteristic of the speakers in Crawford's two dramatic monologues, "Esther" and "Vashti, the Queen," both written while she lived in Peterborough, is pride, a self-respecting pride, not arrogance or vanity.⁵⁴ Also, poems like "Wealth" and "War" show that Crawford rebelled passionately against man's inhumanity to his fellow-beings. Poems such as these may well reflect the humiliation she had felt in her impoverished circumstances in Peterborough. A friend, recalling this period of Crawford's life, suggests additional causes of humiliation:

The idea of an unknown girl calling herself anything so unusual as "Valancy" and above all things writing poetry, seemed to the good people a most ridiculous and presumptuous thing. I remember the very mocking comments. . . .⁵⁵

There were few occupations open to well-bred young ladies of Crawford's day, and we can reasonably suppose that Crawford set about writing for the commercial market to help the family extricate itself from its financial straits. She regularly sent short stories to publishers, and, we are told, was a constant contributor to Frank Leslie's and other American magazines.⁵⁶ This statement may well be true since I found six of Crawford's stories in Frank Leslie's between the years 1880 to 1886. Crawford also sent poems to the Toronto Mail, and the first of these to be published, "The Vesper Star," appeared in the paper on December 24, 1873, a day before her twenty-third birthday. There is no documentary

proof that this was Crawford's first published poem. Nevertheless, Garvin records that during the next seventeen months ten other poems were published in the same newspaper. There was no remuneration for these, but they helped to make Crawford's name familiar to many readers.⁵⁷

Traditional accounts perpetuate the story that in 1873 Crawford entered a short story competition and won the first prize of six hundred dollars for her story "Winona, the Indian Queen." But on the heels of the first cheque for a hundred dollars came the news that the prize-giving corporation had failed and nothing more was to be expected from them.⁵⁸ There is no documentary evidence to support this story, but Crawford may well have written a story entitled "Winona." This name keeps appearing as a subtitle with Crawford's published works from 1875 to 1886: with "Flora" in The Mail on Feb. 26, 1875; "Erin to her Grandson, Ned Hanlan" in The Telegram on June 25, 1876; "Filigrane" in The National on Sept. 26, 1878; "Uncle Joe's Reason" in The National on May 8, 1879; A Little Bacchante in The Evening Globe on Jan. 21, 1886. In the same year, too, we are told that Emma Naomi, who was always busy with beautiful and intricate designs in embroidery, sent a piece of fancy work (on which she had worked for a year) to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in the hope of a prize or sale, but it was apparently lost in the mails.⁵⁹ If these events are, indeed, true, they must have been bitter

disappointments to a family that seemed pursued by poverty and plagued by misfortune.

The atmosphere of the Crawford household in Peterborough, with an invalid sister, an aging mother, and possibly a hard-drinking father, must have been strained. Official records showing that the family moved to two different residences within five years indicate the uncertainties of family life. Crawford saw other immigrant fathers prospering in a land of opportunity, but her own father failing. To consider the words put into the mouths of fictional characters as evidence of the writer's own experience is always dangerous, but in one of Isabella's stories a character exclaims, "What a frightful word is Failure."⁶⁰ Her father's drinking may well have reduced the once-affluent family to penury, and Crawford often wrote in savage terms of what drink does to men and to the helpless ones dependent upon them.

Dr. Crawford died in 1875 of a heart disease, presumably at the age of sixty-eight.⁶¹ Less than six months later, Emma Naomi, who had suffered for many years, died at the age of twenty-one, probably from consumption.⁶² Crawford had been too young to comprehend the deaths of ten of her brothers and sisters, all of whom had died as infants or young children. Now, however, with the loss of her father and Emma Naomi, she experienced two deaths in less than a year. It is thus not surprising that death is a recurring

subject in Crawford's work, and that her attitude towards death, as in "His Clay," published after her father's death, is one not of fear but of acceptance, a welcome release from pain. Moreover, to have watched her only surviving sister, whom biographers claim she idolized, and an aged father die must have been painfully difficult. Understandably, then, Crawford is imaginatively preoccupied with poverty and disease, behaviour under stress, and mental suffering, and many of her characters suffer from drinking problems and emotional instability.

Of a family of fifteen, only three were now left: Isabella, her mother, and her brother, Stephen Walter, who returned to the northern regions of Algoma after he had attended Emma Naomi's funeral.⁶³ There was no reason for the two women to remain in Peterborough where they were now penniless and alone. They moved to Toronto, possibly because opportunities for publishing were better there. But once again discrepancies regarding this date exist in traditional biographical accounts.⁶⁴ Norah Story, in The Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature, writes that "in 1875, on the death of her father, she came with her mother and an invalid sister to Toronto. . . ."⁶⁵ We know, however, that the invalid sister died in Peterborough in January, 1876, and that only Isabella and her mother moved to Toronto later the same year. Crawford's signature in the membership register of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute is dated June 20, 1876.⁶⁶ A poem, "Where, Love, Art Hid?" published in The National is dated Toronto, July, 1876. And two very short

anecdotes, "Dreams and Manifestations" and "Mrs. Hay's Ghost," which were related to Crawford by the Misses Rutherford with whom she lived when she first moved to Toronto, are each dated "July 18/76."⁶⁷

Since Crawford had already published in Toronto newspapers and had thereby achieved a certain recognition, her decision to move to Toronto was probably wise. Peterborough was a thriving market town possessing a northern flavour with its Indian guides, its hunters and trappers, its canoe factories and saw mills,⁶⁸ but Toronto was the country's sophisticated metropolis and the intellectual centre of English Canada. Despite the economic depression that had begun in 1875 and was to continue for nearly two decades, its literary life was vigorous.⁶⁹ Its newspapers and periodicals flourished and attracted a group of serious journalists such as Goldwin Smith, Graeme Mercer Adam, and Theodore Arnold Haultain.⁷⁰ It was also the mecca for young career women, and an impressive number of professional women writers competed successfully with their male counterparts.⁷¹

Crawford entered energetically into writing and over the years produced an increasing number of poems, short stories, and novels. The chief market for her poems was the Toronto Evening Telegram which paid, according to Garvin, one to three dollars for each piece.⁷² In view of the number of poems Garvin found in his search of Toronto newspapers, in some years Crawford published a poem every two weeks or so. Anonymous authorship and noms-de-plume were,

however, the fashion of the day, and some of her other works--in addition to those located by Garvin--may have been published unsigned or pseudonymously. The entry "'Denis Scott'/General Post Office/Toronto/Ontario," appears at the end of The Halton Boys, for example, but no other pieces with this pseudonym have been located. In any case it is difficult to believe--particularly in view of her productivity--that many months and even years of Frank Leslie's could go by without something from her pen. As the styles of writers in such popular journals closely resembled each other, it would be almost impossible to identify any particular work as hers: all of the subjects were of the extravagant type expected by readers of newspaper feuilletons, as they were called, and the style was always prolix since the contributors were paid by the length of their stories. Though Crawford's fictional and poetic output was most likely greater than the surviving identified pieces would suggest, our current knowledge of late nineteenth-century periodicals--and their habits of attribution--limits ascription of work to her.

In her need for money, however, Crawford doubtless wrote industriously to please her public. A quarterly allowance which had been regularly sent from abroad by her uncle, Dr. John Irwin Crawford, ceased when he became blind, about the time of Emma Naomi's death.⁷³ Crawford had, therefore, to support an indigent widowed mother and herself.

She wrote rapidly and persistently: her work shows that she was often "impatient and unmethodical."⁷⁴ She relentlessly made contact with publishers--English, American, and Canadian--with no trace of reticence or false modesty.

Among her papers is a child's copybook belonging to Stephen Walter, and the backs of the pages of this are covered with scrawled notes which include lists of newspapers and magazines with their addresses, among them the Montreal Star.⁷⁵ It was the day of the "penny-a-liner," and one must conclude that she was paid by the word or the line. Word counts, as well as columns of figures, scattered throughout her manuscript sheets record the number of words in the chapters of her current stories.⁷⁶ At the same time Crawford was also contributing numerous poems to various Canadian and American newspapers, many of which are only now being re-discovered.

Writing poetry for newspapers was a popular avocation of the age, but for Crawford it was a vocation. She had probably always looked forward to the day when a book of her poems would be published, and she now decided that it was time to start fulfilling that dream. She began working on the complicated task of preparing a book for the press.

She selected forty-three poems. A class of poetry currently popular was the local color or dialect poem:⁷⁷ everyone was talking about the great North-West, and the first Canadian transcontinental railroad was nearing com-

pletion. The first poem was a Western frontier piece, and six more dialect pieces were included. But dialect poems did not necessarily reveal her intellectual probing, and her political consciousness. "The Helot," her most sustained and dramatic political satire, appeared in second place, and six other poems of social protest were scattered throughout the book. She was warmly sympathetic with the life of the pioneer. Her longest pioneer poem, Malcolm's Katie: A Love Story, took third place, and another pioneer poem in dialect fourth position. She gave "The Roman Rose-Seller" and "The Wooing of Gheezis" fifth and sixth place. These first six poems revealed her versatility in matter and form. And she closed the collection with a pioneer success story told by an Irish immigrant. In this the hope expressed in the speaker's closing lines would win her readers' hearts: "An' God be praised! all men may have the same/ That owns an axe an' has a strong right arm!"⁷⁸

The forty-three poems filled two hundred and twenty-four pages, and bore the title Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems, the collection being dedicated to her uncle, Dr. John Irwin Crawford. Now Crawford began looking for a publisher, but none would take the risk. She decided, therefore, to publish the volume at her own expense. She commissioned a local company, James Bain & Son, to print one thousand copies, and on June 3rd, 1884 she placed an advertisement in The Globe of Toronto, announcing

the sale of her book, "price 50 cents. For sale at all book dealers."⁷⁹ She had to distribute the copies to the book-sellers herself, but the dream of a lifetime had finally come true.

Reviews appeared almost immediately in the local newspapers. They were generally favourable to the book, but they must have sounded weak to an intensely passionate nature. The Toronto Evening News, on June 13, 1884, stated that the book was a "valuable addition to the verse literature of Canada."⁸⁰ On September 11, 1884, the leading Canadian literary journal, The Week, praised "Old Spookses' Pass" highly: ". . . a marvellously graphic description of a mid-night stampede in the Rockies, told with a dramatic power and pathos not unworthy of George A. Sims."⁸¹

In sales, however, the book was a failure. The Canadian public virtually ignored it. Only fifty copies were sold, and Crawford had paid for its publication out of her meagre, hard-earned savings. But although the failure seriously affected her pocketbook, it must have affected her pride far more. Her girlhood dreams and the aspirations of her later years now seemed crushed. The literary fame which she had hoped to achieve had not come to her.

In retrospect, we can easily see where she made her mistakes. The book had been poorly printed on cheap paper in blue-green paper-board covers. She had been presumptuous, even foolhardy, in ordering so many copies: it would have

been more sensible, though expensive, to have printed fewer on better paper. After its publication, she noted hundreds of errors, but the slip of errata enclosed with each copy of the book had contained only one entry. In a letter to "Seranus," Crawford observed that the book was "decorated with press errors as a Zulu chief is laden with beads."⁸² When she mailed copies of the book to English periodicals she explained the reason for the errors, and several reviewers referred to her concern. On April 3, 1886 The Illustrated London News drew attention to the presence of many grammatical or orthographical errors, but explained that "the writer expressly states that there are at least a hundred and fifty such mistakes, which have been allowed to go uncorrected from considerations of expense."⁸³

What Crawford needed most, of course, was the help of an intelligent editor or critic. She had hitherto taken pride in her own hard, solitary battle for public recognition. Now perhaps she realized that she might have been foolish to have refused giving Charles G. D. Roberts some of her poems.⁸⁴ She could have benefited from his friendship, advice, and influence. Now, perhaps, too, she was aware of the flourishing literary coterie in Toronto and recognized the importance of having literary friends whose influence could be of value to her. When in 1886 Charles Mair's Tecumseh, which is no better than "Malcolm's Katie," was launched in "what was undoubtedly the most intensive selling campaign in

nineteenth-century Canadian letters,"⁸⁵ she must have realized that she, too, needed that kind of public promotion that Mair's work showed was necessary for book sales. For Mair's literary contemporaries--such as Charles Sangster, William Kirby, Charles G. D. Roberts and Pauline Johnson⁸⁶--all praised the book. And "in Canada in the spring of 1886 Tecumseh was widely acclaimed as the country's outstanding literary achievement and Mair as its greatest national poet."⁸⁷ Now Crawford may well have wished that she had cultivated friendships among her professional connections with such publishers as George Murray of the Montreal Standard, John Reade of the Montreal Gazette and John Ross Robertson of the Toronto Evening Telegram, all of whom, according to traditional biographical criticism, had helped her find her way into print.

After Crawford's death many critics suggested reasons for the failure of her book. Several blamed the "unfortunate" title which they thought was misleading and grotesque: Mrs. Wilson objected to the title "Old Spookses' Pass" because the name "gives a false impression of the style of writing which predominates in the book and would effectually preclude its being ordered from catalogue."⁸⁸ "Jeanette" objected to the "hideous" name of "Malcolm's Katie,"⁸⁹ and both she and O'Brien blamed Crawford's lack of showmanship and salesmanship for the book's failure.⁹⁰ Whatever the reason--the misleading title, the unassuming and unattractive appearance, the format, the limited Canadian market, or the lack of

publicity--the book was a financial failure. My opinion is that Crawford's choice of poems for the volume was unfortunate: there were no polished love lyrics, or descriptive nature sonnets, no morally edifying devotional poems, no patriotic verses honouring the dominion or idealizing Canadian heroes and heroines, all of which would have appealed to the Canadian reading public. Instead, there was too much dialect verse and too much poetry of social protest. And as the English journals pointed out, there were too many poems that were faulty in execution. The volume revealed that its author possessed "real poetic faculty" but lacked poetic art.⁹¹

Two years after the unsuccessful Canadian sales and reception of her book of poems, the Toronto Evening Globe accepted Crawford's story "A Little Bacchante; or Some Black Sheep" for serialized publication. It was the first time The Globe had published a serial story by a local writer, and a contemporary critic stated that the success of the novel was proof of the wisdom of the selection,⁹² while an editorial in The Varsity stated that the novel by Isabella Valancy Crawford "is vastly superior to the ordinary run of newspaper fiction."⁹³ In the same year, 1886, probably as a result of the success of the novel, Crawford decided to put her collection of poems on the market again. She replaced the title-page of the unsold copies, omitting the name of the printer James Bain and adding under her own name the words

"Author of/ A Little Bacchante, or Some Black Sheep,/ Etc., etc., etc." The publisher's advertisement on the back cover of the first issue was replaced by press notices of the volume from various Canadian and English newspapers and other journals, the latest of them being dated April 3, 1886. The slip of errata was also omitted, although the single error mentioned remained uncorrected along with all the other misprints which had marred the first issue.

The precise number of copies of this second issue sold is not known. From available evidence, it seems as if it enjoyed a better response than its predecessor. In the Dominion Register of 1887, Henry Morgan stated that it "had more than a success de mérite."⁹⁴ Among the Crawford manuscripts is a notice copied in Isabella's handwriting: "I. V. Crawford of Ontario has published a volume of poems, which is pronounced the most remarkable work of its kind ever produced in Canada."⁹⁵ That Crawford should have recorded such a comment is understandable, for she was fighting a solitary battle for literary fame, and public praise was necessary for her morale.

As far as Crawford's public life in Toronto is concerned, there is, then, sufficient evidence to suggest that she was not a retiring, shy woman, but an industrious, ambitious free-lance writer. Getting her work in print was, in itself, no mean accomplishment. She was her own business agent for as well as sending her 1884 edition to English

journals, she sent complimentary copies to such important people as the Earl of Dufferin whose letter of thanks is included in Garvin's 1905 edition (CP, 5-7). She was always alert for new opportunities to publish. When Arcturus began publication on January 15, 1887 she immediately wrote them introducing herself as a possible contributor. She was also her own accountant and bookkeeper, assuming complete responsibility for the publication of her works, and this achievement alone would seem to indicate that Crawford was not helpless in business matters.

A partial reconstruction of Crawford's public life is possible, but, since documented evidence is scarce, it is difficult to draw many definite conclusions concerning her private life. Biographical investigation shows that any information that has survived is provided chiefly by the Stuarts, the family of Crawford's landlady with whom she lived the last year and a half in Toronto. In 1971 Mrs. Valancy Perry was unable to add much, except to say that "mother thought the world of Isabella."⁹⁶

The degree of intimacy between Crawford and Mrs. Perry's mother is not known. Eliza Jane Arnill married Crawford's brother, Stephen Walter, at Iron Bridge, Ontario, on July 25, 1886. We do not know whether Stephen visited his mother and sister in Toronto frequently or, if he did, whether he took his bride with him. At any rate, the Crawfords seem not to have encouraged intimacies. Hale quotes

Mrs. A. J. Heffernan, the daughter of Crawford's landlady, as saying that the Crawford ladies "lived almost completely by themselves . . . except for one or two friends."⁹⁷

Whether this apparent paucity of friendships indicates an inability to win the affection of people or simply a desire for privacy, one cannot say. Interestingly, however, Crawford's heroines, too, always have a touch of aloofness and formality.

It can be inferred that Crawford's relationship with her mother was close. Although cramped by poverty, they tried together to create a household that was pleasant. Hale quotes Mrs. A. J. Heffernan as remembering that "there were things to charm a young girl in the two little rooms upstairs. I remember a flounce of precious old lace, and chintzes, and quaint ornaments, and an Indian prayer rug."⁹⁸ Despite her age, Mrs. Crawford could probably still provide her daughter with intellectual stimulation and encouragement. Evidence of two different hands in the Crawford manuscripts would suggest the possibility that Mrs. Crawford might have prepared many of the prose pages for publication. Comforts of home notwithstanding, it is hard to believe that Crawford's companionship with her mother was so completely satisfying that neither one would have enjoyed other intimacies.

Yet there is no reason to believe that Crawford was a helpless old maid wallowing in self-pity. She kept working steadily to establish herself as a writer. She read a great

deal--Toronto provided her with an easy access to libraries, museums,⁹⁹ and book-dealers--and her works suggest a wide range of reference. There is no documented evidence of her reading habits, but, as a writer, she, no doubt, read widely with an eye to what she could use, and acquired a miscellany of information. Allusions in her work range from world mythologies to Oriental religions, Western-European literature and history to contemporary drama on the New York stage¹⁰⁰ and current Canadian and international events.¹⁰¹ With such an extensive range of subjects the depth of any of them is naturally suspect. When Crawford says, for instance, that a widow has a Carlo Dolci face,¹⁰² one wonders whether her knowledge of an obscure seventeenth-century Italian painter is merely superficial. At times like these, when she seems to wear her learning heavily and obviously, one can perhaps accuse her of trying to impress her readers with her erudition or of parading knowledge which one suspects is not profound. But in common with other self-educated people she enjoyed exhibiting what she knew and impressing whom she met. Those members of the publishing community who met her were certainly impressed. The editor of Arcturus wrote that "of her literary knowledge and ability . . . no one who spent an hour in conversation with her . . . could entertain any doubt."¹⁰³

Traditional criticism has referred repeatedly to Crawford's linguistic skills: Hale quotes Mrs. Heffernan as

saying that mother and daughter "would speak French together constantly;"¹⁰⁴ her obituary notice in The Globe states that she was a learned French scholar and wrote a story in that language;¹⁰⁵ and Hathaway says that she was "an accomplished linguist."¹⁰⁶ The actual evidence, however, does not bear out these claims. Her prose fiction introduces no Greek works and very few Latin expressions, and reveals only a superficial knowledge of both French and Italian. When Crawford does use foreign words, they are colloquial terms which are very frequently misspelled.¹⁰⁷ It is more likely, then, that Crawford merely dabbled in languages, and that mother and daughter conversed in French simply for enjoyment.

Besides reading and languages, Crawford's other interests included music, sewing, current fashions, and the theatre. Hale quotes Mrs. Heffernan as saying that "[Crawford's] passion for music was almost as great as her love for books and poetry,"¹⁰⁸ and she quotes another friend as remembering that "[Crawford] would forget all her failures and discouragements when she was at the piano. . . ."¹⁰⁹ Garvin claims that she received "a sound musical training and played the piano skillfully."¹¹⁰

While not denying her skill at the piano and perhaps other musical accomplishments, I find the depth of Crawford's knowledge once again wanting. References to musical compositions are superficial: "Aunt Vivian went on playing

Beethoven" ("ABS," 4), Rose played "from one of Mozart's masses" ("LNMPA," PM 9:534), and Gwyda Trellais's beauty "remind[s] one of . . . Verdi's music, impromptu vales" ("AFT," PM 17:288). And in the Lorne Pierce Collection a musical composition "Her bright smile haunts me still!" with the words of the selection written in Crawford's hand is composed not by Crawford, but by a W. O. Wrighton.¹¹¹ Crawford's knowledge of opera is also unsustained. Lilith expects her suitor to be as "impassioned as any Italian Tenor wooing his prima donna" (HR, 1-2), and a male character sings an unspecified aria from the sole opera mentioned by name in Crawford's works, Rossini's comic opera, Il Barbiere di Siviglia.¹¹²

And while Crawford is very much aware of the quality of the human voice, her allusions to its musical properties are also superficial. "Someone was playing on [General Dutrom's] cabinet grand staggeringly, evidently by ear and that not an especially correct one, although the voice the chords accompanied had a pleasing timbre and a rollicking sparkle like vocal champagne" (PS, 68), Jacqueline's "calm contralto [is] finely musical" (LaT, 11), and Dame Chinette "throw[s] her old silvery treble into the Priest's scale" (LaT, 21). There is no doubt that Crawford had a genuine fondness for music, and it provided her with a great deal of pleasure. But the best one can say is that, in her works, her musical knowledge shows no depth and, moreover, once

again a mere display of knowledge which would be gained from any rudimentary study.

Sewing and feminine fashions were other pastimes in which Crawford found pleasure and profit. Her works reveal an intimate knowledge of the latest in sartorial fashion. Claudia Macnair, for example, wears white cashmere and a white velvet cloak "lined with snowy astrachan" (FYY, 3-7), and Gwyda Trellais wears a Rubens hat.¹¹³ We also know that Crawford sewed her own clothes. A list, in her handwriting, containing such sewing needs and costs as ten yards of material (\$2.50), five yards of material (\$1.50), lining, etc. (\$.50), border (\$.50), handkerchief ribbon (\$1.00) still survives in the Crawford manuscripts.

And probably from the remnants of her sewing, Crawford made oriental dolls.¹¹⁴ A gorgeous pageant of stuffed figures of an Indian potentate and his retinue, fashioned from richly embroidered silks and satins for a sick child in 1884, which still can be seen in the Peterborough Centennial Museum, shows Crawford's skill at sewing,¹¹⁵ and is also a striking manifestation of her flair for the exotic.

Crawford's interest in the exotic, also at times revealed in her writings, may have been nurtured, in part, by her life in Toronto. Her Toronto residences, situated in the city's busy commercial areas, would have provided her with vantage points from which she might have watched bands and circuses parade. Newspaper advertisements give evidence that such displays were popular in Crawford's time. Pro-

cessions with their elephants and teams of camels in oriental trappings, their knights and ladies in glittering costumes, their gorgeous cars and vans, are described in several of her stories.

And Crawford had access to another glamorous world. In the minds of many Canadians of the time the theatre was a godless and dangerous institution, but Crawford's familiarity with popular culture seems to indicate that she was interested in plays, concerts, and recitals. It was a time when travelling companies frequently visited Toronto, when musical extravaganzas, burlesque, and comic opera were popular, and when the majority of public concerts were essentially song recitals. Whether Crawford's poverty would permit her to attend these presentations is not known, but her works do contain numerous allusions to the theatrical world. She mentions by name, for instance, Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson, and makes reference to such dramatists and composers as Scarron, Sardou, and Offenbach¹¹⁶ which clearly shows an admiration for French burlesque. Possibly she is indebted to artists like these for her own fondness for comic exaggeration such as we witness in stories like "In the Breast of a Maple."

Hale has contended that Crawford "must have been very lonely in the little King Street room."¹¹⁷ I have tried to suggest that Crawford's world was somewhat broader, and pleasantly so. Like her fictional character, Benjamin Foote, Crawford "lived not in seclusion, but in solitariness" (BH, 8). The varied allusions in her work do not give the impression of a stiff and dour recluse. Nor does she show

any mercy for self-indulgence in ill-health, loneliness and boredom. The life she led supports her belief that "everyone sees with his own heart and wishes, and is all the world to himself."¹¹⁸ Crawford was not a public person. She had limited companionship, but she tried to keep active and cheerful with the accomplishments of a nineteenth-century cultivated gentlewoman. Her reading, music, and the cavalcade of life which she saw through her window nourished her fantasies, and in her private world of make-believe she created her oriental dolls and her romances.

And yet, in the last year of her life, it seems that Crawford's desperate struggle for survival and literary eminence was exhausting her patience. "Rightly or wrongly, Miss Crawford had brought herself to the conclusion that she had received scant justice at the hands of the conductors of Canadian journals, and on this subject she felt not a little sore."¹¹⁹ Crawford's life had been a series of disappointments, bereavements, and humiliations. Other Canadian women writers were happy wives and mothers enjoying attention, admiration, companionship and loyalty. Now, after having worked steadily to establish herself as a writer, she was, after all, simply a spinster living in two small rooms above a grocery store,¹²⁰ age thirty-six, with no friends, the sole support of an aged mother and herself. The following letter to the editor of Arcturus, to which no reference has ever been made by Crawford's biographers, betrays an

embittered personality:

I feel that I should wish to introduce myself to your notice as a possible contributor to the pages of Arcturus. Of course the possibility is remote as by some chance no contribution of mine has ever been accepted by any first-class Canadian literary journal. I have contributed to the Mail and Globe, and won some very kind words from eminent critics, but have been quietly 'sat upon' by the High Priests of Canadian periodical literature. I am not very seriously injured by the process, and indeed there have lately been signs of relenting on the part of the powers that be, as I was offered an extended notice of my book in the columns of the-- and the-- . This proposal I declined (I suppose injudiciously), as I think it might have been given at first, instead of coming in late in the day, and at the heels of warm words from higher literary authorities.¹²¹

One might expect a letter of introduction to be more ingratiating. The precise tone of this letter is difficult to describe, but if the letter can be regarded as something of a revelation of Crawford's personality, it shows a controlled ironic wit as well as bitterness. There are no other letters written by Crawford with which this letter can be compared. Therefore, whether Crawford's personality had deteriorated under stress is difficult to determine: one cannot rely on details of personality that have been traditionally handed down. For example, Miss Katherine Wallis of Peterborough, who O'Brien claims knew Crawford "intimately," states that Crawford was "always cheerful and kind under the most trying circumstances."¹²² Yet "Seranus," as reported by Hale, says that Crawford was "one whom [sic] most people would feel was difficult, almost repellant [sic] in her manner."¹²³ And Hathaway, who, it seems, was a friend of

Crawford in Toronto, reports that she was a passionate, high-spirited young woman, a delightful companion.¹²⁴ The problem remains, then, of sifting the truth from apparently inconsistent reports such as these. It may be that the bitter pride that was part of Crawford's background--that pride which, we were told, had refused to open the door to welcome visitors in Peterborough--was simply manifesting itself once again.

Crawford's letter, nevertheless, resulted in a personal interview with the editor of Arcturus, who subsequently stated that Crawford "was at that time . . . looking forward with hope and confidence to the future."¹²⁵ This statement seems to contradict the editor's earlier pronouncement that "rightly or wrongly" Crawford was "angry" at Canadian editors; perhaps it illustrates the changeable nature of Crawford's disposition. Crawford might have, of course, received some encouragement from Canadian editors in the period between the writing of her letter and the interview with the editor of Arcturus, and this encouragement might have prompted Crawford's expression of optimism at the time. Whatever the reason for the discrepancy, one should perhaps suspect that inconsistency was part of Crawford's personality.

Two weeks after the interview with the editor of Arcturus Crawford was dead. The editor recorded his shock at the suddenness of her death: "It is little more than a fortnight since she was a visitor to the editorial sanctum

of this journal. She was at that time apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health."¹²⁶ Crawford's seeming good health up to the time of her death was also noted by her landlady, Mrs. Stuart: "Miss Crawford had no severe illness and was only slightly indisposed for about a week, but neither her mother nor I had any idea of her dying."¹²⁷ But the inconsistencies that mar the history of most of her life again veil the nature of her death. Although the statements of Mrs. Stuart and the editor of Arcturus stress her good health, the obituary notice in The Globe on February 15, 1887 records that "about ten years ago a medical man gave it as his opinion that the action of the deceased lady's heart was defective."¹²⁸

There is even uncertainty about the date of Crawford's death. Pomeroy, for instance, gives it as occurring on February 7, 1887, and Pelham Edgar places it in 1886.¹²⁹ Caswell places the date on February 12, 1887, and claims that she died of heart failure as her mother had a few years earlier at their home at the south-east corner of King and John Streets.¹³⁰ Crawford's death certificate does state that she died on February 12, 1887, but it is certain that Mrs. Crawford survived her daughter and died in Toronto on March 15, 1894.¹³¹ Biographical accounts have perpetuated the legend of a suffering Canadian poetess whose heroic struggle with poverty and neglect brought her rare genius to an untimely end. Garvin, writing in Who Was Who in Canada

1875-1937, states that Crawford's death by heart failure was probably the result of "an inherited weakness aggravated by exhausting literary efforts."¹³² Many critics attributed her early death to the neglect which her 1884 volume had suffered: Hector Charlesworth claimed in The Canadian Magazine, that those who knew her said that "she was one of those tensely-strung, highly sensitive organisms whom such matters would certainly affect."¹³³

Although the extent of her reputation never satisfied Crawford, careful examination of contemporary evidence shows that she was well-known during her lifetime. When she published her only volume of poetry, Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems, in 1884, the Toronto papers commented on her popularity. The Globe said that "by many Canadian readers the name of Isabella Valancy Crawford is already favourably known as that of a lady whose poetical gifts are above the average of excellence."¹³⁴ According to the Toronto Telegram, at the time of her death, "a continued story entitled 'Married with an Opal; or, a Kingly Restitution,'" was being published in serial form "by the Toronto News Co."¹³⁵ And just a week before, one of her poems, "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," written on the return of the volunteers from the Northwest Rebellion, was re-published by request in The Globe. When she died in 1887 her obituary notices paid tribute to her talents. The Telegram stated that she was "one of the best known of Canadian writers," and

added that "she had already made her mark in the world of literature, poetry as well as prose."¹³⁶ In the Dominion Annual Register and Review of 1887 Henry Morgan referred to "the late regretted Miss Crawford" whose death was "universally deplored in our literary circles."¹³⁷ Such praise belies the lament of later critics that she was quite neglected during her lifetime.

Crawford is a puzzling and elusive figure who remained remarkably silent about her personal life. Apart from one extant letter written by herself she left no diaries or journals. Searching out autobiographical details is thus virtually impossible. However, I have utilized some newly-acquired source materials and references to document certain details of her life hitherto unverified, and to show some of the ways in which her biography has been distorted by sentimentality and exaggeration. Although her private life still remains a tantalizing mystery, her published work--prose and verse--reflects a combination of an early frontier experience, a culturally stimulating home life, a private world of make-believe, and an adult life spent in the largest and busiest city of English Canada, certainly a unique background for any Canadian writer.

CHAPTER III

THE PROSE WORKS: AN OUTLINE

Crawford is primarily known as a poet. What is not generally known is that she was also a prolific writer of prose. Many of her short stories were published in little-known journals. A large number of her novels were never finished, and of those which were completed several were never published. Since the bulk of her prose work remains unpublished, and much of her published work is not easily accessible, it is necessary to provide at least synopses of Crawford's prose works before undertaking an analysis of them.

In the summaries which follow, the reader will find titles, bibliographical information, and brief narrative outlines of a representative selection of Crawford's fiction. The chapter is divided into the following sections: I - Published Short Stories; II - Unpublished Short Stories; III - Published Novel; IV - Unpublished Novel Fragments; V - Unpublished Story for Boys; VI - Unpublished Complete Novel. All unpublished material is found in the Lorne Pierce Collection at Queen's University.

I PUBLISHED SHORT STORIES

"Let No Man Put Asunder"

Popular Monthly, IX (January - June 1880), 531-539.

"Let No Man Put Asunder" is set in Sandynack, an imaginary fishing village on the Atlantic seaboard, during the month of July of an unspecified year. Rose Levison has just arrived from New York to visit Madame Van Bose with whose son, Captain Phil, she is secretly in love. Rose tells Phil of her engagement to Dick Campian and later confesses to his mother that her engagement was arranged for inheritance reasons. Although Phil is heartbroken, he invites Dick to his home for Rose's sake. On his arrival Dick is disturbed by Rose's coolness towards him. He leaves the same night, informing Rose that their engagement is broken. Rose returns his ruby ring, and by the next evening has accepted a ring from Phil. Before long Uncle Jim, an old sailor whom the Van Boses had invited to retire in Sandynack, visits Madame Van Bose for advice regarding the arrival of Mary, his sick niece. He discloses the mysterious past of Pollie, Mary's illegitimate child, whom he has been raising. Madame Van Bose promises to nurse Mary back to health. That night a storm wrecks a ship on the coast, and the next morning Captain and Uncle Jim find Mary's body washed ashore entwined in the arms of Dick Campian. On Mary's wedding finger is a ruby ring which Captain Phil recognizes as the one which Rose had returned to Dick Campian. Campian, who had fathered

Pollie, is finally reunited in death with the woman he had betrayed, and Rose, who had rejected Campian, is now happily married to Captain Phil.

"Fair Little Jealousy"

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, (Dec. 16, 1882, supplement), 283-286.

This story is set in the Esterdale mansion in London at an unspecified time. Three years before the opening of the piece, Regy, youngest son of the Earl of Esterdale, who had jilted his high-born fiancée to elope with a circus girl, was disowned by his family. The circus girl, Regina Leone, a celebrated lion tamer, died a year later and Regy, disguised, now performs her act. When the circus arrives in London, he secretly gets in touch with his brother, Charlie, and arranges several meetings. Charlie attempts to keep these encounters hidden from his extremely jealous fiancée, Etarre, a proud and wealthy Bengal heiress who flies into periodic tantrums, but, Rane, Etarre's ayah, spying on Charlie, observes notes that he has received, signed "Regina Leone." On the receipt of the second note, Etarre throws her engagement ring on the floor and faints; Charlie reassures her of his love, and there is a reconciliation.

Later, on Christmas Eve at the Esterdale country estate, Etarre and Rane, unnoticed, watch a tender scene between Charlie and Regina Leone in which they hear the two

making plans to meet later in the evening. Suddenly, Raneë stabs Regina Leone whose true identity is disclosed. The cut is only a flesh wound. Regy is forgiven by his parents; Charlie and Etarre marry, and the girl whom Regy had jilted consents after a time to marry him.

"A Lovelamp"

Popular Monthly, 15 (July - December, 1883), 674-680.

"A Lovelamp" opens on a street in Broadway on an undisclosed date. Lucan, an eccentric archeologist, attracted to the Isis-like beauty of a homeless young newsgirl, persuades the girl to live with him. Some time later, in a German bad, the newsgirl, now called Lotos, whom Lucan believes to be the reincarnation of his Isis mummy, attracts the admiration of Louis Abbott, Lucan's grandnephew. To Louis's dismay, he fails to win an introduction to Lotos. Later, in the United States, Louis recognizes Lotos who is floating a lovelamp in a river. Unknown to Lotos, Louis, who is secretly in love with her, understands the significance of the Hindu legend underlying this episode. He throws a frog into the river to upset the lamp's course, whereupon Lotos runs home, and Louis, disappointed for the second time in this unsuccessful attempt to meet her, retrieves the lamp. A week later a dying Lucan instructs Louis, who inherits Lucan's wealth, to take care of Lotos, and to give her his Isis mummy. After the funeral Lotos disappears, and Louis's attempts to trace her are futile.

One day she reappears, ill and hungry, to return some diamonds which had spilled out of the mummy when it accidentally broke. Louis tries to persuade Lotos to take half of Lucan's wealth and to stay with him, but in her pride she refuses, whereupon she faints. After an illness of four months she still refuses Louis's offer of marriage. It is not until Louis places her lamp once again on the Hudson, and Lotos watches it float downstream, that the girl is convinced of his love for her and finally consents to marry him.

"A Five-O'Clock Tea"

Popular Monthly, 17 (January - June, 1884), 287-291.

Rp't. Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. Penny Petrone (Ottawa: 1975), 21-26.

"A Five-O'Clock Tea" is set in a contemporary upper-class drawing room. The action centers on Gwyda Trellais who discovers a similarity in design between her engagement ring and the flower pattern hand-painted on her hostess's curtains. Suspecting that they are painted by her fiancé's first love, Gwyda tells him of her discovery, and the fact that the girl has been invited to the tea. Her fiancé immediately begins looking for the girl. In the meantime, Gwyda suffers a heart attack and dies at the tea. (Her fiancé's first love, now employed as an artist, had run away eight years before in disgrace when her father was forced to go into bankruptcy.) The story concludes with the statement

that those "whom the gods love die young."

"Sevres Fulkes"

Popular Monthly, 20 (July - December, 1885), 351-356.

"Sevres Fulkes" is set in an insane asylum during the 1880's. The action centers on two patients, Sevres Fulkes, who imagines himself a Sevres vase, much to the amusement of the other patients, and George Arleigh, who suffers violent convulsions, a fact which puzzles the physicians. One night, by special request, a professional vocalist, a blind woman, sings to Arleigh. As soon as he hears her sing, he cries out the name "Tolla." On hearing this cry, the singer rushes to Arleigh and as she touches him her sight is restored. She reveals to the attending doctor that she is the wife of Arleigh who had deserted her after a quarrel, whereupon she had gone blind. The doctor informs her of Arleigh's strange convulsions, but she decides to take charge, certain that she can discover their cause. Sevres Fulkes, meanwhile, keeps joining the Arleighs for tea. On one of his visits, Tolla, who has been feigning blindness, suddenly accuses Fulkes of trying to poison Arleigh. Just as Fulkes attempts to spring at Tolla, he is struck by lightning and burns to death. (It seems that Fulkes was trying to poison Arleigh in order to inherit the wealth which Arleigh had willed him after Arleigh had deserted his wife.)

"His Christmas Love"

Popular Monthly, 21 (January - June, 1886), 97-103.

"His Christmas Love" is set in Swanville, an imaginary town located somewhere in the United States at an unspecified time. Phil Dudley, the new master of Swan Hall, and his father Courtney, have recently arrived to take possession of the estate which belonged to Courtney's father, Tim Dudley, a wealthy iron magnate. Pedro and Madge, Phil's cousins, who were to inherit the estate if Courtney Dudley did not have a living son, are disappointed, but Madge soon grows very fond of Phil. Pedro, however, is annoyed by Phil's childish pranks and wit. One day Courtney dies and Phil shuts himself up, refusing to see even Madge. After five days he appears before his cousins and announces that he is not Courtney's son. Madge's fiancé, Tom Burgoyne, a lawyer, to whom this revelation is no surprise, begins to expose the whole of Phil's secret, but he is interrupted by Phil's pleas not to reveal his true identity because he is ready to leave willingly. Madge and Pedro, however, beg him to stay, claiming that this new information does not alter their old relationship. Phil, however, is so ashamed that he runs away, but is discovered that night by Burgoyne emerging from a cattle car in New York. He escapes Burgoyne's custody only to be hit by a passing vehicle. Thinking he is dying, Phil extorts a promise from Burgoyne not to reveal his secret and asks him to give Pedro his pearl ring.

Phil does not die, but is soon restored to health by Madge and Burgoyne who are now married. Before long, Pedro writes a letter from Europe complaining of Madge's request that he not come because Phil does not want to see him. Several years later, on Christmas Eve, Pedro returns from Europe and on a train bound for Swanville his life is saved by the heroism of a young girl who warns the conductor of a broken bridge. Once back at Swan Hall Pedro immediately asks for Phil who is hiding behind curtains in the bay window. Pedro approaches the window and, to his shock, his fingers grasp the wet tulle of a young girl's dress. The girl--the heroine who has just prevented the disaster at the bridge--is Philla Dudley who had been forced by her father to pose as her dead twin brother, Phil, in order that her father might qualify for some of the inheritance entailed through the male line.

The following night Philla rejects Pedro's proposal of marriage, but when he brings out the pearl ring she had sent him, this act of fidelity so touches her that she consents to be his Christmas Love.

"Extradited"

The Globe, September 4, 1886.

Rpt'd. Journal of Canadian Fiction II, 3 (Summer, 1973), 169-173.

Rpt'd. Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. Penny Petrone (Ottawa: 1975), 67-78.

"Extradited" is set in pioneer Canada. Sam O'Dwyer returns to his isolated farmhouse from a visit to his in-laws which has presumably taken several days. His wife, Bessie, is upset because Sam is more concerned about Joe, their hired hand, than he is about their baby and herself. But Sam reassures her of his love and goes to the barn where he talks to Joe about a subject concealed from the reader. Later that night, unknown to her husband, Bessie gets out of bed to write a mysterious note which she justifies to herself as parental duty. The next morning Sam is troubled about his failure to find the pup, which he had just brought home the night before, but Joe suggests that it probably went back to Bessie's father. Immediately after this comment, Bessie reproaches Joe for picking up her child. After Joe leaves, Sam asks the reason for Bessie's dislike of Joe. Her answer is simply that he ought to know. Shortly afterwards Bessie silently reassures herself that she knows her responsibility as a mother better than Sam. In the meantime Sam tries to comfort Joe, who, for the first time since his arrival, feels distressed.

The following day Bessie arrives at the landing with

three strangers. She tells her husband that the strangers are probably looking for provisions. Sam promptly tells Joe to hide. But it is too late. The men are detectives who, having Joe's extradition papers, charge him with a robbery he had committed in the United States. As they snap one manacle of the handcuffs on his wrist, the baby tumbles from Bessie's arms into the river. Joe dives into the swift current and saves the child, but in doing so, drowns. Soon after, Bessie asks about her reward, claiming that if she had not sent the note to her father tied around the pup's neck, the detectives would have never found Joe on the O'Dwyer farm. To Bessie's surprise the detectives, who offer no reasons, reply that she will receive no reward, and warn her never to speak to her husband about having done her duty.

"In the Breast of a Maple"

MS in Lorne Pierce Collection.

Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. Penny Petrone (Ottawa: 1975), 59-66.

"In the Breast of a Maple," set in Lower Canada in the winter of no specific year, centers on a poor but sturdy French-Canadian woman, Mademoiselle Marie de Meury, who chops down a large maple tree for firewood, while her rich neighbour, the widower, Monsieur Dalmas, keeps annoying her with his proposals of marriage and his demands for information regarding the whereabouts of his lost son, Jean, for whom Marie's younger sister, Lucille, has been pining for

over a year. Suddenly Jean appears on the scene, to the surprise of the two sisters and the anger of his father who objects to the demonstrations of love between his son and Lucille. Disregarding his father's wrath, Jean promptly sets to work chopping Marie's huge tree into logs; his axe soon strikes a piece of metal imbedded in the heart of the maple. The metal is the steel clasp of a pocket book, lost fifteen years previously by the girl's father, on the night before he died, and containing a receipt for the ten-thousand-dollar payment of a mortgage which Monsieur Dalmas had held on the de Meury home. (Dalmas had taken advantage of the loss, denied receipt of the payment, and seized the de Meury estate. Madame de Meury had died five years after her husband and left her two daughters impoverished.) The story ends with the restoration of Marie's property, the reunion of Lucille with the young man she loves, and the failure of Dalmas to win Marie's hand in marriage.

"Tudor Tramp"

MS in Lorne Pierce Collection.

Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. Penny Petrone (Ottawa: 1975), 51-58.

"Tudor Tramp" opens on a hot summer's day at about the time of Confederation in a day coach of the Grand Trunk as the train approaches Toronto. The conductor, discovering a young Englishman without a ticket, signals for the train to stop and puts him off. As the man, tired and

hungry, walks along the railway ties, the smell of frying pork arouses his poetic nature, but the sound of a fiddle soon interrupts his reverie. Since scent and sound suggest the presence of a lumber camp and "a square meal," the tramp immediately sets out to find the camp, admiring the beauty of Lake Ontario at sunset as he goes. Before long he discovers a group of French-Canadian voyageurs dancing on the beach. As he watches them intently, a young French-Canadian woman suddenly appears and begins to question him. At this point the fragment ends.

II UNPUBLISHED SHORT STORIES

"A Bar of Sunset"

This story is signed "Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford/General Post Office/Toronto/Ontario."

"A Bar of Sunset" is set at an unspecified time in "Arcadie" near New York, and on a canal in Venice. A penniless Italian immigrant, Rafello Martino, saves Gladys and her grandmother from drowning at Long Branch. The grandmother adopts Rafello with whom Gladys falls in love. Gladys's cousin, George, reminds her of the engagement that an uncle had forced upon them when they were children, stating that if one declined to marry the other, the rejected party would receive his fortune. George presently tells Gladys that he will give her six months to choose between him and Rafello. Shortly afterwards the family visits Venice where, on the Grand Canal, Rafello meets his wife and

child. An abashed Rafello explains that although he hoped he could persuade the grandmother to leave him some money, he was never unfaithful to his wife. His wife believes him and thanks the Madonna for her husband's safe return. Gladys, who had noted Rafello's coolness towards her of late, forgives him and gratefully reciprocates George's love. (George had recognized Rafello as a notary's clerk he had once met in Venice and secretly arranged the meeting between Rafello and his wife.)

"A Rose in his Grace"

This story is signed "Isabella Valancy Crawford
author 'Hate'."

"A Rose in his Grace" is set in Rosyglow Villa, and Seacreek, Brooklyn at an undisclosed time. Posie lives happily with her Aunt Dulcia in Rosyglow. One day her aunt, who hates liquor, turns away an intoxicated tramp from her door. For some reason Posie runs after him, begging him to stop drinking. The tramp promises on condition that Posie kiss him and give him her rose. Horrified by such a request, Posie rushes back to the house, but changes her mind deciding that his reformation may be worth her sacrifice. However, the tramp, now ashamed, refuses the kiss, and takes instead, Posie's rose and her pearl ring. At Aunt Dulcia's death, Posie's uncle, Squire Peter Blueboy of Seacreek, inherits Rosyglow, and Posie is forced to go to the city to find work. Three years later Posie receives a letter from

her cousin offering her a home at Seacreek. At first she refuses, but soon, penniless and alone, she is forced to accept. On the night she arrives at Seacreek, she is met by a gentleman who she thinks is a stranger. The next morning, however, she learns from a note left by the supposed stranger that he is her cousin, Squire Peter Blueboy, her uncle's grandchild, who, after being missing for a number of years, had been found, and, at the death of his grandfather the year previous had inherited his property. At breakfast she hears her name called, and she goes to the beach where she finds her cousin, Squire Peter, whose foot is caught in a chain, in danger of drowning in the incoming tide. As the tide moves higher, her cousin explains that he has made plans to restore Rosyglow to her. As he is about to kiss her, Posie recognizes him as the drunken tramp she had befriended years before and rushes to get aid which arrives just in time to rescue him. After several months he returns to Rosyglow and shows Posie a withered rose and a pearl ring which he keeps on a chain over his heart. Some time later they marry and, in fairy-tale tradition, live happily ever after.

"Her Whole Life Long"

This story is signed "Jan. 18/76/IV Crawford."

"Her Whole Life Long" is set in the Carldin Homestead somewhere near New York, probably in the 1870's. Lateerin O'Dwyer, the fifteen-year-old servant girl of

Arabella Carldin, has just promised David, Arabella's nephew, who is leaving for college in New York, to love him "her whole life long." The following spring, unknown to Arabella, David returns one night to ask Lateerin to steal the family silver in order to rescue him from a financial dilemma. Lateerin agrees but is caught and sentenced to a two-year prison term for theft. She refuses, however, to disclose David's involvement. Seven years later David, now a serious-minded doctor, returns to the Homestead to find a beautiful young cousin, Marion, with snow-white hair, living with his aunt. Arabella explains that Marion is her dead sister's child whom she has just discovered after a fifteen-year search. A short time later a tenant announces discovery of a will in a partition of a wool attic he is tearing down. It proves to be Arabella's father's last will, dated before his mind began to fail, which left all his property to Marion's mother and Arabella rather than to David, who was generally believed to be the Carldin heir. Immediately after this revelation Arabella asks David to marry Marion who is in love with him. David, who secretly loves Marion, confesses that he is not free since he feels honour-bound to marry Lateerin O'Dwyer for whom he has been looking the past five years. At this point Marion reveals herself as Lateerin. And David is told that Lateerin's uncle, on hearing about her imprisonment, had revealed Marion's identity to Arabella who promptly had her released

after six months during which time her hair had turned snow-white. The story ends with the implication that Marion who has loved David "her whole life long" will finally marry him.

"Huldah's Arrow"

This story is signed "Isabella Valancy Crawford/
Peterborough/Ontario/C.W./May 13th 1873."

"Huldah's Arrow" is set in New York on the Hudson River, probably in the 1870's. A garden party is in progress to celebrate Huldah's eighteenth birthday and engagement to Sebastian. Huldah is to present the prize of a jewelled arrow to the winner of an archery contest which is to take place shortly. Sebastian is so jealous that he begs Huldah not to award the prize, in person, to anyone but himself. On his way to the archery stand, he chances to overhear Huldah's cousin and a girl in conversation about an elopement that night. Fearing that she is Huldah, Sebastian deliberately aims at her cousin. The arrow, however, strikes Huldah's arm. Realizing what he has done, Sebastian faints. Huldah forgives him, and they are married, but in Sebastian's private study Huldah's arrow hangs under her portrait, and preaches a moral "Beware of Jealousy."

"The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas"

"The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas" is set on Christmas Eve, in a shabby room in New York where George St. Dalmas, the impoverished heir of the St. Dalmas fortune, is studying

a mysterious ancient Arabic jar. He soon leaves his scientific studies to drink the remains of a bottle of brandy. At this juncture two young urchins, the Hawk and Merry Miss, enter the room. Suddenly the Hawk points to a "nigger" whom George cannot see, in the Arabic jar. Frightened, the children leave, scolding St. Dalmas for drinking, as they go. As the brandy begins to take effect, St. Dalmas imagines he fires a small revolver into his left temple, and divides into two parts: "his clay," tumbling into a chair, and "he, the point of life," standing. In this soporific state he sees the genei whom he has just released from his three-thousand-year imprisonment in the jar. In gratitude, the genei takes St. Dalmas to his family's former chateau where they watch the present owner, Anna, and her aunt looking at the plants in the chateau's Palm House. Suddenly, a gigantic bud of a South American plant bursts into bloom exposing a huge diamond which was lost ninety years previously by one of St. Dalmas's ancestors. Just as the bells of Christmas morning ring, St. Dalmas wakes from his dream. As he contemplates his desolation, a messenger brings the news that the Hawk is dying. In the death scene that follows, St. Dalmas sees the Anna of his dream by the boy's side. She had been on her way to restore the lost diamond to St. Dalmas when her sleigh ran over the Hawk. Anna and George marry, and fulfill the Hawk's dying wish by taking Merry Miss as their ward.

"Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter"

"Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter" is the story which a wealthy Yankee tells his friend in an undisclosed place (probably Italy) of a visit he made one winter of no particular year to a lumber shanty in the wilds of the Upper Province of Canada. The tale focuses on a fight in the out-of-doors, instigated against him, for no apparent reason, by the French-Canadian clerk of the camp. The fragment ends just as the narrator reaches the safety of the shanty.

"Sam Shane"

"Sam Shane" is set on a lot in Toronto at about the time of Confederation. A circus is assembled for a parade which does not start because Sam, an Irish-Canadian, refuses to drive a float containing Britannia seated on a throne crowning a vast globe, with a couchant lion at her feet. The fragment, which poses the question "Was Mr. Shane's patriotism to cause a hitch at this critical moment?" stops before the question is answered.

III PUBLISHED NOVEL

A Little Bacchante; or, Some Black Sheep

The Evening Globe (21 Jan. 1886). The only extant chapter of this novel is Chapter IX, "In the Face of the Tempter."

A Little Bacchante is set in Venice during the latter part of the nineteenth century. In the ninth chapter Gwendolin, the Marchesa's young ward, is dying. By the

terms of a will, the Marchesa's son, Paolo, would be Gwendolin's heir should the girl die before reaching her majority, but the Marchesa, for some mysterious reason, feels it would appear better for Paolo to inherit the money as his wife's heir rather than as her ward. Consequently, the Marchesa forces Gwendolin to drink brandy, which has made her manageable in the past, in order to secure her consent to an immediate marriage with Paolo. Gwendolin, however, refuses to drink because she loves not Paolo but Lord Andum who, the Marchesa claims, despises "the little Bacchante." After a heated quarrel with the Marchesa, Gwendolin goes to her room and writes Lord Andum a love-letter in which she arranges a meeting for that night at the Marchesa's festa. But when Gwendolin throws her doll out of the window into the canal, the letter, which catches on the sharp beads of the doll's dress, tumbles into a gondola carrying Lord Andum's son who is shocked by the contents. Gwendolin, meanwhile, looks for the letter, and thinking it has blown out of another window, writes a second which she despatches by private messenger.

IV UNPUBLISHED NOVEL FRAGMENTS

Belfry House

Belfry House is set on an old estate near Fridgeville, an imaginary industrial town in the New England States during the 1870's. After a ten-year absence in Europe,

Benjamin Foote has returned to his ancestral home with Thea, his young daughter. Here, father and daughter live alone with Simon and Mary Pomfrey, their loyal Quaker servants, who have refrained from expressing their shock at their master's unexpected arrival with a daughter.

Mr. Foote, a virtual Prospero pouring over his telescope and musty folios, gives Thea a liberal education. At ten, she practises oriental religions and studies Egyptology, astronomy, classical mythology, European history, and science. At fifteen she begins studying modern languages, the piano and the organ. By the age of twenty she is a beautiful woman, a good horsewoman, and marksman.

Mr. Foote rebels against society. He refuses to sell his huge estate to commercial interests who identify him as an enemy to American progress. He contributes regularly to his church, but he refuses to donate a section of his property to it, and his church labels him "a Darwinite in disguise."

Father and daughter, however, live happily in the seclusion of their home, once a year going on a strange journey which puzzles their servants. The sudden arrival of an unknown young man demanding Thea's participation in what seems to be daring underground work in an international gambling conspiracy puzzles them still further. The fragment ends on a train speeding to New York while father and daughter sit nervously and the young man plays three-card monte with two strangers.

From Yule to Yule

From Yule to Yule is set in Macnair's Croft somewhere in England during Queen Victoria's reign. The twenty-three-year-old orphan chatelaine of the estate, Claudia Macnair, is bored with life. Scientific studies which used to give her pleasure cannot provide her with "indisputable Truth." Despite her doctor's diagnosis of a torpid liver, she is convinced that she is dying from an aneurism of the aorta. She has so alienated herself from people that she has no friends. Her aunt and chaperone, Mrs. Leighton, blames Claudia herself for her loneliness, but Mrs. Leighton's advice goes unheeded. Claudia is even bored with her latest scientific experiment, educating an amnesia victim, a nameless handsome tramp about twenty-four years old, whom she has called Karl. In her Spartan discipline of Karl, Claudia brooks no interference; consequently, Karl is awed by her, cowed by his special servant, and scolded by his tutor. As a result, Claudia and Mrs. Leighton argue regarding the disciplinary methods to be exercised with Karl. It is only after Karl rescues Claudia from drowning and burning that he interests Claudia as a person, more out of gratitude, however, than from compassion. The fragment ends with Claudia's one public appearance of the year, at the County Hospital Ball of which she is a patron. She is here the subject of a conversation between Dr. Strangley, her personal physician, and Dr. Florence, a famous London specialist in nervous

diseases, who is attracted to the aloof and sour spinster.

Philip Dudley

Philip Dudley is set in Dudley Court somewhere in England during the late 1880's. George Dudley, who returns home with his son, Phil, the new master of Dudley Court, twenty years after he has been turned out by his father for marrying an actress, receives a warm welcome from the gentry who feel that he has been unjustly treated. George promptly takes charge of Dudley Court on his son's behalf and asks Madge and Pedro Galveston, his father's wards for nineteen years, who have been looking after the estate, to continue their charge until Phil's majority.

With the arrival of the Dudleys, affairs at the mansion suddenly become exciting. The thirty-two-year-old Madge falls in love with the middle-aged George, who in less than ten days proposes marriage. Phil goes into a wild paroxysm of jealous rage when he first hears of his father's engagement, but he soon accepts it. Pedro's fiancée, Violet Castonbury, flirts with Phil who predicts that she will jilt Pedro in two week's time. Pedro, in desperation, starts drinking and suffers delirium tremens. Meanwhile, Captain D'Arcy Castonbury, Violet's brother, spying on Phil who has been writing secret letters to a woman, is certain that he has met George accompanied by a mysterious woman whom he suspects to be George's wife, and plans to blackmail George. The fragment ends with several amusing incidents involving

the Dudley servants and the volatile and witty Phil who likes to dress in lace frills.

The Heir of Dremore

The Heir of Dremore is set on the west coast of Ireland during the 1870's. Felix, eldest son of the drunken baronet, Sir Desmond Dremore, at eighteen is forced to marry his father's ward, a sickly girl of sixteen, for her inheritance. She dies in childbirth the following year, and to Sir Desmond's horror the inheritance is lost because no provision had been made in her father's will for the contingency of his daughter's marrying before her majority. After five years, no longer able to tolerate his father's drunkenness and violence, Felix leaves Dremore House with Moyna, his little daughter. Five years later he is forced to return when an accident paralyzes him from the waist down. His father puts him into a mud hovel by the beach and takes Moyna, allowing Felix to see her once a week. In order to support Felix, Peter Castigan, a faithful servant, poaches for the crippled pauper and finally weds a woman for her marriage settlements--a strawberry heifer, a jackass and a billy goat--the relics of three widowhoods. After four years, Moyna, too, leaves the violence of Dremore House to live with her father.

On one of his visits to the hovel, Desmond, Felix's stepbrother, rescues an Italian family from a steamer burning off the beach. Their generosity and happy nature win

not only the admiration of Felix, for whom they provide a new lease on life, but also that of Desmond who wishes his alcoholic mother were like the Signora. In defence of "her disgraceful conduct" Lady Dremore recounts the wretched treatment which she has received at the hands of her husband. Trapped in this unhappy situation, she turned to drink for relief. In the end, however, with the help of her son she successfully renounces liquor.

Before long, in another fit of rage, Sir Desmond orders the hut unthatched, forcing Moyna and Felix to seek refuge in Mrs. Castigan's one-room cabin. In the middle of the night, unnoticed, Moyna runs away with a young man who suggests marriage as a way in which they can help Felix. By chance, on the same night Desmond discovers a treasure trove in the hearth of Felix's unthatched hovel, and goes to share it immediately with his stepbrother.

The next day, the Italian family, who have found Moyna and her young man in Dublin, tearful and lonely because no one would marry them, bring them back to a grateful Felix, who, "in the excitement of his nerves," gets up from his invalid's chair and walks.

Back at Dremore House, Sir Desmond's anger is roused when, against his father's orders, Desmond returns from his visit to Felix. In the ensuing violence Desmond contracts "brain fever" and Lady Dremore is dragged outside in the frosty spring air, to be later rescued by the Italians who

nurse her back to health. The fragment ends with Desmond forced to stay with his father until his majority. The remainder of the family go happily on their way to Italy with the Italians, with Felix, the heir of Dremore, vowing that he will bring his father to justice.

La Tricoteuse

La Tricoteuse is set in an imaginary small French village and Paris during the Revolution. Angeline Chinette, daughter of the widow Jacqueline, nicknamed "La Tricoteuse," is chosen to play the coveted role of the Madonna in a dramatization of "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt" for the annual Passion Play on Easter Sunday. The performance is attended by the local Count, Fabian Livourges de St. Broie, who is attracted to the beautiful sixteen-year-old peasant girl. Two years later La Tricoteuse is in Paris where she visits the guillotine every day. After a month, on one of these visits, seeing her daughter Angeline and the Comte guillotined, she dies of a stroke.

Pillows of Stone

Pillows of Stone is set in New York in the summer of the late 1870's. Summoned by his uncle and guardian, General Absalom Dutrom, Florian Dutrom arrives from England to help his alcoholic twin brother, Clyffe, and to prevent Clyffe's marriage to Mrs. Aspasia Falcon, a woman of

uncertain reputation, and much older than Clyffe. Obsessed with family honour and dignity, Florian is soon shocked not only by his brother's deterioration and engagement to a woman who lacks social status, but also by his uncle's disreputable acquaintances. Before long Clyffe suffers a violent delirium tremens at the home of Mrs. Falcon, and the doctors refuse to have him moved. This refusal results in an angry quarrel among the Dutroms, and Clyffe subsequently ruptures a blood vessel. Guilt-ridden, Florian remains by his brother's side, and, despite the fact that he sees Mrs. Falcon embracing her secret lover, Florian is soon impressed by her mature beauty, courage, and devotion to Clyffe. The General, meanwhile, obtains a court order appointing Florian and himself trustees to administer Clyffe's estate. When this notice appears in the newspaper, it enrages Mrs. Falcon who vows that even if Clyffe dies, he dies as her husband. By the time Florian leaves Mrs. Falcon's, he is utterly confused regarding her determination to marry his brother. Once at the General's, Florian demands the court order, obtained without his knowledge, rescinded, and requests the General, in future, not to interfere between himself and Clyffe. The General, who accuses Florian of lack of experience in the ways of women, warns him not to be deceived by Mrs. Falcon.

After offering this advice, the General suggests they visit his friends, the Minivers, and en route they

discuss current social conventions. They do not remain long at the Minivers because Kitty, a daring nineteen-year-old who drinks champagne and smokes cigarettes, disgusts Florian. On their return home, the General, whose chief topic of conversation is the theatre, insists that burlesque, not "the legitimate business," requires talent. A Broadway traffic jam attracts Florian's attention, and he notices three girls in one of the carriages, one of whom his uncle identifies as Florian's former friend, Daisy. The fragment peters out at this point with a long essay on a current topic of the day--the debate between English and American female beauty.

V UNPUBLISHED STORY FOR BOYS

The Halton Boys

The Halton Boys is set on a farm near New York during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The story centers on Larry Halton, a seventeen-year-old orphan, who operates a farm for the restoration of criminals on the same principles of love and patience that his father before him has advocated. Larry's main task is the rehabilitation of his identical twin, Lyon, who had been kidnapped when he was three years old and reared in a life of crime. At first, Lyon, who does not believe that he is really Larry's twin and suspects Larry's motives, is physically violent and abusive, goes into hysterics, and suffers hallucina-

tions. Once he accepts the fact that he is truly Larry's brother, however, he suffers so much shame and remorse that he runs away. He is soon discovered working in a circus, but he escapes custody. Before long he is found by Sinfletcher, one of the delinquents whom Larry has successfully rehabilitated and trusted with the secret of Lyon's past. With Sinfletcher's help, Lyon soon becomes a respectable member of the Halton family.

VI UNPUBLISHED COMPLETE NOVEL

Helen's Rock

This story is signed "Isabella Valancy Crawford/
Toronto General Post Office/Toronto/Ontario/April
11th 1883."

Helen's Rock is set in the 1870's in London, Rome, and Egypt. Major Cyril Luttrell meets Countess Claudia di Pansa when he rescues her from a pack of fox hounds in Rome. Despite his attraction to her, he recoils when he hears her name. Claudia, sensing his dislike, is greatly upset, and she is even more disturbed the next day, when, visiting his home to extend her gratitude, she is coldly received.

Later, Claudia agrees to marry the dying Prince Maxian Julian whom she does not love, and then asks pardon from Paolo, her estranged twin brother, for some unmentioned offence. Repulsed, she flees into the courtyard, and when

she returns, her dishevelled condition terrifies Paolo to such an extent that he grants her forgiveness.

The following day Claudia struggles to regain her composure after the experience of the previous night. But the arrival of Cyril Luttrell later in the day soon transforms the brief reconciliation between brother and sister into a nightmare. Luttrell, who claims to be the protector of Helen, Paolo's wife, accuses Claudia of murdering Helen and her infant son the night before. Paolo, stunned by the revelation that his wife, who has been presumed dead for more than a year, was alive the previous night, refuses at first to believe Cyril's charge. His disbelief soon turns to hatred for Claudia as Cyril explains Helen's presence in Rome and produces evidence to prove Claudia's guilt. Claudia, however, keeps insisting that she is innocent, claiming that her only crime lay in influencing her father to dismiss Helen as governess to Viola, their younger sister.

By the time Claudia, now the Princess Julian, is released from police surveillance, Cyril suspects he has made a mistake because the bodies cannot be found, and tries unsuccessfully to win Claudia's pardon. Paolo, however, in desperation tries to kill Claudia. He becomes so delirious from "nervous fever" that only Helen's strange reappearance brings about his recovery. Helen refuses to divulge the details of her disappearance beyond saying that Claudia is innocent.

Her name cleared, Claudia still refuses to pardon Cyril and Paolo. She makes plans with her husband to visit Egypt and take with them Julian's kinsman, Luca Varno, who, however, suffers a fatal accident, and on his deathbed reveals the criminal to have been the Prince Julian. Claudia is appalled by the disclosure, but, nevertheless, forgives her husband.

Paolo's marriage had so offended Claudia's pride that, to save her pain, Julian had written to Helen in England stating that Paolo was planning to have his marriage annulled. On receipt of the letter allegedly written by Claudia, Helen promptly inserted her own obituary notice in a London paper. Helen's supposed death and the subsequent estrangement of Claudia and Paolo caused Julian considerable grief, but he did not dare to confess for fear of losing Claudia. On the night of his marriage proposal, he had rushed after Claudia when she fled into the courtyard and had been in time to see her faint when she saw Helen. Fearing that his forgery would be exposed, and thinking that no one would miss or inquire about an unknown English governess, he abducted Helen and decided to keep her incommunicado at his kinsman's home for the year he was expected to live, whereupon she would be released. Claudia's ailing health and Paolo's nervous fever prompted him to alter his plans, and he freed Helen. He kept his "crime" secret because he did not expect to receive Claudia's forgiveness.

Julian dies in Egypt, and Claudia with her infant son leaves for France. Two years later Cyril discovers her in England in a mentally deranged condition. In her madness Claudia entreats Cyril, the man she once hated, to bring back her son who, she believes, has been killed during the Franco-Prussian War. His passionate love for Claudia and his sense of responsibility for her unbalanced mind compel Cyril to accept Claudia's trust. Before long he is faced with the dilemma of deciding whether to attempt an experiment which could restore Claudia's sanity, or to preserve their present relationship knowing that a return to reason will revive Claudia's former hatred. He decides on the experiment, and the event in Lorraine is successfully simulated. Miraculously reunited with her son, Claudia turns upon Cyril as her former enemy, whereupon Cyril leaves immediately.

A year later, in London, Claudia witnesses an accident in which a coffin tumbles from a hearse and exposes Cyril's body. She detects signs of life, orders Cyril brought to her home, and after his recovery marries him.

CHAPTER IV

CRAWFORD AS A SHORT STORY WRITER

Crawford's surviving work in short story form consists of sentimental romances of high society¹ and tales with early Canadian settings.² A study of all of these stories shows that the first group--the sentimental romances of high society--are typical formula fiction of Crawford's own time. They do not vary in their themes: love and marriage are interwoven with problems of wills and inheritances. The stories in the second group deal with various questions of Canadian immigration and settlement. Of these stories one in particular, "Extradited," merits serious attention. It offers a rather subtle presentation of two pragmatic attitudes to a frontier predicament and, by extension, a universal human problem, and it is Crawford's best attempt at the fusion of matter with form. By comparison, her other Canadian works are trivial pieces. Aside from their peculiarly native materials, they are seriously marred by technical weaknesses.

In the first group, then, Crawford's subject is love leading to marriage and her treatment conforms to two commercial formulae enjoyed by readers of romance: one, the sentimental love plot; the other, the complications of laws of property and inheritance, entails, wills, and their

codicils.³ The first formula, the progress from courtship to marriage, may be marked by broken engagements, secret marriages, seduction, and desertion. In "Fair Little Jealousy," for instance, Regy secretly elopes with a circus girl even though he is already engaged. In "A Five-O'Clock Tea" the heroine is jilted by her fiancé in favour of a former love. The second formula, grounded in the law, may be complicated by lost wills, missing heirs and heiresses, mistaken identity, and hidden family relationships. In "Her Whole Life Long" Arabella Carldin is unaware that her servant girl is the niece for whom she is searching. In "His Christmas Love," Tim Dudley, a wealthy mine-owner, disowns his only child, Courtney, in favour of Courtney's cousins. When he dies, however, his will discloses a proviso that if Courtney has a living son, that son is to be heir. In answer to an advertisement in the "Personal" column of a newspaper Courtney Dudley returns to the United States from Spain. He forces his daughter Philla, who has not reached her majority, to pose as her dead twin brother Phil, in order that he himself can qualify for some of the inheritance entailed through the male line.

These two formulae are developed in plots that depend chiefly on the melodramatic conventions of coincidence and chance. Crawford exploits such devices again and again. In "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmás" it is the amazing recovery of a diamond lost inside a gigantic South American

lily for ninety years that enables the hero and heroine to meet. In "Sevres Fulkes" Tolla's fortuitous meeting with George restores her eyesight and allows her to rescue her estranged husband. In "Let No Man Put Asunder" a false lover surprisingly meets his deserted sweetheart on a sinking ship, and a clergyman who happens to be present as they are drowning marries them. In addition to these accidental and arbitrary devices, plots of sentimental romances are also carried forward by other melodramatic tricks like the use of disguises, eavesdroppings, and secret letters. It is exactly by such means as these that Crawford unravels the plot of "Fair Little Jealousy."

Since plots of sentimental romances are dependent on such external means, characters are subservient to the exigencies of plot, and there is usually no attempt to develop or interpret character. No noticeable difference in character, for instance, separates a Gwyda Trellais from a Tolla Arleigh; there is only a difference in situation. Strictly speaking, there are no characters in these sentimental romances; there are only stock types easily recognized and constantly recurring, such as the hero, heroine, and villain. Heroes and heroines possess all the good qualities, must suffer separation, and overcome a series of obstacles before they are united. In "His Christmas Love" Philla, in her disguise, suffers humiliation and undergoes a succession of perilous adventures, and Pedro is unwillingly estranged

from her for several years before they are finally rewarded by happiness. It is the function generally of the hero to protect the innocent, rescue the victim, and defeat the wicked scheme of the villain. In sentimental romances, this function, on occasion, is performed by a woman, and Crawford often assigns it to her heroines. In "Sevres Fulkes," for example, it is the heroine who is bold enough to defy the villain. Two other common character types are the benevolent guardian and comic servant, and Crawford frequently employs these. "Fair Little Jealousy" incorporates the comic servant who stays loyally by the hero and heroine and frustrates villainy. And again, conventionally, sentimental figures such as the young innocent and the orphan are also common. In "Let No Man Put Asunder" Pollie, an illegitimate child, has a purifying influence, according to her grand-uncle, who tells us that "she minded me of a little anchor holdin' the biggest and crankiest of crafts safe in still water. You couldn't be ugly long with that round, rosy face, an' them deep-sea eyes of hers close to yours" (PM 9:531). In "A Five-O'Clock Tea" the orphan, left destitute by her father's bankruptcy, is forced to seek employment as a skilled artisan, hand-painting the luxuries of the rich--their drapes, fans, and satin dresses.

Since sentimental romances depend on stock characters, the reader's interest must lie primarily in the spectacular action. Crawford relies heavily on thrilling displays of

physical feats--flight, pursuit, and capture--to excite the reader. In "His Christmas Love" the hero, who later is revealed to be a girl, springs from a window sill, shoots into the air, and alights on the other side of a swan's pool. Later, perilously standing on the sole timber remaining from a broken bridge, she holds a carriage lamp that warns the conductor of an oncoming train.

Besides relying on the spectacular, the romance also exploits sentimentality. In "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas" the overly-elaborate death scene of the Hawk, strongly reminiscent of the death of Dickens' Little Nell, illustrates Crawford's excesses of pathos:

The Hawk's head moved languidly from the shoulder of a richly dressed girl who knelt in the slush supporting him, and sought the refuge of his friend's breast.

"Death ain't nuthin" said the Hawk oracularly, in quite his old way. "Nuthin' es bad es bein' hungry. Mr Sin Damus you'll 'dopt Merry miss, you and- Mr . . ."

"Oh yes! my poor, poor child, yes!"

She took one of Merry miss' dirty paws in her hand, and held it weeping. "You take the other, Mr Sin Damus."

He obeyed silently.

"I guess Merry miss hes good p'int's" said the Hawk reflectively "though I never could find none, I couldn't. My! ain't them bells bully! Kiss me, Mr Sin Damus. Death- ain't- nuthin. It's jest a great- light an- lots of- singin'- Death is" (TLD, 10).

Moral goodness is another common element in sentimental romance. Virtue is rewarded after many trials and vice is punished. Forgiveness and a death-bed repentance conclude "Let No Man Put Asunder" in which a clergyman, the

sole survivor of a ship wreck, reports the details of a death-bed marriage he performed while the ship was sinking. On the ship, Dick, the faithless lover, had met Mary, the woman he had deserted long before:

"I knew we should meet again, Dick; but, oh! my soul, why did you deceive me? . . ."

"Mary," he said, "was the wrong I did you too great to be forgiven or set right?"

"No. I forgave it long ago," she replied, stealing her feeble arm round his neck. "Oh! Dick, if I had been your own true wife, I'd rather be dying now in your arms than sitting beside a king on his throne; but put me down now-- I must die alone, for I'm not your wife. . . ."

"Then I swear to you, Mary, my only love, that as man and wife we shall meet death together! My child, I was looking the world over for you, to right you" (PM 9:539).

Dick subsequently asks the clergyman to devote the last moments of his life "to making Mary [his] true wife" and the clergyman relates that "Mary lifted her head, and blessed me with her dying eyes" (PM 9:539). The bodies of the lovers are washed ashore the following day, dead, but "locked" in each other's arms. Their illegitimate daughter has been "legalized" and now can inherit her grandfather's wealth. The rightful heir has thus gained her patrimony, and the wayward lovers the fate they deserve. "Let No Man Put Asunder" exemplifies the stereotyped moral ending which is a common feature of the sentimental romance. The line between good and evil in this world is firm and straight, and such stories must conclude with the triumphant happiness of the virtuous.

In romances of high society, one usually expects

elegance and splendour. In "A Five-O'Clock Tea" guests wear pearl satin, Pointe de France and Valenciennes laces, and Swiss muslin.⁴ In "His Christmas Love" the Dudley mansion, Swan Hall, is a

. . . fine old stone house, with angels' heads on its sprouts, oriel windows for the sunrise, bay-windows for the sunset, mellow stained-glass windows for the cold north, and conservatory roofs glittering on the south--phalanxes of really ancient trees, like groups of kings in coronation-robcs of September glory, and what gave the place its name--a long, narrow artificial lake, white with swans, lying close under the drawing-room windows (PM 21:98).

And in the same story Phil Dudley resembles a Watteau court page⁵ in a

. . . knickerbocker suit of pale-blue velvet, with collars and cuffs of white satin, brocaded with delicate pink roses. Lace jabots adorned his bosom and fell over his slim hands, diamond studs flashed from the lace, and his exceedingly elegant legs were dreams of beauty in pink silk stockings with gold clocks, while diamond buckles sparkled on his arched insteps (PM 21:99).

Crawford's description is as flamboyantly coloured as the fashion plates of Leslie's where her story appeared.

Narrative style in fiction such as the sentimental romance, popular with the mass produced magazines, is characterized by ornate, and often highly coloured language. The rococo style--inflated diction and florid figures of speech--such as one witnesses in the two foregoing passages is typical of Crawford.

Language primarily designed to effect an emotional response is commonly used by writers of romances since heated passion rather than cool reason is their chief interest.

But too often Crawford's use of this language is overly-theatrical. Her description of the impact of the estranged husband's voice on his deserted blind wife in "Sevres Fulkes" is typical:

She put her hands to her breast with the physical feeling that it was pierced. She ceased singing. She beat the air for a second with her palms. She dashed herself bird-like against the wall, seeking the door. She groped furiously and began to utter low cries. All at once she found the threshold, and stood swaying, her hands moving before her, plucking at the air (PM 20:354).⁶

Crawford piles image upon image, gesture upon gesture, short sentence upon short sentence in rapid succession to emphasize the frantic heroine's distress. But the modern reader is not moved by such emotional extravagance. The uncontrolled language results in a mere spectacle of suffering and degenerates into melodrama.

Crawford's sentimental romances of high society, then, comply with commercial formulae in subject matter and theme; they possess the sensational and melodramatic qualities demanded by the popular market, and are written in the extravagant prose style of the time. And yet there is reason to believe that Crawford viewed the short story as a serious art form. She was writing at a time when such authors as James, Howells and Aldrich were demanding higher standards from popular writers and when they were trying to formulate rules of technique. Their leadership may have well influenced her for in several of

her short stories she experiments with narrative technique. For instance, she experiments, admittedly with mixed success, with point of view. "Fair Little Jealousy" is told in the first person, in the Cockney dialect, from the view of the illiterate old valet, Plunket. But the dialect soon becomes wearisome, and Crawford sometimes loses control of it, as in the sentence: "She was heighteen, and engaged to my Lord Montjoy, the eldest son, and her fortune, I 'eard, was so large, it 'ad to be carried on a drove of elephants, and she 'ad been with us a year" ("FLJ," 283).

Crawford's experimentation with point of view in "Let No Man Put Asunder," however, is more successful. The story, narrated by three characters, is divided into four parts, each of which is told by a particular character: an old sailor (who relates two of the parts), his former captain's mother, and a clergyman. The old sailor's New England vernacular does not become tedious because it is relieved by the literate speech of two other characters, Madame Van Bose and the clergyman. Gaining information through the limited knowledge of each speaker arouses the reader's interest and also helps, in this particular narrative, to link the two love stories.

Crawford also experiments with elements of representational realism. She begins "Sevres Fulkes" with clinical reports giving the personal records of two inmates of an asylum. These reports, written in matter-of-fact

style, evoke in the mind of the reader histories such as may have been read as news in the papers of the time. Given the clinical evidence, the reader is less inclined, as the story progresses, to question Sevres Fulkes's imagining himself a Sevres vase, or to question the mystery behind Arleigh's violent convulsions. The reader also accepts more readily the perfunctory explanations of what appears to be the "supernatural" restoration of Tolla's eyesight.

Crawford also experiments with a device which Frank Bessai, in his essay "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford," calls narrative decoy. Crawford makes extensive use of this device in both her prose and poetry, a means whereby she deliberately misleads the reader for purposes of suspense.

In "A Lovelamp," for instance, the ambivalence of the opening scene on Broadway raises our expectations. We are led to question the intentions of the little old man wrapped in priceless Russian sables, leaning on a gold-headed crutch-cane, who suddenly becomes fascinated with a dirty street urchin. We soon learn, however, that this old man's fascination is in the service of his one passion, Egyptology: his interest is purely archeological. The old gentleman is fascinated with the apparent resemblance of the urchin to an Egyptian princess. And the false clue, the decoy--an old man's sudden interest in a young newsgirl--serves its purpose: it arrests the reader's attention and

provides a humorous situation.

On the whole, Crawford's experimentation with narrative technique is only partially successful. Since many of her stories are synoptic novels,⁷ episodic in structure, they lack smoothly coherent narrative movement. "A Love-lamp" is divided into six distinct parts. The first part is set on a street in Broadway; the second shifts abruptly and unexpectedly to a German bad; the third moves to an unnamed out-door locale and then shifts suddenly into an indoor setting; the fourth and fifth parts have no specific locations; and it is not until the last section that the reader finally suspects that events are taking place somewhere on the Hudson River. There is no need for so many different settings since they are incidental to the story. And yet "A Five-O'Clock Tea," on the other hand, achieves a unified effect. The events take place in an upper class drawing room within the space of a few hours. Given the specific situation, the imaginative reader can suspend disbelief long enough to project himself into a world that seems perfectly plausible.

In addition to her evident experimentation with narrative technique, Crawford also experiments with other narrative devices such as symbol and imagery--again with mixed success. In "A Five-O'Clock Tea" a ring attains symbolic implications. The fact that the design on the curtains matches the design on her engagement ring attracts

the heroine's attention and finally leads her to reunite her fiancé with his former beloved, the painter of the curtains. And another ring, Rose's engagement ring from Richard Campian in "Let No Man Put Asunder," sends out "long rays of blood-colored light" (PM 9:535), rays which foreshadow suffering and death. Dick subsequently breaks the engagement and Rose returns the ring. But soon after the broken engagement "a long wavin' glitter of gold, an' a spark of somethin' like . . . blood" (PM 9:538) attract the attention of an old sailor who, when he reaches the body of a woman washed ashore during a shipwreck, recognizes the "drop of blood" (PM 9:538) as Campian's ring. It is this ring that is symbolically significant when the dead bodies are discovered on the shore: when the old sailor sees the ruby on the wedding finger of his niece's hand he has living proof that her wrong has been righted. Blood symbolizes treachery, guilt, and redemption. The blood image, then, is aptly used here because it symbolizes the redemption of Campian's past and the blood sacrifice for the woman whose honor he saves. In "A Lovelamp," a lamp affords an amusing incident and, moreover, achieves a force of prophetic symbol. But in this same story a Pygmalion motif lacks credibility. Egyptian and archeological terminology as well as repeated references to the expression "true daughter of Isis" are scattered indiscriminately throughout the story, but the Pygmalion motif is not assimilated into the texture of the

narrative. The exotic princess has made a sudden volte-face, dissolving into a pathetic pauper and, later, into a sentimental Cinderella. The motif plays an integral part in neither the intricate relationship of image and theme, nor the emotional tone and atmosphere of the story which deteriorate into mawkish sentimentality.

In "Sevres Fulkes" a vase metaphor is exploited, but not very successfully. A patient in an insane asylum, who imagines himself a Sevres vase, is destroyed by lightning immediately after his treachery is discovered. But the reader finds it difficult to accept the destruction of the man--as vase--by lightning. Perhaps a broken vase would have had greater validity, and, what is more, symbolic significance. Sevres Fulkes would then have been destroyed by his own perversion. As one meets it in the story, however, the death by lightning suggests an intrusion of a deus ex machina. Whether or not Crawford felt that her readers would expect divine retribution and punishment by a supernatural agency can only be conjectured, but she certainly disposes of the villain in a death spectacular enough to belong to the realm of stage melodrama:

Wreaths of smoke puffed from him in yellow rings, a hundred tongues of flame made a horrible aureole round him. The lightning had fired his disguise of cotton-wool, and for a second he stood a pillar of flame, then rushed furiously through the open French window, blind in his savage agony (PM 20:355).

Yet with regard to the character of Fulkes this excerpt,

striking as it may be, is an anomaly. Crawford has been striking at the expense of unity of tone. For the reader has come to like the charming comic creature who imagines himself a Sevres vase. Like everyone in the asylum, the reader has, unquestionably, accepted the vase figure. When he proves to be the villain the reader feels cheated. Crawford has not prepared the reader for the sudden transformation because she has withheld vital information too long to make such an event convincing. When the point of view shifts at mid-point from the doctor to the singer, the tone paradoxically shifts from comic to serious, transforming a medical problem to a sentimental.

Crawford's characterization in this same story, moreover, is weak. Tolla emerges as a stock self-sacrificing heroine, and Arleigh as a persecuted hero who suffers mysteriously violent convulsions which do not move us to pity. These fits are not a desperate effort of the mind to rid itself of intolerable thoughts by swooning into unconsciousness, nor are they outbursts of emotion to sublimate unattainable or forbidden desires. Arleigh's mind is sane throughout and there is no mental struggle; hence, the fits do not impart a sense of horror to the reader. They have no crucial emotional significance. And Arleigh emerges as the conventional suffering hero of melodrama.

The part played by Harley Ferrers as John Fulkes, the "priceless work of art," might have saved the story, but

his creation is also limited by the dictates of a melodramatic plot. If Fulkes could be made to function as a sort of target for jabbing remarks at the Gothic aesthetic, the whole story might plausibly be seen in terms of self-parody which, by inference, parodies the whole genre. But such is not the case; Crawford adheres rigidly to the contemporary conventions of newspaper fiction. Fulkes, like the other characters, is merely an agency of plot and nothing more.

In "Sevres Fulkes," Crawford's bizarre imagination creates a macabre story, but one cannot help wondering whether the only aim of the story is to dramatize horror for its own sake. There is lack of verisimilitude. As it stands, the story offers two stock themes: the power of love, of a faithful wife's untiring vigil for the sake of her husband's recovery, and the truth that crime does not pay. But the treatment of both themes lacks any real impact. The plot conforms to the stock villain-versus-hero formula. In order to keep her readers in a constant state of nervous excitement Crawford exploits a number of stock melodramatic devices: a clever ruse, a disguise, an unexpected appearance, a chance meeting of separated relatives, a narrow escape from death, and a providential accident. Although the villain's violent death arouses horror, and readers may leave the story with a sense of justice done and a stronger belief in the universal triumph of good, the lack

of logical consequence, the insistence on a moral purpose, the failure to identify character and issues, and the exaggerated use of external and arbitrary means all tend to lessen one's emotional response. "Sevres Fulkes" may have appealed to the current love of sensation and spectacle, but it does not today strike the reader as real, if imagined, experience: it impresses him merely as poor melodrama.

Crawford's experimentation with narrative techniques--in her handling of points of view, in her use of documentary material, and in her manipulation of imagery and symbol--although, in most cases, unsuccessful, may well be indicative of her regard for the short story as a serious form of art. Judged sui generis, however, Crawford's romances of high society display the weaknesses inherent in most examples of the sentimental romance, a tradition which had gained mass appeal. They differ little from other sentimental romances printed in late nineteenth-century popular magazines. In volume XXI (January to June, 1886) of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, where Crawford's story "His Christmas Love" was printed, many other romances appeared published anonymously or mainly by women: "A Match-Making Scheme," "The Oath He Took," "A Beautiful Sinner," "Through the Crucible," "Flower O' the Peach," "Al Araf," "A Vial of Rose-Colored Liquid," "A Fair Imposter" and "St. Valentine's Prisoner." Variations occur from author to author, but the stereotyped pattern remains the same. The never-changing

ideal is love and marriage. Crawford's romances differ only perhaps in style and structure: her style is more pretentiously figurative, marked by ornament for ornament's sake, and her plot machinery is at times more cumbersome and difficult to follow. Their quality is not at all above the level of most of the popular sentimentalized fiction of the time.

Besides sentimental romances, volume XXI of Leslie's Popular Monthly, boasting that "all tastes are gratified. All classes of readers derive entertainment and instruction," offered a large variety of other sorts of fiction: tales of everyday life, domestic sentimental stories, local colour and regional sketches, as well as stories of ghosts, crime and detection and serialized novels.⁸ Whatever their form, however, they tended to be dominated by either sentimentality or sensationalism or both.

But it is interesting to note that Leslie's did include regional and local colour sketches. The eighteenthies were a time when the desire for greater realism and truth was gathering momentum, when the local colour frontier and regional fiction of such popular writers as Bret Harte, Hamlin Garland and Sarah Orne Jewett was in vogue, and when sentimental romances, as written by scores of women for their feminine readers, were no longer completely satisfying. New materials demanding local settings and subject-matter and more realistic character portrayals were

now sought by the reading public. And Crawford, too, met this demand by drawing upon fresh new Canadian sources.

Crawford's Canadian short stories differ from her sentimental romances in theme, character, setting, and treatment. They deal not exclusively with the search for a suitable marriage partner, but with the actualities of contemporary Canadian life. They stress the problems of pioneer people struggling to earn a livelihood in Canada, and voice their habits of thought and feeling. Whereas Crawford's romances deal with characters belonging to the upper classes of the United States and England, her Canadian stories concern the working classes: French-Canadian voyageurs, lumberjacks and farmers, Irish-Canadian settlers and common labourers. Settings, too, are not the elegant drawing rooms of wealthy city homes or the glamorous resorts of Europe but the rural landscape around Lake Ontario, a vacant lot on a Toronto street or the lumber camps of a Canadian wilderness. And where her romances are in great part fashioned from literary models and her own fancy, her Canadian short stories are essentially created from her imagination operating on first-hand knowledge or observation. As a result they possess a realism that helps make them convincing. However, although they are more original than her sentimental romances, they, too, have their limitations.

In "In the Breast of a Maple"⁹ Crawford's imagination draws upon her personal experience to describe a comic

episode taking place in the Canadian woods. She chooses the most typically Laurentian of trees, and exploits the dangers of tree-chopping, the foreclosing of mortgages, and the self-reliance of elder daughters. But her handling of the comic episode--her use of ridiculous exaggeration, pantomime, caricature and spectacle--does not completely succeed.

Crawford delineates the conflict between Dalmás and Marie by contrasting the two through caricature: the images associated with the heroine are a curious mixture of the natural world, classical myth, and Canadian-Indian folk lore; those associated with the villain are drawn from the world of small animals. This contrasting imagery with its physiognomical connotations heightens the effect of the prevailing comical tone. Marie's formidable strength and will-power, for example, are suggested in a passage of congested imagery which conveys a ludicrous effect:

Mademoiselle de Meury's fine jaw became steel; her raven brows contracted. She fixed her moc-casined feet in the snow as a pine strikes its roots into the earth. She threw out her arms in a noble curve. And again, bright as a sharp young moon her heavy axe head buried itself in the trunk of the maple. Her broad bosom swelled at the power of the stroke; a proud crimson dappled her cheeks and then settled into the level, satin-red of a rose; her large nostrils swelled and grew fixed as marble; one snowy tooth, longer than its fellows, bit into her full under lip (SS, 59).

Marie is described in a muddle of images from steel, bird, Indian, pine, and rose to marble and snow. And Dalmás's actions, caricatured in terms of the nimble movements of

little animals, add to the humour. With "joints flexible as those of a kid" (SS, 60), Dalmás "leap[s] back" with the "agility of the 'Master Rabbit' of the Algonquin story tellers" (SS, 60), only to fall "headlong into a naked tangle of underbrush behind him" (SS, 60).

These exaggerated actions of both Marie and Dalmás are ridiculously comical. Mademoiselle stands "for a second panting at him" (SS, 60), and feels "her sleek axe handle mechanically" (SS, 60). Later she drops her weapon "as an Amazon her spear" (SS, 61), and walks away to obtain a full view of her foe. Dalmás, impaled on little naked spikes, looks at her out of the knot of brush, and still later stands entrenched behind a tree round which he peers cautiously at the lady of the axe. When Marie lifts her massive, round arm and points to his son in the woods, Dalmás bounds "like a squirrel" (SS, 62), dances an angry "pas seul" (SS, 62) behind a tree, and grinds his teeth when he sees the tender love scene between his son and Lucille.

And the comic pantomime continues. When Jean is trimming the boughs of the maple, his father peeps out at his son, first around one side of the tree, then around the other, while Marie makes a tantalizing gesture at the sky, behind Lucille's white neck. Dalmás replies by kissing his fur mitten to her, and laying it tenderly on his heart. When the pocketbook is discovered, Marie pushes Lucille from her, clasps her hands and holds them "strained above her head"

(SS, 64), while Dalmás shelters himself by stealing from tree to tree.

Besides the clownish antics of the two central figures, their exaggerated manner of speech also reinforces the comedy. Dalmás keeps calling his son an "ass" or a "donkey," "kicking" against his commands. When he sees the romantic scene between his son and Lucille, he exclaims, "I will stop this! I will exert my authority! embraces! kisses! Toads of Hades! and before me!" (SS, 62). And after the discovery disclosing her suitor's treachery, the strong-willed French-Canadian woman, with proof of Dalmás's guilt in one hand, shouts to the hypocrite, "Infamous, contemptible wretch" (SS, 65). Although little is spoken in the story because Crawford depends chiefly on pantomime for her ludicrous effect, the diction which Crawford puts into the mouths of her two main characters is in keeping with their caricatures and the comical tone.

Crawford, then, uses elements of comedy to narrate the episode in the forest, and she employs "purple" prose to describe the winter landscape. The sky, for example, "was like an inverted turquoise goblet which poured a golden wine over a silver world" (SS, 60). Such lyrical outbursts, romantically idealizing the landscape, are a purposeful contrast to the exaggerated actions of the characters and quite appropriate to the predominantly humorous tone of the story.

And Crawford, as usual, prefers to emphasize the beauty and benevolence of a Canadian winter. Although all the

activity takes place out-of-doors, not once, for instance, is the discomfort of the cold mentioned: Crawford rarely complains about frozen air which on a bleak winter's night "can metamorphose dark brown hares to white!"¹⁰ In fact, she seldom stresses the cruelty of the land, a theme which Northrop Frye claims is a central one in Canadian literature. "Nature never reproaches happiness," Crawford once said (HD, 10-15). Although nature is a potential enemy of man--the huge maple practically kills Marie as it topples down--the tree is man's friend. It is the benevolent agent exposing the villain's treachery and bringing happiness to the sisters.

Although Crawford's inappropriateness of style to content achieves a humorous effect, her editorial interpolation explaining the tragic history of the de Meury family interrupts the humorous treatment. Written in a rhetoric of sentimentality stressing the pathos of the family's situation (Monsieur de Meury leaves "his widow, and her two orphan children to fight the wolf on their threshold"), this interruption is an intrusion on the clownish antics, and the story at this point deteriorates into poor melodrama. Crawford is not successful in blending the various styles into a coherent whole. As a result the comedy lacks direction.

"In the Breast of a Maple," then, confuses the reader. As long as the story ridicules the attempts of a middle-aged suitor to woo an uninterested young woman, the humour succeeds, but as soon as Dalmás's betrayal is exposed,

Crawford abandons her comical treatment. She allows Dalmas to disappear as a comic creation, and the comical figure of Marie to be drawn into the sentimental spheres of Jean and Lucille. Crawford becomes preoccupied with the reunion of the two young lovers rather than with the relationship of Marie and Dalmas, and the amusement is over.

If Crawford intends the story to be taken seriously as an illustration of the truth that "crime does not pay," the illustration fails to impress the reader. When the pocketbook is discovered, the amusing suitor suddenly becomes a cowardly villain, and this unexpected volte-face, as in several of Crawford's sentimental romances of high society, lacks credibility because Crawford has shifted her point of view without any warning. The hypocrite whose secret misdeeds have reduced the sisters to penury turns into a pathetic coward expecting mercy from Lucille. Consequently he "may simply rest easy, and go home to [his] dinner" (SS, 64). His reactions to his exposure enlist neither anger nor laughter. His defeat has little moral significance. The villain does not come to a bad end; Crawford merely gets rid of him "like an ugly, little, yellow fog," (SS, 64) as though the air had been cleared of some foul pestilence. The sensationally improbable discovery is a mere mechanical trick of plot to reunite the two young lovers rather than to provide the means for a moral exemplum.

Crawford's treatment of the rest of the story also adds to the confusion. The sentimental explanatory history of the Dalmas - de Meury conflict detracts both from the hilarity of the wooing and the seriousness of the betrayal. In addition, although the spectacular finale of the victorious sisters riding "in state" on the felled log appears ridiculous, the comedy has lost its cumulative climactic effect because the history of the two families interrupts the development of the comedy. The tableau is a mere charade. If the dumb show is seriously intended to celebrate the triumph of good over bad, the mockery inherent in the procession mitigates against the seriousness of the crime. And nemesis is presented as something merely appended to the story.

Crawford's vision in the story, then, has no focal point. Her intent is not clear. We can not determine whether the story is meant to illustrate her comic or her moral vision for somehow we can finally neither laugh nor applaud. Crawford has not learned to combine the various elements of her narrative in a view that has unity and yet does justice to different aspects of an experience. Looked upon as comedy the story is only partially successful. If the story is not looked upon as comedy, however, it demonstrates the same weaknesses as Crawford's sentimental romances of high society: fortuitous incident, unwarranted shifts of points of view, melodramatic events and a pointless

variety of narrative styles.

It is more difficult to assess Crawford's Canadian fragments. Although they raise some serious questions about the problems of Canadian life, as they stand there is little to recommend them on literary grounds. "Sam Shane"¹¹ reveals Crawford's insights into the prejudices and loyalties which immigrants jealously guarded,¹² but the speeches of the illiterate Irish van driver impress the modern reader as stage Irish, vaudevillian posturing:

Bedad wasn't it Britanny turned me ould Aunt's
Cousin Mollie Delaney, wid her puckaun an'
Simon the ass, from undher her own thatch into
the crass roads, an' me to come to free Ameriky
to dhrive her an' her murtherin' ould lions
(shure they mind me av bum-bailiffs so they do)
about the counthry! Arrah, I'll not be
insulted -- pay me, an' let me go, is it me
dhrive Britanny? (S, 1).

The Irish brogue, too, is soon wearisome. And the story, like "In the Breast of a Maple," appears to be merely a piece of frontier humour. "Tudor Tramp" and "Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter" suggest Crawford's love of a Canadian summer,¹³ her benevolent attitude towards winter, her appreciation of the multi-cultural nature of Canadian society, and her realization of the importance of the Canadian lumbering industry, but the language is extravagant and the descriptive passages are cluttered with images and mixed metaphors.

In "Tudor Tramp" a young Englishman orders the conductor of the Grand Trunk: "My good fellow, make them stop

this very inferior train where there is no mud. Your Canadian mud is mere glue" (SS, 51). Offended by this comment, the conductor replies: ". . . our mud belongs to a great and risin' young country and has a backbone to it, not like the black gruel they call mud over to the old country" (SS, 52). Such a scene depicts two strongly localized sentiments, one, typical of a type of transplanted Englishman and the other, a defensive attitude of a native Canadian. But the story is crowded with grandiose ornamentations. The following passage describing the young Englishman's appreciation of the approaching sunset and the smell of frying pork emanating from a lumber camp nearby is typical:

Was it a burnt offering rather, to the great spirit who might presently be expected to materialize from the saffron puffs of mist, his moccasins on the unsalted deep, his plumes touching the sky between the sharp, argent antlers of the moon and the jovial, red-spurned back from the parting foot of the Sun? (SS, 54).

The extract reveals the same lack of control which characterizes Crawford's sentimental romances. Compared to her derivative and idealized romances, Crawford's Canadian stories are original and realistic. But, like them, those discussed so far lack any great artistic value.

One story, "Extradited," however, remains worthy of serious critical attention. Here Crawford's handling of setting is effective. The remote farm on the banks of a swift-flowing river in the Canadian wilderness during the

early spring rains is ideally suited to the grim events which occur. From the outset Crawford projects this primitive and austere feeling of place. She captures the stark grimness of the backwoods farm with a few carefully selected details: the barn stands in a bleak chaos of burned stumps, the corduroy road is filled with mud holes, and the shanty is stripped to bare necessities.

Avoiding the long passages of description which usually retard the pace of her stories, Crawford presents brief glimpses of the clearing at the right moment. When Sam and Joe take the horses to the barn, the barn is described in a short paragraph. Later, when Bessie slips out of bed, short sentences contribute to the mood of mystery and heighten the reader's sense of foreboding: "The back log, which never died out, smouldered on the hearth. . . . She sang a silent little hymn of self-laudation" (SS, 70). Still later, rigorously chosen details describing the swollen stream and the arrival of the logs prepare us for the disaster that is to come. And as the story progresses, the setting is built up consistently and cumulatively so that the eventual drowning is credible.

Crawford's effective use of setting also helps to portray character because each of the three characters is affected by the back-country locale. The difficulties of communication make the farm a good hiding place for Joe; the

handicaps of frontier conditions force Bessie to plan for a better future for her son, and, although the property makes Sam, the Irish emigrant, a landowner like the English propertied gentry of Ireland, he is so ruled by his heart that he is willing to leave it for Joe's sake.

Besides Crawford's treatment of setting, her handling of character is also worthy of note. She successfully delineates three credible human beings caught in a domestic crisis, with whom the reader sympathizes. Sam, an uneducated, middle-aged husband, is a kind, gentle, Irish-Canadian farmer. His relationships with his wife and hired hand are consistently based on simple love and trust. Next to his wife and child, who are "the pulses of [his] heart" (SS, 68), Joe, the hired hand "is in the core of [his] heart" (SS, 74). He has long suspected that Joe conceals a secret guilt, but he has never forced his confidence or distrusted him. He continually expresses his love for Joe and gratitude for Joe's labours: ". . . [the farm has] had your sense an' sinews, so it had. I'll never forget it to you, Joe" (SS, 69). In fact, his love for Joe extends to even suggesting that after Joe's danger is past they make a fresh start in some strange country. Behind Sam's humour there is the proud dignity and melancholy of the "Celtic" temperament as well as a heroic "Spartan" outlook (SS, 67). Thus, in this rough pioneer setting, Sam embodies something of other human civilizations. Crawford's presentation of Sam is

unsubtle and oversimplified, but by giving him qualities like loyalty and compassion she creates a character to whom the reader is attracted.

Bessie's characterization is more subtle and complex than her husband's and skillfully rendered to reveal Crawford's tolerant understanding of the pioneer female psyche. In our first meeting with her, Bessie's jealousy and selfishness are revealed. She sulks "petulantly" when her husband enquires after Joe instead of their baby, and she retorts "sharply": "I didn't marry Samuel O'Dwyer to have a hired man set before me and my child, and I won't stand it--so there!" (SS, 67). Throughout the course of the story her relationship with her husband is one of deliberate deception: she conceals her betrayal, and masks her greed and dislike of Joe. She even harbours "a quiet contempt for her husband, the unlearned man who had won the pretty schoolmistress; and, hedged in by the prim fence of routine knowledge and imperfect education, she despised the large crude movements of the untrained intellect, and the primitive power of the strong and lofty soul" (SS, 69). Although she keeps justifying her betrayal by statements like "I'm glad I know my duty as a parent" (SS, 70), each time she congratulates herself on doing her duty, her thoughts settle upon the use to which the reward money can be put: "It must be a first mortgage; I won't risk any other" (SS, 73), thus reinforcing the impression of her greed for money.

Her relationship with the man who has saved her husband's life is strained and hypocritical, and she keeps humiliating him at every confrontation. Outwardly, Bessie sees her motivation for betraying Joe as being a sense of patriotic and parental duty. Inwardly, she feels threatened by Joe's superior learning and justifies her hatred for Joe as one of legitimate wifely jealousy because of the place he occupies in Sam's heart: ". . . it was her plain duty to tear him out of that large and constant heart, she was pleased to feel" (SS, 72).

Bessie seems to possess an intelligence untouched by humanity. When Joe dies she expresses no regret and no gratitude for his self-sacrifice. During the three-day crisis she suffers no tortured conscience, no remorse for her deception or betrayal, nor even once questions the ethics of her act.

In her relationships with her husband and hired hand, then, Bessie is selfish, dishonest, jealous and ruthless. Crawford compares her to a "serpent," a "she eagle," creatures associated with deceit and rapacity. In fact, Crawford plainly states that ". . . her maternal affection [was] an agreement of rapacity and animal instinct" (SS, 69). But if one examines Crawford's interpolations closely, one finds that they do not censure Bessie's actions but explain and

interpret them in terms of character traits and environmental factors. Crawford tells the reader that Bessie is an accomplished daughter of a prosperous farmer and a good mother and housekeeper who makes the drab, bare desolation of O'Dwyer's Clearing tolerable and attractive. She attends to the household duties with intelligence and without complaint. She washes, irons, bakes, cooks, and sews. "It will rain to-morrow. So I'll not wash till Friday; I wonder will that pink print Sam fetched home turn out a fast color; I'll make it up for Baby. . . ." (SS, 70). And her proud and loving husband appreciates her: "A model young matron was Mrs. O'Dwyer and looked it to the fine point of perfection. . . ." (SS, 75).

Crawford emphasizes Bessie's touches of refinement. Bessie tries to stay "lady-like" in the bush: she writes on violet scented note paper and plays the organ. All her belongings are "pretty;" she is always "crystal-clean" and fresh. Not once does she voice resentment of her pioneer hardships. She looks at her bare room "without disgust" (SS, 70). Not once does she complain to Sam about what they have, or might have had if they had stayed out of the backwoods.

Crawford dismisses Bessie's jealousy and vanity as "minor," her rancors and spites as "small." She implies that it is only human for a wife to desire her husband's full attention and defends Bessie's jealousy of her husband's

attachment to their hired hand. And throughout the course of the story Crawford stresses Bessie's role as a loving mother. She is consistently shown with a clean baby and planning the future on his behalf, as when she says, "I know my responsibility as a mother. . . ." (SS, 73).

Crawford tries hard to be fair to Bessie, drawing the reader's attention to the problems of the pioneer woman. But Crawford does not exonerate her. We are told that "by training and habit she was honest, but her mind was becoming active with the ingenuity of self-cheatry" (SS, 69). The word "self-cheatry" is crucial to Crawford's characterization of Bessie. Throughout the entire crisis, Bessie has been deceptive and hypocritical in her relationships with Sam and Joe, but she has also been deluding herself. She insists that her reason for notifying the police is governed by her aspirations for the future and by her parental duty to her child. Not the love for her family, however, but vanity and need for self-assertion inform Bessie's concept of duty. She has disliked Joe from the beginning and feels threatened by his superior abilities. Moreover, she is aware that she must follow the detective's advice to keep the secret from Sam, for "inspiritin'" it is indeed. She guards it "very carefully," so that Sam "will not cut up rough." Although Crawford certainly appreciates the socio-economic motives behind Bessie's behaviour and recognizes the necessity of ingenuity as an important quality in a frontier society, she

knows very well that Bessie's image of herself "as an unrewarded and unrecognized heroine of duty" (SS, 78) is self-deluding.

Despite the fact that Joe has apparently robbed an employer two years before, his characterization, unlike Bessie's and more like Sam's, engages the reader's sympathy easily. While Sam, as the one who can become angry, is associated with the crudity of the setting, Joe with his education and manners is the one who brings civilization to the backwoods farm. He works hard and is in great part responsible for clearing the land and keeping the farm in good order. He is a model of loyalty and compassion, and we are impressed by his refinement. He is treated harshly by Bessie, but he, more than Sam, helps Bessie maintain an awareness of herself as a woman: he has given her a paper portfolio with the scent of violets and planted the morning glories for her. He has never treated the family but with tenderness and good will. He speaks gently, handles the baby tenderly, even giving him gifts. He has saved the life of his employer more than once and dies rescuing his employer's son. And yet, despite such fine personal qualities and admirable behaviour, Joe is betrayed.

In fact, Joe fits the archetypal pattern of a person betrayed by a supposed friend. The sequence of events leading to his death is reminiscent of the train of circumstances which led to Christ's Crucifixion. Joe is betrayed

by Bessie, the Judas figure, and undergoes a kind of Gethsemane: he is unable to sleep during the night of his betrayal, and then he sits and silently broods the next day at the landing. Moreover, he is aware of Bessie's treachery. When the puppy's disappearance is discovered, Joe is able to say calmly, almost reprimandingly, and, as if it were a positive fact: "You will find him at your father's on your next visit, Mrs. O'Dwyer" (SS, 72). Joe, the betrayed, then, shares Bessie's secret. Rather than trying to prevent her scheme, he passively allows it to continue, humbling himself before his traitor, and turning the other cheek. And just as the Pharisees who paid Judas felt it their duty to get rid of the "wicked, blasphemous" Christ, so also Bessie has convinced herself that Joe is sinful and wicked and that it is her duty to inform the proper officials. And as the Roman soldiers arrived to seize Christ, so do the detectives come to arrest Joe. As Peter came forth to defend Christ, so does Sam come to Joe's defence. And as Christ passively yielded to the soldiers, so Joe accepts his arrest.

In several ways, also, Joe takes on something of the quality of a tragic hero. His nobility of character enables him to endure humiliation patiently, and sets him apart from the two less refined Bessie and Sam. His total lack of self-interest allows him to work as if slave-driven, submit unresistingly to the punishment imposed upon him, and risk his

life to save others. And his decision, at a time when he is handcuffed, to face the danger of a river that is "strong as a giant with the rains" (SS, 75) in order to rescue a drowning child demonstrates his complete self-abnegation. This total willingness to sacrifice himself may be viewed as a flaw in his character. And in the classic sense, Joe can be called a tragic hero--a noble character with a flaw leading to his downfall.

Thus Crawford has skillfully portrayed Joe as a unique individual with archetypal characteristics of a betrayed figure. Joe is not a mere type; he is not perfect. He is a nervous, worried man in spite of his calmness about his betrayal. He is perhaps overly self-denying; there is almost something psychologically abnormal about his drive to overwork himself. Yet, in spite of these flaws, he strikes one as being a genuinely admirable man who engages the reader's sympathy.

Besides her setting and characterization, Crawford's irony also contributes significantly to the effectiveness of "Extradited." The emotional impact of the conflict is heightened by a skillful use of irony which not only foreshadows disaster, but also paradoxically achieves a sympathetic view of two contrasting attitudes towards duty in a frontier society, and conveys a harmony of tone. In fact, Crawford's irony becomes one of the most important elements in her handling of the story. At the very outset

Joe remarks, "It's got dark in here suddenly. . . . I'll get the lantern" (SS, 69). Sam replies, "Don't. . . . There's something to be spoke about betwixt you an' me Joe, an' I'd lieve say it in the dark" (SS, 69). Sam, Irish and presumably Catholic, is here recreating in his own way the darkened atmosphere of the confessional in order to hide the embarrassment of dealing with Joe's sin. Joe, who does not realize at this point that Sam has discovered his secret, ironically calls for light. This ironic exchange immediately suggests foreboding. Later we discover that Joe's gift to the baby is a set of coral sleeve links. The links are associated with the handcuffs which the detective snaps on Joe's wrists: ". . . the steel glittered like a band of fire in the sun" (SS, 76). Ironically it is the "pretty brightness" (SS, 76) of the handcuffs that attracts the child's attention and causes him to leap strongly in his mother's arms, and for the first time "Bessie's brain reel[s] a little, her hands [feel] weak" (SS, 77). This reaction catches her off her guard, and the baby tumbles into the river.

Crawford keeps using instances of irony of statement as well as of situation to heighten the reader's intellectual and emotional responses. Twice Sam reassures Joe of their friendship. On one occasion he says that Bessie and he are Joe's friends, "true as the day" (SS, 71). On another, he tells Joe, "you're as safe at O'Dwyer's Clearin',

as if you were hid unther a hill" (SS, 74), but Sam, of course, is unaware of Bessie's treachery.

Three references to the pup that carries Bessie's note to her father contain ironic overtones. When Bessie returns to the bedroom after she has committed her betrayal, her husband says: "Guess that consarned pup worried you with his howlen'. . . . I don't hear him now--hope he won't get out of the barn--but that ain't probable--Joe shut him in, right enough" (SS, 71). The discrepancy between Bessie's knowledge and Sam's ignorance results in ironic humour. The dialogue between Sam and Joe the next morning regarding the pup's disappearance is also ironic:

"The consarned pup is gone. . . . Guess he scrambled up to the hay gap and jumped out. Too bad!"

"He's safe enough. . . . He probably ran for home. You will find him at your father's on your next visit, Mrs. O'Dwyer" (SS, 71, 72).

Joe suggests, with unconscious irony, the truth of the dog's whereabouts. And again when the river drivers are expected, Sam tells Joe, "I wish the pup hadn't got away . . . the villain that he was to run away with himself, like that, but liberty's a swate toothful, so it is, to man or brute" (SS, 74).

A powerful instance of irony of situation is found in the relationship between Bessie and Sam on the day of the arrest. Bessie has finished her ironing and baking "with triumphant exactness" (SS, 74), and stands looking down the wild farm road. As Sam walks down the road, he tries to guess her thoughts, which he naively thinks revolve about the affairs

of the farm. When she subsequently appears with three strangers, Sam asks her, "What's all this, Bessie?" (SS, 76). Bessie's reply is a deliberate lie: "These gentlemen asked to see you, Sam. I guess they want some farm stuff off us for Piner's Camp. So I brought them along" (SS, 76). Sam's curt response "Potatoes or flour?" (SS, 76) is tinged with grim ironic humour increasing both the tragic and comic elements.

Immediately after Sam's remark, ironic justice takes place in the scene between Bessie and the police when the sudden shock that she will not receive the reward money hits Bessie with unusual force. Bursting into tears, she mutters, "It's a shame. . . . It don't seem that there's any reward for doing one's duty; oh, it's a downright shame" (SS, 78). Crawford turns the irony of plot against Bessie herself with the policeman's unanticipated answer: "Some folks ain't got no notion of dooty, they ain't. You best keep dark, ma'am, on the inspiritin' subject of havin' done your dooty an' lost a thousand dollars reward" (SS, 78). Ironic, too, is Bessie's sense of duty itself, her sense of responsibility for her son, because it has betrayed her in the end. But the supreme instance of irony, of course, is that Joe should die saving the very child whom he was forbidden to touch. Throughout the course of the story, then, Crawford has skillfully sustained a sequence of ironic situations.

Joe seems to die as a result of an ironic fate

pursuing, exposing, and punishing him. From the beginning of the story he is a marked man, and the steps leading to the final disaster have an inevitable quality suggestive of the working of fate in Greek tragedy. There is nothing complex in the sequence of events, but the fabric of the story, with its atmosphere of restrained and controlled mystery, creates something like a tragic tension and culminates in a disaster reminiscent of Destiny and Fortune's Wheel. Crawford has given us a short story which almost approaches a classical tragedy, set, as it were, in the miniature city state of the Ontario hinterland where the fates still pursue the "pigmy of creation, a man" (SS, 77).

Crawford's primary concern in "Extradited" is the concept of duty. Her emphasis is on a protagonist whose behaviour is motivated by her notion of duty which is, on the surface, socio-economic. This concept conflicts with that of her husband which is tempered by compassion. Husband and wife are governed by quite different imperatives, in each of which, however, Crawford recognizes a particular validity. Consequently, the conflict does not emerge as one between right and wrong. Crawford passes no judgment. The tolerant tone permeating the story suggests her sympathetic understanding of the necessity of ad hoc considerations that--morally speaking--may seem pragmatic. That neither husband nor wife is victorious over the other reveals Crawford's appreciation of pioneer pressures, but it is significant that the story

ends with Bessie "regarding herself as an unrewarded and unrecognized heroine of duty" (SS, 78). The two words "unrewarded" and "unrecognized" are revealing and indicate Crawford's understanding of Bessie's self-deluding image.

The problem of duty is a particularly fruitful theme since ideas of love, suffering, crime, and punishment are all associated with it; and Crawford explores all of these to a certain extent. It is easy to recognize that love is the motivating force for the behaviour of both Sam and Joe. In fact, Sam, who speaks the pithy pieces of proverbial wisdom that are scattered throughout the narrative, asks Joe, "When a man understands by the road of the heart, where's the good of larnin' by the road of the ears?" (SS, 75). Love for his family is the driving force behind Sam's back-breaking work on the farm. Love for a friend is the motivating drive behind his willingness to leave the country where he has invested his work and capital, and go to a foreign land where Joe would be safe. Such is Joe's love, too, that he sacrifices his own life. That love is the life-informing and life-sustaining principle of life is Crawford's favourite thesis, and here, as in Malcolm's Katie, Crawford illustrates the power of love.

"Extradited" also illustrates Crawford's ideas about suffering and punishment. The story supports Crawford's belief in the catharsis of sorrow. In the words of Sam, Joe's sorrow is "blessed" and "holy," "the pardon of God" (SS, 74). This belief, as we shall witness in her other works, is typical of Crawford.

Also typical of Crawford is her flexible attitude towards punishment. Her sense of justice insists that Bessie's deception be punished. And her punishment is befitting the degree of her wrong-doing: she does not receive her reward money. However, the magnitude of Joe's punishment does not befit his crime for we are told that he was not "a hardened criminal" (SS, 76). Yet Crawford gives him a brutally violent end.

It may be that Joe's utter disregard for his own life amounts to a weakness and proves his undoing. Although his gallantry appears heroic, this gallantry, at a time when he is handcuffed, and the river is in spate, surely violates all human reason, and Joe brings about his own death in an act of self-destruction. He is thus punished because he fails to protect himself. Viewed in this light, Joe is a victim of his own flaws of character. On the other hand, it may be that Crawford regards Joe a helpless victim of a perverse fate which pursues its quarry to death.

Or, finally, it may be that Joe is not a victim, but a victor, after all. Often, throughout her works, Crawford views death as a release from the cruelties of life. Rather than punish Joe by allowing him to live and face extradition, she gives him death, a reward for a gentle, gracious nature.

Although Crawford's flexibility may suggest several positions regarding punishment and death, such ambiguity does not detract, but enriches the story's meanings, and allows the

reader to elect his own interpretation:

Besides such universal concerns as death, punishment, and suffering, Crawford touches upon several uniquely Canadian issues in "Extradited." When Sam says that "Bessie'll be in the twitteration, watchin' the hens an' geese from them maraudtherin river drivers" (SS, 74), he is expressing his prejudice against the French-Canadians, sentiments we have heard before in Crawford's stories. And when Sam dares the detectives to touch Joe, "He's in Canada-- on British soil" (SS, 76), he is expressing a Canadian's pride in British institutions.

Stylistically, "Extradited" is often marred by several of Crawford's characteristic failings. Her diction is still hodge-podge: archaic phrases like "barky hordes" (SS, 77) are mixed with such vernacular words as "finnickin," and with biblical expressions like "the man subdued it unto him" (SS, 77). Epithets are sometimes meaningless: moonlight is "mournful," efforts are "sublime," silver is "spiritual." Words are often repeated unnecessarily: Sam's shoulder, throat, and hands are all "massive." Syntax is frequently awkward: "She would assert herself now against Sam's dearly-loved friend, she thought, jealously and with an approving conscience, and it was her plain duty to tear him out of that large and constant heart, she was pleased to feel" (SS, 72). And in the ending, which is the weakest part of the story, Joe's death scene is described with inflated rhetoric:

"[Piner's logs] reared against him like a living thing instinct with rage, and wallowing monster-like led its barky hordes down the rushing stream, rolling triumphantly over a bruised and shattered pigmy of creation, a man" (SS, 77). Such melodramatic writing robs the disaster of any feelings of dreadful horror. Although the drowning itself is credible, the emotion aroused is largely of the sentimental kind.

Despite such stylistic failings, however, "Extra-dited" is noticeably free of other familiar Crawford weaknesses such as convoluted descriptive passages, metaphorical extravagance, inappropriate lyrical outbursts, and lengthy editorial interruptions. The unusually plain and economical style of the story is effective: at times its terse simplicity is consistent with the forthrightness of frontier life, and the frequently sparse, rigorously controlled language reflects the austerity of existence in a remote lonely setting. As a rule, sentences follow a logical order, resulting in a style that in its directness harmonizes with the inexorable movement of the action forward to the climax. And Crawford's characteristic skill with dialect, as demonstrated by Sam's colloquial Irish and the detectives' vernacular, achieves a homespun simplicity and regional colour.

Other strengths are also evident. Crawford's storytelling ability keeps the reader in suspense, provoking his curiosity and emotional involvement, and capturing the vigour of the climactic moment of the baby's rescue. Her skillful

use of ironic devices suggests a fate relentlessly bent on retribution. Her deft characterization creates a memorable, if not entirely admirable, Canadian heroine. And her use of factual detail, and of contemporary Canadian events contributes, in no small measure, to the realism of "Extradited" for Crawford's story was published in The Globe five months after an article entitled "The Extradition Difficulty" appeared in The Globe on April 14, 1886, p. 5, and the murder of a hired man (The Keppel Tragedy) made front page headlines on April 24, 1886, p. 1 in the same paper.

"Extradited" is the best example of Crawford's short stories. Although it reveals that Crawford had yet to overcome entirely her stylistic weaknesses with language, syntax, and over-writing, it reveals her developing mastery as a writer of short stories: she has here attempted to integrate characterization, situation, mood, and idea into an organic whole. Besides demonstrating her narrative possibilities, "Extradited" reveals her quality as an observer of pioneer life in Canada by deepening the reader's insights into the social, cultural, and political realities of Crawford's time: the pragmatic attitudes demanded by a pioneer society, the English-French antagonism in Canada, and a Canadian's pride in British justice. Although there is no precise geographical location, the story successfully suggests a Canadian landscape with swift-flowing rivers and logging

operations in the spring time, and it illustrates the struggle of pioneer farmers for survival in the Canadian frontier, and the way they come to terms with their environment and with themselves. Crawford, furthermore, pictures a pioneer Canadian woman whose stubbornness in resisting her husband's wishes for the sake of her son's financial security and cultural refinement is symbolic of the attempts of many early Canadian mothers to make life less harsh for their children. And she reveals, too, her tolerance by presenting an American sympathetically at a time when many Canadians considered anything American unpleasant. Crawford, herself attuned to the speech and character of backwoods life, explores in "Extradited" the nature and meaning of a wilderness experience.

From our own point in time, Crawford's romances of high society are trite in content and style: they are escape literature providing entertainment and diversion for the largely uncritical female readers of the popular American journals in which the majority of them were published. Her Canadian fragments are often no better. And "In the Breast of a Maple" is merely a slight piece of frontier humour. "Extradited," however, shows that although she did not entirely master the short story as form, she, nevertheless, could transcend the level of pulp fiction. More original and controlled than her derivative and loosely structured sentimental romances, "Extradited" uses genuine and fresh

details from personal experience and observation to present three credible individuals caught in a convincing human dilemma. And, far more complex and subtle than her simple sentimental romances, as it is, "Extradited" explores the problem of duty, and transmits a variety of implications far wider than the horizons of a remote Canadian pioneer farm.

CHAPTER V

CRAWFORD AS A NOVELIST

Many of the characteristics of Crawford's short romances of high society are equally evident in her one complete novel, Helen's Rock, and in her unfinished novels, The Heir of Dremore, Pillows of Stone, From Yule to Yule, La Tricoteuse, [Philip Dudley], [Belfry House], and "A Story for Boys," The Halton Boys. Settings are foreign countries; characters belong to the haut-monde; plot is chiefly developed through coincidence and chance; incidents are frequently melodramatic, sentimental, and sensational; style is exaggerated and impassioned, directed towards manipulating the feelings of the reader, and structure is weak. In theme and ideas, however, there is a difference. In Crawford's short romances there is virtually no implied or direct social criticism of a propertied class that was acquisitive and possessive. And apart from a few mildly sarcastic remarks on the more obvious incongruities of life, Crawford accepts the value system of the leisured class because the convention of the romance usually affirmed accepted values.¹ But in her pieces of longer fiction Crawford expresses her own views on a variety of subjects: the evils of alcoholism and poverty, Victorian respectability and the status of women, the idea of progress, nineteenth-century science and religious doubt, rehabilitation of

ex-convicts, and the importance and power of love.

The settings of Crawford's novels are, like those of her short romances, places she has never visited, such as England, Ireland, France, and Italy; as a result, they are vague and generalized and serve principally to create atmosphere. From Yule to Yule offers Crawford's usual over-stuffed, vague, foreign setting. A law clerk enters an unnamed London street,

. . . a street given over to the Law - and eminently gloomy under the brightest blue and gold of a mid summer day. To night it flowed with rain until it looked like a canal in Venice languishing under a London fog. Rain burst viciously from projecting spouts and shattered the fog here and there into ghastly undulations. The gas lamps blinked helplessly apparently aware of their inability to dispel the hideous yellow incubus, and the tall buildings lost themselves sullenly in the fog, like ghosts of defunct houses in a city of phantoms (FYY, 2-12).

The description, heavy with adjectives and adverbs, is over-drawn with such phrases as "ghastly undulations" and "hideous yellow incubus" and offers no precise geographical details. Sense of place is almost negligible, but the setting does suggest an atmosphere of mystery which is intended to prepare the reader for the nefarious conspiracy which is to take place.

Occasionally, Crawford's descriptions do show more restraint, and offer subtle images and lyrical qualities. The following passage from Helen's Rock reveals Crawford's descriptive skill at its best:

The months of summer have marched past with

their shields of flowers and their spears of red and gold, but here in Italy the parting forces camp on fields close at hand, and lean long upon their swords of fire to look back lovingly on one of the lands of the Gods (HR, 2-3, 4).

A succession of military images linking a Canadian autumn with an Italian suggest that in Canada the seasonal change is sudden and violent; in Italy the retreat is more gradual. Crawford is looking at the Italian landscape through an imagination conditioned by the Canadian climate rather than the Italian, and this imaginative leap, in turn, provokes the untravelled reader's interest. Crawford's sound devices, moreover, evoke a lyrical quality. Alliteration as in "lean long," labial and musical consonants and broad vowels, especially in such words as "shields," "flowers," "gold," "lands" and "Gods," help the euphony of the passage.

Very often, too, as in her short fiction, Crawford avoids geographic and temporal settings and depends more on social setting to create a picture of time and place. However, although she has considerable talent for reproducing verbal and linguistic idioms, in her use of various styles of speech she again achieves mixed success. In The Heir of Dremore lengthy passages of Irish brogue are wearisome and, at times, unintelligible. Italian expressions like lazzaroni, contadina and per Bacco in Helen's Rock fail to convey the motley nature of a Roman mob. Such parading of foreign vocabulary is meaningless, mere pedantry.

In too many of the novels, moreover, central characters speak alike, exchanging the same stilted and clichéd language of melodrama. But in Pillows of Stone Crawford's use of various levels of New York speech--literate English, uneducated speech, and Negro dialect--is amusing and convincing, and would have seemed particularly so to the often naive reader of her day.

Crawford's plots are developed by the same typically melodramatic means displayed in her sentimental romances of high society. Such devices as lost wills, disguises, letters, mysterious strangers, sudden appearances and disappearances, false accusations, secret marriages, forgeries, attempted murders, and abductions are clearly evident in all of her novels. Helen's Rock, for instance, offers the secret marriage between Paolo and Helen, Helen's mysterious disappearance, Prince Julian's guilty secret, his forged letter and abduction of Helen, Paolo's attempted murder of Claudia, Cyril's false accusation, and sudden appearances and disappearances.

The plots of melodramas are usually entangled and disentangled by devices that are unexpected and artificial. Helen's Rock is a series of melodramatic events, all unexpected and accidental. Lightning luckily restores Helen's dead child to life. Claudia narrowly escapes from an onslaught of fox hounds. Cyril fortuitously rescues Claudia's son during a bomb explosion, and, by chance,

discovers the mentally deranged Claudia at the same rock where two years previously he had accidentally stumbled upon Helen with her dead child. Luca Varno² conveniently dies from a fall from a collapsing scaffold to expose Prince Julian's treachery. Cyril accidentally touches a spring which opens a secret drawer of his uncle's desk, disclosing his uncle's latest will which dispossesses him, and he subsequently runs away in disgrace. And, by coincidence, on her last ride of the season in London, Claudia witnesses an accident that overturns a hearse exposing the supposedly dead body of Cyril, and rescues the typhus-ridden Cyril in the nick of time. Like the plots of all Crawford's other novels, the plot of Helen's Rock does not depend on the logic of circumstances, but merely on accident and the inordinate use of unexpected incidents.

Melodramatic plots, furthermore, rely chiefly on violent action, spectacle, and feeble sentiment, and Crawford's plot machinery exploits all of these. Pillows of Stone offers several frightful scenes of delirium tremens. The Heir of Dremore exhibits a sensational shipwreck, bloody street fighting, a bolting horse, and a drunken baronet who horsewhips helpless wives and innocent children. From Yule to Yule offers a mysterious amnesia victim who performs two theatrical acts of heroism in one day: in the afternoon he rescues his guardian when she falls into the icy waters of a swan pond, and later in the same day he saves her from

burning when her dress catches fire. Helen's Rock offers traffic jams, collapsing walls, mob violence and displays of hysteria, hallucinations and madness as well as a death-bed conversation between Claudia and her husband which exhibits all the cloying sentimentality typical of the convention of melodrama:

"What is it, love?" she asked hoarsely.
 "Bid my people 'farewell' for me, he said smiling kindly at the pale face in the moonlight "I cannot myself--my last breath must be for thee. . . ."

"Claudia," he said "I repented unto death."
 "God knows it, Max," she said, solemnly "Oh, God knows it--my love!"

He smiled brightly--again listening--

"That is an air my mother used to sing to her harp--Who is singing it Claudia in this strange land?"

She could not answer by tears or words.

"There! I must not startle thee, my Claudia!" he said tenderly "but it is strange--it is my mother's voice--it is soothing me to sleep, I think."

His eyes closed for a moment wearily--then opened eager--flashing--marvellous in thier beauty--he raised himself in Claudia's icy arms--and stared out into the moonlight. . . .

"Look, Claudia! . . . There is my mother--with her yellow hair and blue eyes--and she is smiling at me as of old. . . ." (HR, 13-7, 8).

As in melodrama, such scenes of pathos often alternate with scenes of violence and ludicrous comedy. After the attack on the Julian carriage in Helen's Rock, there is a highly comical scene in which Madame Dupain, a travelling dentist with a brass band, sells her "ambrosial compote" to the crowd and extracts two molars from Cyril's mouth in order to distract the Roman mob which is bent on killing Claudia. In her plot constructions, then, Crawford relies

to a large extent upon the methods of melodrama popular in her day, and she does not rise above the limitations of that genre.

The influence of melodrama is also evident in Crawford's characterizations. One finds, as in her short fiction, many of the typical character types: the persecuted heroine, noble hero, scheming villain, comic servant, and wise child. But, unlike her short fiction, here bon-vivant colonels no longer sip tea from little Chinese tea-cups with innocent maidens in fashionable drawing-rooms. Reprobate generals, fond of burlesque tights,³ drink champagne with Anonymas from the Leurre d'Or Varieties Theatre.⁴ Malcontents, misfits and melancholics menace, brood, and hate. Fallible creatures of the privileged classes are unable to cope with an inflexible social code. They drink too much and quarrel too much. Cruel, greedy fathers disown eldest sons; drunken husbands beat helpless wives and innocent children; rich heiresses reject society and become hypochondriacs; wealthy wards turn into alcoholics; large landowners become hermits resisting an industrial society.

Crawford's portrayals of these characters are nearly always failures because they are unsubtly presented. They are invariably overdrawn with a plethora of superficial details, an exaggerated rhetoric, and an excessive amount of unnecessary editorial comment, all of which results in characterizations which lack credibility. Elaborate

portraits of externals, and details of physical appearance and dress usually introduce them. When we first meet Kitty Miniver in Pillows of Stone, for example, she is defined by idiosyncrasies of dress and bearing:

The piano to which an odd, somewhat good voice was singing with more passion than the words required stopped with that long jangle which shows a coarse touch. The piano stool whirled round and an extremely tall young lady rose to welcome them, which she did in a high pitched drawl, making its way partially through a pair of fine, fresh, sensuous lips and partly through a very striking nose of Egyptian outline, an outline her whole long slender person partook of from the narrow head and narrow chest to the bold, beautiful, exaggerated chin, the long eyes the heightened cheekbones, the thick, well turned lips freshly red as cactus blossoms, the long, slender arms, short waist, and long legs--a kind of build which drapes marvellously and displays a dress as the ripe, round, goddess perfection of Venus herself would quite fail to do. Miss Minivers dress, an old light blassee, passéé evening silk was long, dirty, and tattered, but it rustled and swayed about her imposingly, her crepe lise frill was anything but fresh, but the slender throat rising from it had the sheen of white satin, her hair was artistic in its untidiness and a red rose was stuck donna wise behind her ear (PS, 107).

Crawford has piled particulars of manner, dress, anatomy, gesture, props, and scenery one on top of another. All these closely observed minutiae reflect Crawford's eye for detail, but it is an eye which notices everything and selects little. What might have been an asset of style to any artist degenerates into a flaw. Crawford's descriptions of Kitty's appearance and actions are crudely handled because of her characteristic lack of control.

Rather than concentrating upon Kitty's coquetry in

situation, and letting Kitty reveal herself, Crawford chooses to devote the greater part of the scene to explaining and moralizing in such depreciatory language and images as the following:

Kitty Miniver played on men as she touched the piano, coarsely but effectively in most cases: the bold caresses of her stone grey eyes flattered men who were too lazy or too blas   to seek in more modest eyes that tender admiration born of love, and as closely hidden as the drop of honey in a cowslips nectary. She managed every point of her physique broadly and openly with little tact but vigorous determination, after a slightly Hogarthian fashion. . . . Exceeding malice in part gave her what her narrow brows denied her, a spiteful kind of wit which knew neither modesty or remorse. Nature had been good to her in the contour and cutting of her lips, and her slow smile while tainted slightly with falsity, was exceeding sweet, and left an impression of amiability on the observer just as the splendid rock firm chin, large Egyptian nose, and magnificently opened eyes obliterated the effect of the compressed flattened brows and gave her an air of mental largesse which some people were slow to see through. . . . Kitty undulated serpentwise with pleasure (PS, 110, 111).

Such a large unbroken block of character analysis is merely a vehicle of didactic purpose, and is so blatant as to have lost all subtlety. Crawford has already used such unpleasant words as "coarse" and "bold" and such disagreeable images as "undulated serpentwise" calculated to disgust the reader. Her excessively sanctimonious tone, moreover, has already offended the reader. Such an overly unsympathetic description offers misplaced comment and redundant and gratuitous barbs, all of which weaken Kitty's characterization. Crawford refuses to allow the reader to make his own

interpretations. Rather than suggesting Kitty's coquetry in a subtle and indirect manner she overdraws Kitty and clumsily forces her own disgust on the reader.

The techniques used in Kitty's portrayal--excessive stress upon externals, a self-consciously lavish style, and the gratuitous over-use of didactic comment and tone rather than development through action--are used for all Crawford's central characters. Even when Crawford depicts figures of more complicated natures, and attempts to portray their psychological characters--their thoughts and emotions--she relies too heavily on external observations described in over-blown language. In Helen's Rock, for example, Crawford attempts to follow the inner movements of Claudia's mind as she suffers through Cyril's false accusations, but the frantic heroine's horror is externalized in too many exaggerated and stylized gestures and pitied in gratuitous editorial comment and effusively sentimental tones:

Claudia puts out her hands blindly for a second - She is only a girl, delicately nurtured and under all her imperial magnificence, easily frightend at unknown things. At this moment her heart breaks under the rush of terrors suddenly driven like a thunderbolt against it. A cry most terrible in its fiery anguish breaks from her lips, and pierces Cyril's soul, sharper than any sword. It is inarticulate addressed to God alone, and for a moment it seems as if her tortured soul had gone out on its winged lamentation. She stands, rigid and white as a corpse, her lashes on her cheeks, her arms fallen at her sides. . . . (HR, 7-10, 11).

Romantic agony is forced and overstrained. Crawford resolves

Claudia's dilemma in melodramatic action and clichéd language which overshadow Claudia's inner struggle and deprive her of any psychological realism. Crawford thus sacrifices the more subtle side of a situation. Her overtly theatrical method of revealing character through externals, her use of over-ornamented language and sentimental tone inevitably produce stock types. Claudia emerges simply as an abused orphan heiress, a peculiarly melodramatic type of heroine.

Melodramatic dialogue also contributes to Claudia's stereotyped character. During the accusation scene Claudia tries desperately to convince her brother that she is innocent:

Paolo! . . . do you beleive this thing of me?
Of me, Paolo, thy little Claudia? thy mother's
daughter--thy second self? Paolo--I too am
fatherless and motherless as well as thy poor
Helen--do not leave me to fall alone--I have
none but thou to defend me. Paolo (HR, 7-7).

Crawford's major characters, like Claudia, invariably speak in such stilted and stagey diction. And all of them are essentially stock figures, conventional rather than real. Claudia Macnair, General Dutrom, and Florian Dutrom are all types: morbid cynic, reprobate general, and social snob respectively.

On the other hand, Crawford's portrayals of her minor characters--children, servants,⁵ and old people--are more effective. She intrudes less frequently to offer her own opinions and impose her own values, and depends more on

impersonal and dramatic modes of narration. She shows her children in terms of situation and scene. And although a few are melodramatic, such as Larry Halton, a child so incredibly good as to be ludicrous, several like Phil Dudley, Sinfletcher, and Karl appear as natural and credible. Their amusing pranks and peccadillos are narrated in action--Phil's hiding of Mrs. Miniver's spectacles in her pet Wedgwood teapot in [Philip Dudley]; Sinfletcher's visit with a billy goat to Lyon's bedroom in The Halton Boys; and Karl's diverse schemes against his tutor, Mr. Primmer, and against his special servant in From Yule to Yule. And although Crawford's servants are invariably loyal, steady, and wise, she sometimes deftly individualizes them through their speech and through such personal idiosyncrasies as Mrs. Miniver's dislike of music and Panker's preoccupation with food in [Philip Dudley], and Castigan's prejudices against Italians in The Heir of Dremore.

In short, then, although Crawford cleverly animates some of her minor characters, she completely fails with her major ones because they are painfully laboured and unsubtly presented.

In addition to her problems with characterization, Crawford also has difficulties with form: structure and style. Since it is hard to assess the structure of Crawford's fragments, Helen's Rock--the only complete work--must serve as an example.

The structure of the novel is weak because of the episodic nature of the story, the unnecessarily overlong authorial interpolations, and the pointless withholding of vital information. The novel is not an organic whole, but a series of sensational episodes strung together in a narrative line that covers four years. So spectacular are the episodes that they call attention to themselves as units each having its own climax and distinctive tone and unity. Since these incidents are loosely connected, the reader becomes confused as he moves from one incident to another. By the time the reader reaches the accusation scene he is thoroughly puzzled because the plot has not been consistently developed through a connected sequence of events. For example, the bulk of the opening chapter, which takes place in England, concerns the disappointment of Lilith, a minor character, over Cyril's equanimity in the face of her rejection of his marriage proposal, and the chapter ends with Cyril's sudden confrontation with a strange figure holding a casket. The second chapter shifts abruptly to Rome where Cyril's unreasonable coldness towards Claudia, her strange alienation from her brother, and his morbid melancholy all puzzle the reader. Crawford offers no clues to such strange behaviour, nor does she hint at the relationship that exists between the strange figure in England and the di Pansa family. The third chapter moves abruptly to the Luttrell home in Rome, where the reader finds it difficult

to comprehend the hostility of the Luttrels towards Claudia and the mysterious actions of an unknown character who has observed the hostility. Instead of piquing the reader's curiosity, the mystery serves only to annoy.

Crawford's inability to link the chapters and her failure to offer background information result in the reader's inability to understand the conflict. Why does Cyril hate Claudia? Why was Claudia panic-stricken when she returned from the courtyard, on the night of her engagement? Overlong interpolations explaining the conflict arrive too late. By the time these are offered they are neither appropriate nor functional. They have weakened the shape and direction of the novel, and the reader, accordingly, feels no clear organization.

Helen's Rock has no unified plot structure. Instead, the plot seems to break into two separate parts. In the first, the center of interest is the so-called di Pansa murder. This section ends with the mystery of the murder unravelled, and the death of the exposed villain in Egypt. The second section begins when Cyril, who appears from nowhere, suddenly discovers a strange "lunatic" whom he soon recognizes as Claudia. And this section ends with Cyril's marriage to Claudia. The events during the period of time that elapses between the first and second section of the story are not related until later in flash-backs and comments. Crawford has withheld this vital information too

long, and, as a result, the reader finds it virtually impossible to appreciate Cyril's dilemma during Claudia's madness. Sympathy is necessary for the proper working of suspense. Unless the reader is involved with the characters, his interest in what happens to them will remain faint, and suspense will wane. In Helen's Rock, then, Crawford has sacrificed unity of structure for the sake of sensational incident and an exaggerated use of suspense. It is difficult to understand what is happening and more difficult to remember what has happened. Helen's Rock clearly demonstrates Crawford's inability to write a coherent novel.

Stylistically, the same imperfections which mar Crawford's short fiction seriously weaken her novels. Her interest in foreign languages and her exceptionally good memory do give her a wide range of vocabulary and linguistic energy, but unfortunately, these resources are not often controlled with taste and precision. The language in Helen's Rock, for instance, is a pastiche of the repetitious, the hackneyed, the archaic, and the foreign. Words such as "fairly," "hoary," "ruddy," and "certainly" are repeated so often and words like "noble," "sacrifice" and "hero" are used so indiscriminately that they become meaningless. Adjectives piled upon adjectives result in needless dreary repetitions: an October day is "bleak, suffocating, yellow, leaden, phosphorescent" (HR, 1-2). Clichés are too common:

Luca Varno suddenly "turned over a new leaf" (HR, 13-2); a police inquiry "falls flat" (HR, 8-6); Paolo's heart "stands still" (HR, 6-6) and Claudia is "in seventh heaven" (HR, 18-1). A penchant for foreign vocabulary imparts a pedantic flavour: Claudia is an "haute demoiselle," and Cyril backs out of the room "en regle" (HR, 1-4). Such a mélange of slang and foreign expressions suggests a tasteless style.

Crawford's constant reliance on the exaggerated rhetoric and vocabulary of melodramatic gesture to indicate feeling is another serious fault. When Gwendolin is forced to drink brandy against her wishes in A Little Bacchante, for instance, her dilemma is externalized in a passage of emotionally extravagant language and melodramatic gesture:

She put one wandering hand up to her forehead, and rubbed it weakly as if she felt some stain hot upon it, the other rose to her breast, her lips turned starkly blue, and her eyes sank suddenly back, and became glassy; she rose, walked a pace or two, quite blindly it would seem, for she dashed against the Madonna's shaft, and then clung to it, as a frightened gull clings to a cliff, her bright hair streaming like light over the shining marble (ALB, 5).⁶

Almost every word is a sensory stimulus, but such excessive use of emotionally-toned images, and language that too feverishly describes the histrionics of the frantic heroine causes the moment to degenerate into crude theatrical spectacle.

Crawford relies heavily upon the highly figurative

language which was a common feature of much of the prose of her day. Her metaphorical power gives the impression of an extremely active mind, but she gives too free a rein to this gift, and what should be a virtue of style becomes simply another flaw. Her use of imagery will be treated in detail in the next chapter. Suffice it to say for now that her associative structure constitutes another of her most serious weaknesses as a writer because it is often destructive of unity.

The principal fault of Crawford's sentences lies in excessive qualification and parenthetical intrusion which often dilute her thought to the point of tedium or distract the reader with irrelevancies. The following sentence from Pillows of Stone suffers from such over-elaborations:

Women, however other than Kitty herself were deplorable mistakes in the economy of Creation except as foils--they came in usefully there, she admitted to herself just as from Chaos came the brown, coarse earth to set off the lilies of the field, and the ebon sky to throw out the bewildering stars, and if ever Kitty felt a real touch of ardent belief in an overruling Providence, it was when she chanced to find herself in close proximity to one of these foreordained foils, launched from the hand of creation, freckled, red headed, snub nosed, angular, with an artistic eye to the bringing out and heightening of Miss Miniver's beauty (PS, 108).

The sentence contains too many digressive excursions which produce a lack of coherence and pungency. Moreover, it lacks a carefully developed pattern, another of Crawford's common sentence faults. Awkward syntax, faulty parallelism, and poor co-ordination of clauses produce obscurity. And

errors in grammar and punctuation, misplaced modifiers and vague use of pronouns cause further loss of clarity. Crawford's long and diffuse sentences are nearly always flawed with clumsy syntax and serious grammatical errors. As a result, paragraphs tend to be long and lack form, and the total structure of Crawford's writing commonly suffers from lack of symmetry, economy, and clarity.

Since Crawford's lyrical power is one of her strengths, an important consideration in any study of her prose style is her management of sound and rhythm. Her lifelong love of music tuned her ear to euphony and there is evidence in her work to suggest the sensitivity of her ear. There are instances, as in the following sentence, when she uses such devices as skillful vowelling, onomatopoeia, alliteration, consonance, assonance, phrasing, and cadence in their subtlest and most subdued forms:

Here a bridge, a single arch of stone, old as the Romans, grey as a hermit, robed in tatters of moss crossed the stream, four poplar trees guarded it, two at each end, like tall lacques in a livery of "shoaling green" (LaT, 3).

But just as she is not always aware of the sentence as a unit and often fails to arrange the parts of a sentence for precision of meaning, she similarly is not always aware of the sentence as a unit of verbal music and does not pay close attention to the musical phrasing. In the following extract, for example, harsh juxtapositions, crude repetitions of sound, poor phrasing, and weak cadences result in an

offensively inappropriate passage:

Aspasia was not drinking sodawater with a 'stick' in it, she was not smoking a cigarette nor was she reading a novel either of the 'dorée' French School or the pseudo-religious-sentimental type which are nearly as difficult to read without a blush, and a great deal nastier (PS, 23).

Crawford's prose style, then, is seriously flawed. Nevertheless, there are a few occasions when her language is direct and dramatic. The conversation between two gossips waiting for the Passion Play to begin in La Tricoteuse is a good example. It was a singular honour to be chosen to play the part of the Madonna in the pageant, the greatest event of the year in the French district of Sobraie, and in the passage where the two gossips speak Crawford captures the interplay of jealousies in the suggestive understatements and the emotional effect of repetition:

"What an air," said the first, who punctuated her remarks with resounding thwacks on the donkey's hide "and regard that Jacqueline! How offensive that air of calm meekness is."

"Well, well, the little Madonna is a creature for a mother to wear an air about," said the Gossip, "not but that thy Marie is as good and pious though her eyes cross each other."

"What of that? Could she not have kept them cast down on the holy infant?" cried the matron "if the Curé had chosen her to represent the holy virgin."

"Tut, Tut! Keep them on Minette Pudoiu's young snip indeed. T'is plain the good Curé is not a mother when he could pass my little Clode here for that lump of pig's fat."

"My sabot is not heavy on that foot. Minette's babe is as handsome as an angel, while every one knows thy unfortunate little Clode is not what one might call handsome. He has a mouth like a

young rook."

"Then he could match thy Marie's green cross eyes, Neighbor."

"Now thou art not devout as becomes the day dear Neighbor."

"Is it devout to thwack that poor dumb beast with that cudgel, dear friend?"

"He is my own brute, Dame wasp tongue."

"One would have thought to the contrary. Well, now to be friendly I have some news."

"Ah!" (LaT, 43, 44).

Short sentences like these and phrases when phrases suffice, weave a staccato-like texture appropriate to the event and character. In fact, a surprising feature of this particular story is Crawford's restraint, when one considers that her writing is, for the greater part, shrill and intemperate. La Tricoteuse exposes social injustice, and yet there is none of the savage invective we feel in such poems as "Wealth" or "War." There are no wild cries of Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité. Crawford, who ever hated mob violence, subtly conceals the potential evil in Everyman in the wise comments of her old peasants: scattered throughout the short novel are such epigrammatic expressions of homespun wisdom as "Caterpillars deform the comeliest vines" (LaT, 48), and "Wives are not good bridles in the mouths of wild asses" (LaT, 46). But such restrained language is rare in Crawford's works.

Thematically, Crawford's novels reveal her serious preoccupations with many of the problems with which the nineteenth century concerned itself. Her feminist sympathies are suggested in such pieces as [Belfry House],

The Heir of Dremore, From Yule to Yule, and Pillows of Stone. In [Belfry House] Crawford offers what then would have been liberal views on the education of women.⁷ Thea is trained in conspicuously masculine undertakings, and educated to be "a Philosopher and a Housewife with a touch of Penthesilia fortis" (BH, 7). Crawford associates her with Penthesilia who has been traditionally depicted as representing women who think themselves a match for men. In The Heir of Dremore, Crawford reveals her sympathy with the wretchedly oppressed married woman and female alcoholic. Lady Dremore is beaten and tortured by a drunken husband "until one day she found out that drink made her his conqueror" (HD, 5-11). Crawford's solution to Lady Dremore's dilemma, unconventional for her time, is legal separation and support. In From Yule to Yule, Claudia Macnair is a hypochondriac who isolates herself from society. Despite public opinion she harbours a young man suffering from amnesia. Although her aunt claims that "Women cannot go against opinion," Claudia insists, "I shall do as I like" (FYY, 7-13). Crawford's tolerant tone throughout the novel seems to support the heroine's insistence on privacy and independence. In Pillows of Stone Crawford sympathizes with reformed courtesans and actresses. Mrs. Aspasia Falcon, one of the central characters in the novel, is a woman of uncertain reputation, "Satan with a strong dash of Gabriel . . . like many of her class. . . . Camilla and Florence Nightingale

in one" (PS, 57). But Crawford presents her in a romantic and favourable light. Crawford also suggests that it is not the actress of the serious stage who possesses talent, but the burlesque actress.⁸ In fact, according to the General, the serious actress has merely the advantages of special lessons in acting, gowns by Worth,⁹ and the support of producers who subsidize critics who "swoon into their ink bottles in raptures" (PS, 117) so that these same serious actresses can become instant successes.

Thematically Crawford belongs securely to the nineteenth-century North-American temperance tradition. Denunciation of the evils of alcoholism is a major concern in both The Heir of Dremore and Pillows of Stone. Crawford's exposure of the "pollution" at Dremore House is brutally frank. She is uncompromising in her harsh treatment of Sir Desmond's misuse of alcohol: he is the incarnation of evil in his "helot" slavery to this driving "demon." In Pillows of Stone, Crawford is not so much interested in the physical violence to which alcoholism can lead as in its implications for the upper social and economic stratum of American society. Clyffe's drinking problem is not an inherited predisposition or an underlying personality disorder as his uncle would like to think: rather, as his doctor has implied, it results from an inability to cope with the social norms of a rigid class structure. "Respectability," cleverly defined by the doctor, is "the 19 century Ark of the Covenant; let all

unclean Dragons fall before it" (PS, 62).

Besides the evils of alcoholism, Crawford deplores the injustices of poverty and child slavery. Her compassion for the poor is so strong, however, that her concern often deteriorates into a crude sentimental preoccupation. A passage from The Heir of Dremore is typical. As a timid girl of seventeen, Lady Dremore

. . . had been working half naked in the Tyne coal pits--stripped to the waist as she crawled along the narrow passages drawing small coal trucks behind her--one of the savages of Civilization (HD, 8-10).

In her concern for the improvement of the lot of such suffering children Crawford reveals a keen interest in the education of the young. In From Yule to Yule Karl's education, for example, is a major issue in the novel. After much argument, his stern guardian, who has exercised rigid disciplinary methods--for example, banishment to the clock turret room, "that arsenal of terrors" for Karl--relinquishes him to the loving attention of her tender-hearted aunt. In The Halton Boys Larry Halton, as did his father before him, provides a teacher's warmth and love in a home-like environment for the successful rehabilitation of his hyper-active young criminals.¹⁰

In the education of the young, story-telling and reading are the most interesting subjects of Crawford's curriculum. In From Yule to Yule, Karl, who "would have reposed on thistles and never felt their barbs while

listening to a raconteur" (FYY, V-23) likes especially to listen to "real" stories "about real people" (FYY, V-23). However, Crawford refrains from naming Karl's reading materials. Reading provides learning that is enjoyable. Crawford reproaches Florian Dutrom, a Cambridge University student, who "was wont to fall asleep during French Comedies, and could not follow the plot of a three volume to save his life" (PS, 95). By stressing story-telling and reading Crawford directs knowledge away "from the dry sides of Parnassus" (FYY, V-27).

However, even as Crawford scolds Florian for his lack of interest in literature and the arts in general, she is favourably disposed to young women, who, like Florian, dislike the arts. Claudia Macnair "rejects" art and music for the pursuit of applied science among her Leyden jars, batteries, and telescope in her science laboratory. And Thea Foote's governess, "versed in the modern tongues and with fingers able to frisk through Thalberg and Liszt" (BH, 7) is dismissed because Thea's interests lie elsewhere "amongst divine and Imperial spectres, and her familiar telescope" (BH, 7). It is interesting to note that Thea's father at one point observes, "I should have wished [Thea] to have had the conventional smatter . . . for people will otherwise call [her] an oddity" (BH, 7). (Crawford later crossed out this speech.)

Many of Crawford's novels reveal her fascination

with mental illnesses and behaviour under stress.¹¹ In The Halton Boys, Lyon undergoes paroxysms of rage, hysteria, and brain fever; in Pillows of Stone, Clyffe endures attacks of delirium tremens; in Helen's Rock, Paolo is tormented by melancholy and hallucinations, Cyril by brain fever, and Claudia by delusional insanity; in From Yule to Yule, Claudia suffers from hypochondria and melancholy, Karl from amnesia. In The Heir of Dremore, Desmond has hallucinations and "brain fever," and in [Philip Dudley], Phil goes into wild paroxysms of jealous rage, and Pedro has snake delusions.

In Helen's Rock Crawford's psychological insight and perception are demonstrated in her imaginative portrayal of Claudia's confused mental state, a complete withdrawal from society into an all-absorbing private fantasy, a world where there is no other concern but self and self-interests. Claudia lives in the past, in her subconscious mind of vague memories and fantasies and under grave misapprehension about what has actually happened and what will take place. She is lost to her surroundings. She is in an abnormal or dream-like state in which images, ideas, and phrases merge and repeat. Quite irrationally, she constantly talks of her dead child, whom she believes will return. And in this deluded state she places a child-like love and trust in Cyril, the man whom she once hated, as the person who will bring back her child. When Cyril reminds her of the change in her affections, Claudia replies that "it was the other Claudia." Persons in Claudia's mental condition frequently

exchange their hates for their loves, and the dissociation of self from self is a frequent symptom. Since Claudia's type of mental breakdown is more likely to happen to persons of vivid imaginations, a remedial technique known as reality therapy is attempted: the actual occurrence that has ushered in the confused mental state is simulated in the hope that the process can be reversed to bring the mind back to a normal state. It is this treatment which is used for Claudia, and the skirmish at Lorraine is acted out.¹²

Although Crawford tries to be clinically accurate in her depiction of Claudia's insanity, her account is needlessly detailed and heavily melodramatic. Four chapters (out of eighteen) devoted to the examination of the minutiae in the relationship between Claudia and Cyril during the course of the illness are pointlessly repetitive and tediously excessive. And the high-pitched emotional quality of the report, moreover, tends to militate against the psychological soundness of the examination. When Claudia's child is found, for example, Claudia's speech is composed of frenzied cries, entreaties, questionings and distracted calls for help:

Was it a dream? Wert thou dead, my heart? Ah,
 where am I? Oh, let me waken. Oh, my God.
 What Joy! My life, my heart, where hast thou
 been? And Paolo and Viola? My son, my baby,
 where hast thou been? Where hast thou been? (HR, 17-4).

What is obviously intended as pathos becomes bathos and Crawford's examination becomes too exaggerated to carry

complete conviction. Such defects notwithstanding, in an age when phrenology was the popular study and neurological research was only in its developing stage Crawford's pre-occupation with disoriented minds is interesting.

Crawford's rejection of the current faith in progress is another theme in several of her novels. In [Belfry House], Mr. Foote repudiates the current American emphasis on industrialization and technical innovations. He refuses to sell any of his huge estate to commercial interests to "let an impudent waterwheel dash the brains out of the fishes and the hearts out of the water lilies" (BH, 19). His civic nonconformity annoys the American businessmen for whom progress was a prime article of faith: his refusal to bow to the pressures of profitmakers identifies him as an enemy to American progress, and leads them to label his farm "a cankerous blot upon [their] go-ahead city" (BH, 10). Crawford's prophetic voice in [Belfry House] warns America of the dangers to the ecology from industrialization and the current emphasis on material progress. And in From Yule to Yule Crawford again adds a warning against too much faith in nineteenth-century science. While she accepts the debt of the age to science for its contribution to areas like medicine, she deplores its role in war. Dr. Florence is made a K.C.B. in "honor of his vast additions to the Scientific data of the Victorian Age" (FYY, 8-9), but the Doctor laments that he is "ashamed to look

Science in the face, since her apostles are levelled with the same accolade to the rut containing the Grampus Smiths and Sheepleys of the Age" (FYY, 8-10).

Although Crawford rejects the current faith in progress, she supports the individualism which arose in the nineteenth-century from the effects of Darwinism upon religious orthodoxy. In From Yule to Yule, Claudia Macnair, as if a female Faust, attempts to apprehend the universe through science rather than religious faith. In the same novel Dr. Strangley is of "unfixed opinions." He "considered turbaned Pagans equally as good as Dulham Episcopalians." And Crawford continues, ". . . no matter how conservative a community may be, in these days of radical earthquakes their granite becomes less knitted under the thrill of repeated convulsions violently affecting other portions of the earth, and where Dr. Strangley would have lost his practice twenty or thirty years ago, he was only regarded in this period of the Victorian Age with a melancholy interest and politely permitted to follow out his own convictions unmolested" (FYY, 8-6, 7). Crawford, like Dulham, is not profoundly disturbed by either the Doctor's or Claudia's individualism. It is interesting to note, however, that the American Mr. Foote is ostracized by the community of Fridgeville for his religious nonconformity, while the English Doctor is tolerated by Dulham.

But like her fictional character, Dr. Strangley,

Crawford, too, is of unfixed convictions. She does not subscribe totally to traditional Christian orthodoxy, and her views of Good and Evil, Heaven and Hell are not sufficiently clear in her own mind to convey them adequately to the reader. She does not agree with the Judao-Christian attitude towards sin. Although her disagreement is not directly stated or developed to any extent, it is evident in the actions and speeches of her characters. In Helen's Rock, for instance, nobody is charged with sinning against God. Julian sins against Claudia, Cyril against Claudia and she in turn against Paolo and Cyril. Julian's sin is labelled a "crime," "mischief," or "fault" and Cyril's, a "mistake." But their mistakes, like breaches of good manners, carry social taboos, not religious. Crawford shows Cyril obsessed with obtaining forgiveness from Claudia, but she does not show him asking God for pardon. Crawford's characters are not preoccupied with the religious issue of sin. Sin is not a direct offence against God, but an offence against one's fellow-man. Crawford is obviously concerned about the injured soul and any attempt to violate or subjugate the spirit of another person by persecution. She does not seem to subscribe to the Christian concept of God as a law-giver. Man's authority is from within, not without. The rule of law to which man is subject is dictated by one's own conscience, not by God's ten Commandments.

Moreover, nowhere in Crawford's works is there any

mention of the Christian notion of the devil, hell or the corruption of man by original sin. Man commits wrong because of his dual nature: in Helen's Rock "The evil has its fell strength as the good in Claudia is God-like" (HR, 4-10). Man may err but he is not the servant of the devil. God is a God of love who would not create a devil to impede man's progress to Heaven. Although Crawford's concept of hell is not explicitly stated, she does associate the word "hell" with life on earth without love. Both Cyril and Julian, for instance, regard life on earth without Claudia as hell.

Crawford may not subscribe to the Christian concept of the devil, hell, or original sin, but she does believe in Heaven and in an immortal soul in the traditional Christian sense. In Helen's Rock Julian experiences a death-bed conversion. Once he has believed that future existence was a "terrible nothingness" (HR, 4-7), but dying he says, "I am about to live--not to die. There is a Heaven" (HR, 13-9).

Crawford's religious beliefs are undoubtedly vague. From her writings there is no evidence that she was profoundly disturbed, either by her own confusion, or by the current conflict between science and religion, which was the cause of so much soul-searching on the part of many of her contemporaries. Religious tenets and dogma are not central issues in her thinking. She merely introduces

characters like Mr. Foote and his daughter, Thea, Claudia Macnair, and Dr. Strangley who insist on personal freedom.

Although Crawford's religious beliefs may be uncertain, her belief in the power of love is absolutely clear. In Helen's Rock the power of love is the central idea of the work, and here, in her imaginative analysis of love, Crawford shows a mature insight. She recognizes that love can be destructive and constructive; that love can transform human life; that only through love can man achieve fulfillment; that only love gives meaning to life; that love can conquer death; and that love is, in the end, a mystery. In its excess, however, love is a destructive force. It is Julian's passionate love for Claudia that motivates his "one crime." But passionate love is not a thing to be condemned as necessarily antisocial or immoral. Julian exemplifies the Romantic exaltation of passion, and Crawford goes to great lengths to defend him. In fact, passion seems to be necessary in order to generate the creative power of love. It is Prince Julian's love for Claudia, for instance, that generates her love for him, and enables her to forgive both him and Paolo. Life without love is a kind of death. In their craving for love, Crawford's characters in Helen's Rock suffer pain of body: Cyril is "haggard," Julian is "worn," Claudia "looks like a ghost;" Paolo and Cyril suffer brain fever; Paolo and Claudia are on the verge of death; Cyril deteriorates to such an extent that he is taken

for dead, and Julian dies. In their loveless lives they hate and destroy each other. But once they experience the happiness of loving and being loved, their anger dissipates; they are able to forgive, and they change into kind, gentle, happy people. Love, furthermore, as in Malcolm's Katie, can conquer death. Julian dies happily, safe in the knowledge that he can remember his beloved Claudia in Heaven. In Crawford's view, both sorrow and suffering are necessary for the attainment of love. Love is an achievement, an activity, not something that happens to man, but something that man must win for himself through personal sacrifice on a via dolorosa he must travel alone.

In an attempt to understand love in all its moods, Crawford's analogical mind resorts to the language of metaphor to illustrate its nature. She calls it "a strong God" (HR, 18-6), and the doctor names it "a subtle vivifier" (HR, 18-15), but Claudia views it as a "fearful thing" (HR, 18-15), and "an awful gift" (HR, 18-4). Paolo claims that "even gratitude cannot build love" (HR, 18-3), and contends that "a slain love has its restless ghost walking over dead roses which will be 'laid' by no exorcism" (HR, 18-3). Love cannot be willed, forced, or rationalized, yet it has a will, force, and wisdom of its own.

It is perhaps in the words of Helen di Pansa that Crawford reveals her own insight into the concept of love: love "is a star and shines alone--a flower and grows alone.

Only God can build the star and mold the flower" (HR, 18-3). Crawford stresses the aloneness of love. Love fulfilled requires the interaction of the lover and the beloved. But for Crawford love is a personal emotion, secretly felt, growing alone in beauty, light and insight, a gift of God.¹³

Love is the chief subject of Crawford's short stories, but it is treated superficially as a matter of courtship leading to marriage. In her novels, and particularly in Helen's Rock, Crawford attempts to interpret love as a mystery of life, and incites the reader to question its meaning seriously.

Thematically, then, Crawford is concerned with the conventional social problems of the nineteenth-century when humanitarianism, rising democratic principles, the utilitarian spirit, and the idea of human progress were disturbing people's lives, when the place of women in society was challenged, and when the whole array of Victorian religious and moral assumptions was called into doubt. But many of her ideas are expressed pretentiously and some are never clearly developed. Her concerns are real, but she creates an atmosphere of extravagant romance such as one finds in her short stories of high society.

The question now arises whether Crawford's achievement as a writer of novels merits serious consideration today. Her absorption with such mental aberrations as melancholy, hysteria, delusional insanity, hypochondria,

and amnesia shows imaginative interest in the workings of the human mind. Her preoccupation with alcohol addiction, Victorian respectability, the current status of women, and the prevailing faith in progress reveals an intelligent attempt to interpret the issues of her own generation. Her imaginative and intellectual qualities which are very often suggested in her imagery (to be discussed in detail in the next chapter) occasionally excite the reader. Her lyrical gifts at times delight his ear. The characterization of a minor figure is sometimes effective. But too many serious weaknesses overshadow such flashes of talent. Crawford's typically exaggerated language, effusively sentimental tone, and heavy reliance on the methods of melodrama seriously weaken the fusion of form and content. Her novels lack restraint, proportion, and balance. In many respects they are poor melodramas.

The period of Crawford's writing career, of course, was in the eighteen-seventies and eighties when the tendency of much English and American fiction was to the extremes of sensationalism and sentimentality that one finds in melodrama. Influences on Crawford's works, then, could have come from many writers: Bulwer-Lytton, Scott, Cooper, Collins, Dickens, Reade, Miss Braddon--not to mention Hugo, Dumas, and Victorien Sardou, all of whom Crawford mentions by name in her writings--the list is endless. But compared

to the writings of such well-established authors, Crawford's work is minor, indeed. Nothing about her novels is strongly original, nothing peculiarly Crawford's own in method and style. Crawford depends too much on convention and too little on invention. And the extent to which her characteristic flaws undercut the little which is meritorious in her writing is far greater than that of the other well-known writers of her time. By comparison, Crawford's novels deserve the oblivion which has overtaken them.

Except for her uncritical admirer, John Garvin, Crawford's reviewers--"Seranus," Hathaway, Burpee and Hale--agree, albeit reluctantly, that Crawford's prose is poor. According to "Seranus," it reveals "some offences against good taste."¹⁴ Hale claims that "it does not convince one that Miss Crawford's gift lay as richly in this direction as in poetry."¹⁵ And Burpee refers to the novels as "more or less pot-boilers."¹⁶ Certainly from our point in time Garvin's observation that had Crawford not died so young there were grounds for a belief that in a few years she would have won international fame as a novelist, is too high praise, indeed.¹⁷

CHAPTER VI

IMAGERY IN CRAWFORD'S PROSE

Crawford's prose is characterized by an abundance of imagery. Whether she is writing dialogue, narrative, description, or commentary, Crawford persistently thinks in images, in a metaphoric analogy of like to unlike. She prefers to give the associative power of her mind free rein and to follow wherever it leads. And her sheer enjoyment of analogy is witnessed in the profusion, variety, and density of her images. So numerous are her images that, singly or in clusters, they leap to the eye of even the cursory reader. Crawford's imagination turns from her own personal experience, actual and vicarious, to her reading, classical and contemporary, to shape her analogies. Many images are drawn from the Graeco-Roman classics, from the Scriptures, Oriental religions, from the worlds of painting, sculpture, and the theatre, and from literature and music. Since much of Crawford's fiction deals with the haut-monde images of dress, fabrics, and jewellery, home furnishings, buildings, and social rank are numerous. Images of food, drink, and indoor entertainment are also many and varied. Since Crawford is fascinated with the probing of mental and emotional states, images relating to sickness, medicine, and the passions are also frequent. A large number of images,

too, are drawn from nature, the sky and the weather, water, flowers, animals, fruits, and vegetables.¹

When one reads Crawford's prose, one is immediately aware of Crawford's marked penchant for images from the Graeco-Roman world. Allusions to gods and goddesses, mythological figures, places, objects and events, as well as to historical figures and episodes, appear so frequently that they suggest a close conversance with the ancient cultures.² They are used for her measures of size and shape, and for her character portrayal: for her symbols of grace, beauty, strength, and heroism. They help her interpret human emotions and illuminate the mysteries of life and death.

At times, these allusions are inert, pedantic and obscure. When, for example, in Helen's Rock Crawford writes that Madame Dupain "handles her ribands like Hippona herself" (HR, 8-18), the comparison appeals neither to the intellect nor the imagination because the reference is to an obscure goddess.³ And when in Pillows of Stone Crawford says that the hotel clerk wears "a set smile which veiled chronic dyspepsia as the golden mask of Agamemnon veiled his grisly dead countenance" (PS, 1) the image is startling, but here Crawford is merely parading knowledge which one suspects is not profound.⁴

There are times, however, when Crawford uses Graeco-Roman images with originality. When she compares American cities to Briareus with a hundred arms clutching in the

alleys and meadowlands, or the malicious Roman mob to a Hydra-headed beast, she strengthens her images through the old myths which stir and release the reader's feelings of terror and repulsion. When Crawford's imagination compares the wind and wave of a wild ship wreck, tearing the drowning passengers, to "gladiators in the amphitheatre of old Rome, while the fates gave the bloody verdict, 'Pollice versa'," the correspondence reinforces the fact of inescapable death ("LNMPA," PM, 9:538). And what better measurement can she give for the rapacity of the French-Canadian lumber-jacks, than to say "Diana's hounds that supped on Actaeon were not more fiendish throated" (GRGD, 4), or what more derogatory remark can she make than to describe a self-righteous Countess on horseback as having a seat like a female Centaur?

Certain Graeco-Roman myths seem to appeal to Crawford's imagination, and she returns to these time and time again. Aphrodite, best known as the Greek goddess of sexual love and beauty, is one of her favourites. In art, as in Botticelli's The Birth of Venus, Aphrodite usually appears undraped, rising from the sea. When Crawford's lively imagination juxtaposes the incongruous by calling Patsy the Thrush in The Heir of Dremore "a male Aphrodite" (HD, 6-9) as he rises from a sea of mud after Black Desmond has knocked him to the ground for singing verses besmirching the Dremore honour, the hermaphroditic image excites laughter.

And when her versatile imagination reshapes the same material to portray the fourteen-year-old virgin Moyna Dremore sitting on a rock by the seashore looking "fresh and crystal fair enough to have sprung, a guileless child Aphrodite" (HD, 4-7) from the ocean, the unusual collocation of a child of innocence with a symbol of sexuality startles the reader.

Should Crawford's Graeco-Roman images be examined as a group, they would reveal her admiration for the ancient culture of Rome and Greece. For instance, heroes and heroines are constantly described in the language of classical sculpture and associated with the heroes and heroines of classical literature, history, and mythology.⁵ In Helen's Rock, Claudia di Pansa's throat is "rounded like a Doric pillar" (HR, 2-2). Her face, "chiselled to . . . grand perfection," is "a Roman face--except that the nose is not Aquiline but straight" (HR, 2-2) like that of the Greek goddesses. Her "dress flows nobly like folds of ivory about her--the whole grand supporting pose Praxiteles might have modeled one of his Caryatidae from" (HR, 2-6). (The Praxitelian pose is an "S" curve, a gracefully languid, serene pose and the conjectural association has stirred a provocatively beautiful pictorial effect.) Claudia's beauty is linked to the entire classical culture not only of Greece but also of Rome. For her conception of male beauty, Crawford draws upon the gladiators of Rome. In From Yule to Yule, Dick was "a model for a Roman wrestler." "His noble throat, [was]

like a column laced about with sinews instead of vines . . . his gladiatorial shoulders loomed like granite through his night-shirt" (FYY, V-13). These particularly powerful and sensuous images illustrate Crawford's use of gladiatorial imagery to describe Dick's formidable strength as he lies in bed recovering from his burns after his dramatic rescue of Claudia.⁶ Such laudatory imagery tends to exalt the physical qualities of Crawford's heroes and heroines.

Not only does Crawford idealize the physical beauty of her heroes and heroines, but she also envisions their actions as deeds resembling those of classical gods and heroes. Throughout Helen's Rock, Crawford keeps praising Cyril's heroism in laudatory Roman images. Cyril's love for Claudia "has taken fire hold of every fibre of his strong and passionate nature [but] he is its master in the nobler sense" (HR, 11-9). Crawford illustrates this self-control by continuing, "Kings toiled chained in the Roman triumphs of the victors but nonetheless were they kings and monarchs of themselves" (HR, 11-9). Later in the same novel when, through his decision to carry out the experiment which would restore Claudia's sanity, Cyril sacrifices his own happiness for that of Claudia, Dr. Seva exclaims, "He is Curtius on the brink of the chasm. . . . He is a hero!" (HR, 16-11). Dr. Seva cannot pay Cyril a greater compliment in Crawford's imaginative view than to compare him to Curtius, the Roman hero who sacrificed his life to appease the gods

and save Rome. Such images reveal Crawford's admiration for the character of the Roman, whose unflinching courage and self-sacrifice allow him to embrace death willingly rather than disgrace the name of Rome.

Hero worship, of course, is common in Crawford's romances, and Crawford often relies upon sacrificial imagery to convey praise. The following image from Helen's Rock provides a good example. Claudia says: "I beleive Viola would swing censers before you, Major Luttrell . . . or offer up white bullocks in old Roman fashion at your shrine but in default of even an ovation of slaughtered sheep, pray come to lunch" (HR, 3-10). In these three images Crawford shows two ways in which ancient Romans performed sacrificial rites to their deities in order to emphasize the extent of Viola's hero worship for Cyril.

The virtue of chastity and the Roman emphasis on the family are also shown in Crawford's imagery. Two of Crawford's heroines are compared to an old Roman deity, the Bona Dea, the good goddess. In From Yule to Yule, Claudia Macnair is a Bona Dea to the helpless Dick, and Claudia di Pansa is mentioned twice as being a Bona Dea in Helen's Rock. There are several favourable references to Vesta, the Roman goddess of the hearth, and the emblem of the settled home, and to the Lares and Penates, the Roman household gods. When Moyna rushes to Felix's hovel one stormy night to escape "the pollution of the life which goes on at

Dremore" (HD, 1-6), and her father exclaims, "Virginius was not far wrong when he slew the daughter he could not save!" (HD, 1-6), the reader, like Moyna, shivers at the thought implied by this "wild reference" which forcefully suggests Felix's despair at his inability to protect his daughter. And in the context of the novel the evils of alcoholism are forcefully condemned in this single analogy which makes an indelible impression upon the reader's imagination. However, although the frequency with which Roman images appear in Crawford's works indicates her admiration for the culture of Rome, her over-use of such imagery tends unfortunately to idealize her heroes and heroines; as a result, they lose credibility as human beings.

As well as from the ancient classics, Crawford also draws from the later periods for her images. Literary allusions and quotations, for example, are a common feature of her prose, and Crawford names and quotes from such writers as Shakespeare, Burns, Tennyson, Moore, and Ruskin,⁷ but Shakespeare, her "Swan of Avon," is her favourite. Of his many plays, Romeo and Juliet and Othello are most frequently mentioned. References to these particular plays are not surprising since the power of love is Crawford's constant theme, and disturbed minds one of her recurring concerns. Crawford also refers to such Shakespearean characters as Hamlet, Falstaff, and Hotspur, but her allusions are so brief that they impress one as mere ornament rather than strong

allusions which help illustrate the personality and temperament of characters. For example, Luca Varno says, "I must like the English Falstaff 'forswear sack and live cleanly'" (HR, 12-5). Since we already know that Varno is a drunkard, this is a redundant statement and the quotation is a mere show of learning on Crawford's part. Similarly, in Pillows of Stone, Crawford shows Florian's distaste for poetry in an image which compares him to Hotspur: Florian "would like Harry Hotspur rather have been a kitten and cried mew than have been guilty of reciting poetry" (PS, 61). In the novel, Crawford is trying to emphasize Florian's dislike of books, especially poetry, even though he is a Cambridge student, but this comparison to Hotspur merely heightens the reader's awareness of the dislike and adds no dimension of character.

Although Crawford resorts to Shakespeare for many of her literary allusions, it is probably Robert Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" that most deeply imbeds itself in her imagination, because she refers to this single poem no fewer than six times. In Helen's Rock, the narrator--in a merely visual allusion--describes Major Luttrell's roan as swinging "round under his primrose gloved hand," and stretching "into a fine Tam O'Shanter gallop" (HR, 1-5). Pedro Galveston, in His Christmas Love, asks Phil Dudley, "How did you come over--Tam O'Shanter style, or tandem?" (HCL, 98). The reference here gives the impression that Pedro is trying to be witty,

or it may be another example of Crawford's pretentious use of allusion. The Yankee raconteur tells his listener, in Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter, "I was flying like the wind or like Tam O'Shanter with the witches behind him" (GRG, 4), thus highlighting in a simile the notion of speed. The sacristan trying to protect his "ambrosial compote" from Madame Dupain in Helen's Rock is running away from this formidable woman who clings to his coat tail "like the witch to the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare" (HR, 10-17, 18). Here the image works to convey graphically Madame Dupain's tenacity and persistence in her attempts to retrieve her compote. Jealously in love with the De Grey governess, Kenneth Scott, the rector in Lodesley Abbey, dashes homeward one gloomy night "as though pursued by as many evil spirits as the famed Tam O'Shanter" (LA, 70). The expression "evil spirits" is especially appropriate, for Scott, haunted by a guilty conscience over his passionate love for the governess, imagines he is being punished by being pursued by evil spirits. The image is not only visually effective but also psychologically provocative. When Claudia enters the room in From Yule to Yule, Joe, the stable boy, has been pantomiming Tam O'Shanter for Dick's amusement:

Joe looked sheepish, and cast his coat over his shoulders like a horse-blanket.

"I beg your pardin! ma'am". he said "but I were a-missin of the 'osses werry bad - and Mr Dick and me made believe as his coat were the new carriage 'oss Tam O'Canter--"

"O'Shanter". corrected Dick, who never

forgot anything save a command to keep out of mischief "O'Shanter, Joe."

Joe looked doubtful.

"Mr Richard is correct, Joe". said Claudia quickly. "Dick, can you tell Joe anything about the real Tam O'Shanter?"

"Yes, I can". said Dick, reflecting, "he is the man in the picture book with the women holding on to his horse's tail. You told me all about him once, Claudia" (FYY, V-14).

In these ways Crawford has made use of one of the most popular pieces of the period, and is treading familiar ground with her readers.

In her fiction Crawford also makes use of numerous musical allusions ranging from sacred to secular, instrumental to vocal, classical to folk-ballad.⁸ Many of these, as is the habit with Crawford, are contained in effective isolated images. When the liquor bottles in General Dutrom's cellarette dance the can-can, for instance, one's visual and auditory responses are heightened. But reference to this choreographic form is also very apt because the General frequents burlesque shows and the can-can was a popular feature of the burlesque at the time. When Lilith "can find nothing but the Opera Bouffé to symbolize Life to her" (HR, 1-2), reference to farcical comic opera suggests the shallowness of Lilith's conception of life and reinforces her role as a coquette in the novel. And when Dr. Seva explains that the loves and hates of deranged persons change place as in a minuet, the doctor's simile makes the abstractions visually concrete in an unusual and highly imaginative image.

Since Crawford's fiction deals usually with the

wealthy stratum of society, one would naturally expect images drawn from jewels and clothes. Although these images are chiefly used conventionally for their colour and texture and as symbols of the affluence, power, and prestige of her characters, they sometimes exemplify unusual functions. In "Let No Man Put Asunder," we have noted Crawford's imagination using the reflection of the light on Rose's ruby engagement ring to foreshadow disaster. And while Crawford's imagination usually visualizes the reflection of gems as evil, there are times, as in "Fair Little Jealousy," when the valet visualizes his mistress's diamonds as "like a light springing hout hof her gentle 'art" (FLJ, 283). This image is particularly effective in depicting the loyal servant's appreciation of his mistress's warmth and understanding.

Crawford's heavy reliance on interior settings to create a realistic picture of time and place has already been noted, and many of her images, not surprisingly, are derived from the domestic background of home. As a result, food and drink images are frequent. The following eating episode in Pillows of Stone provides a good example:

"Come, Pollie, Champagne and stewed oysters wait for no man"
 "Oh, Pollie's in the dumps". said the Baby opening her soft azure eyes and her pretty lips in a yawn
 "her beau is keeping shady, ain't he Pollie?"
 "I'm going to put my hat away," said Miss de Verulam, gloomily. "I don't get ten dollar tips every day and me slaving at them Gods until I don't know whether I'm Jupiter or Pollie Gore."
 "Take mine in too, like a darling." said the Baby biting into an oyster Pâté without the artificial

intervention of a fork "I'm most awful hungry!"
 "You English is never done eating," said Pollie
 disdainfully "and drinking beer- You'll get as
 fat as Pork, soon."

"Dim such similies," cried the General "as plump
 as the curd white doves of Venus!"

"Pig or pigeon," said the Baby. "it don't matter.
 I like to be comfortable. are them oysters hot,
 dickie?" (PS, 74-75).⁹

The eating scene verges on the grotesque. Crawford's food images successfully point up the bad table manners of the low-class burlesque queens trying to cope with gourmet foods associated with the upper class. Besides, the movement of the rapidly juxtaposed images is more emotional than logical, and the dialogue conveys an offensively coarse tone. But offensiveness is exactly the impression which Crawford wishes to convey. Her handling of the images is appropriate to the context of the novel which stresses cultural differences and the General's degradation.

In this same novel Crawford's use of contrasting colour imagery helps to emphasize the various social levels and delineate characters. The reprobate General is persistently linked with the colour purple. He has a "purple dewlap of chin," (PS, 67); he trembles "like purple jelly" (PS, 18); his bald head looks "like purple cabbage" (PS, 86); the veins on his bald head make "a black network on his purple scalp" (PS, 95). And he is "purple with that kind of mental gout--which moralists call remorse, and anger" (PS, 98). He has "purple fat" (PS, 14) and "purple chops" (PS, 96). The colour purple is commonly associated

with high rank as power. Linking the colour with various deteriorated parts of the General's anatomy evokes an ironic tone which reveals that the general's power has also obviously deteriorated. In contrast, Aspasia Falcon is painted in scarlet. Ancient Greek courtesans wore pomegranate red nail polish, and Crawford not only paints Aspasia Falcon's nails with this colour, but also states that her satin lips dazzle "like pomegranate blossoms" (PS, 38). This colour contrast is reinforced when Aspasia utters a sharp remark and Crawford explains, "an occasional curt sentence of this kind, without doublet or hose, betrayed that Aspasia had not been born in the purple" (PS, 29). Crawford's contrasting colour images undoubtedly help to build up characterization and tonal and thematic associations. But her colour imagery is overstrained and she is unable to blend the images organically into the total texture of the novel.

When Crawford shifts her attention from indoor to outdoor settings, her delight in external nature is not expressed in images offering the objectivity of a botanist because Crawford responds to nature subjectively. In much the same way as in her poetry, her imagination conceives a world where lifeless things are given life, and where inanimate and animate objects continually dissolve into one another. When, in La Tricoteuse, the Curé and Angeline leave the Convent of La Presentation where Angeline has rehearsed

her role as the Blessed Virgin for the Annual Passion play, the French countryside is described thus:

The moon brooded like a silver dove on the far
crest of the hill. The trees rustled a dewy
vesper (LaT, 39).

Crawford's eye for detail, comparing the moon on the horizon to a dove, the bird of peace, evokes a calm mood. The noun "vesper" denotes evensong and connotes the harmony of religious music. The smooth and pleasant sounds of the key verbs "brooded" and "rustled" intensify the mood of gentle restfulness. And Crawford's finely discriminating ear for euphony uses a high percentage of vowel sounds in proportion to consonant in order to help create a picture of quiet and peaceful nature. A poet's eye and ear thus romanticize the French countryside.

Exotic imagery is also used to describe the Canadian landscape. In "Extradited," the setting is described in exaggerated terms. "The rude doors of the barn stood open; a vigorous purple haze, shot with heavy bars of crimson light, filled the interior; a 'Whip-Poor-Will' chanted from a distant tree, like a muezzin from a minaret" (SS, 68). Linking a North American bird to a Mohammedan crier at the hour of prayer transforms a bleak backwoods setting into an Oriental temple. In "Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter," the Canadian wilderness is linked to the valley of Tempe, a narrow river valley in North-West Greece, known for its sweet-smelling trees and bushes: "the smell of

frying pork and beans seemed like the ambrosial incense of a banquet of the Gods in the Vale of Tempe" (GRG, 3). To the hungry lumberjack chopping down trees all day the odour of the commonplace lumbering dish is like a delicious eastern fragrance emanating from a feast of the Gods. The image may be far-fetched, but it has olfactory appeal and conveys vividly the extent of the lumberjack's hunger and his joyous expectation. Crawford's comparison of the Canadian landscape to one of "the lands of the Gods" is praise indeed.

The Canadian sky and elements of "the measureless dome" (RS, 4)--the sky, moon, stars, and planets--hold a special fascination for Crawford. They possess the dazzling splendour of precious jewels and are often used whenever she wishes to portray the value of human relationships. It has been noted that in Helen's Rock the power of love is compared to the irradiating light and beauty of the celestial bodies. In "A Rose in His Grace," Posie's husband and children are "her sun and moon and stars" (ARG, 11). And in Pillows of Stone, Mrs. Falcon is told that her servant is "[someone else's] moon and draw[s] the tides of her heart" (PS, 64).

The use of flowers for their colour, shape, fragrance, size, texture, and symbolic values is conventional, but Crawford can sometimes strip away the familiarity and reveal many exciting, unusual, and startling ideas. Comparison of little girls to flowers is trite. But in saying

that the ten-year-old Esther "folded her hands, and shut her eyes Quaker fashion for a moment, looking like a pious hare-bell" (BH, 18), Crawford describes innocent and delicate beauty in an image that is refreshingly new. Comparison of the lily and rose to woman is also conventional, but again Crawford can add a refreshing touch. In Helen's Rock, for instance, Crawford uses the lily in an ironic situation. A blacksmith snatches a lily from Claudia's dress, and the Roman mob, screaming protests against a murderess "wearing Our Lady's flower," tears the petals into a thousand fragments. The lily is a symbol of purity and, in the Christian tradition, the flower of the Blessed Virgin. The incident is ironic because Claudia is, in fact, falsely accused of murder, and it is the hysterical mob that has perpetrated the sacrilege.

Although Crawford habitually uses blossoms in single flower images, she does like to couple them as in the following startling image:

Few women develope fully, like lillies of the valley, in a temperate light which is neither sun or shade it takes the eyes of the sun or the hot kisses of the wind to blow the petals of the rose into full luxuriance (LaT, 27).

Crawford successfully combines the lily, the symbol of purity, to represent youth, with the rose, the flower of Eros and Cupid, to typify maturity.

Besides flowers, another imaginative source of imagery for Crawford is the world of fruit and vegetables.

An image drawing upon a mythological apple is particularly effective. In Latin, the word for apple and the word for evil, malum, are identical. Crawford's imagination uses the apple with this unpleasant connotation when she explains that mortgages ripened on the fine old walls of the Chateau St. Dalmas as "deadly apples of Sodom growth" (TLD, 2). According to legend, the plant resembling an apple in form and colour grew at the site of the biblical twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed by Yahweh through fire from Heaven because of the wickedness of their inhabitants. The plant is reputed to lure weary, thirsty, and hungry travellers with its luscious appearance, but at the very moment the fruit is touched by human hands it turns into smoke and ashes as a symbolic reminder of the destruction. Mortgages like the mythological fruits have matured on the walls of St. Dalmas because of the extravagant spending. Just as fruit turns into smoke, so the mortgages are foreclosed and the property is lost.

Many of Crawford's images reflect the traditional animal imagery which western culture has inherited from primitive peoples and early civilizations. Such allusions to the stupidity of the ass, the innocence of the lamb, and the grace of the deer, for instance, are stereotyped and conventional. But often her novel imagination creates comical images to portray human appearances. Monsieur Vatot, for instance, standing "with head on one side, and one leg drawn

up," resembles "a tired stork" (LA, 8-23), and Dr. Stranglely resembles a monster Shanghai fowl--"his thin face running to beak and a telescopic neck rising from an untidy ruff-like cravat looking like limp and ruffled white feathers" (FYY, 7-4). Many animal allusions also help Crawford to interpret human character. Although her heroes and heroines reveal generally far fewer animal characteristics, her villains and comics are linked to all sorts of animals from serpents and pigs to ravens and vultures. When Crawford tells us that Kitty Miniver, for instance, uses her "great opaque glittering orbs as a beetle does its antennae, to feel her way" (PS, 108, 109), she reveals her knowledge of the art of flirtation, and, at the same time, her aversion to coquetry.

Crawford finds animals interesting not simply as creatures in themselves but as sources for her analogies. The bat, in particular, which she would have known in the light of her rural background, is used in several subtle images. In The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas, poverty and Mr. St. Dalmas were "comrades, from the days when the first mortgage his spendthrift father incurred clung like a vampire bat to the lace curtains of his heir's crib" (TLD, 2). The image is visually forceful: people are ordinarily frightened by bats, and a bat on a baby's crib is all the more terrifying and repulsive. But it is Crawford's combination of the two components of the image that intensifies the horror, and

evokes evil forebodings. Her choice of a lace fabric is especially appropriate because lace is usually associated with wealth, and its texture is such that it would easily catch the bat's claws, making escape difficult. Choosing a bat for her animal image is also clever. The grasp of a bat is proverbially tenacious. A bat's clinging to a lace curtain strengthens the tenaciousness of the clasp through two agencies. Because a bat sucks blood from its victim, it has become connected with evil and death. The mortgage-bat correspondence is, therefore, powerful. The force it obtains from the two distinguishing qualities of the bat and lace intensifies the ideas of the futility of escape and ultimate death. Crawford's subtle choice also evokes another source of helplessness. The father's extravagance over a long period of time (since the time Mr. St. Dalmas was an infant) would virtually imply the impossibility of solvency.¹⁰

Compared with her animal images, Crawford's biblical allusions are relatively few and are practically all to well-known characters and incidents. Old Testament characters such as Jezebel, Samson and Delilah, and David and Saul, appear frequently in isolated images scattered throughout her works. Jezebel, whose name Crawford must have heard many times in the course of general conversation in pioneer Ontario, is mentioned at least a dozen times as a very synonym for wickedness and immorality. Crawford's fiction contains many artful coquettes, and comparisons to

the Biblical temptress become wearily repetitive.

The two couples, Delilah and Samson, and David and Saul, are used in convincing images in [Belfry House] where the language of the Quaker servants is sprinkled with scriptural allusions and phraseology. Esther, the timid Quaker house-servant at Belfry House, announces the arrival of a stranger to Thea, her mistress: ". . . he is a bold youth, and strode in like Saul, without waiting to be invited" (BH, 21). This image, however, conveys nothing to Thea who does not know her Old Testament as her little maid does, and Thea, therefore, asks, "What is he like, tell me?" (BH, 21). The puzzled Esther repeats, "He is like Saul, Thea" (BH, 21). In desperation, Thea gives Esther an impatient shake and retorts, "You never saw, Saul." If the situation were not serious, the incident would be comical. But the stranger's arrival has disturbed Thea and her father. And when Esther tells the stranger that her mistress and master will meet him shortly, she makes bold to ask, "Thee art not wanting a mill privilege, art thee? it is a wicked thing to covet thee neighbours vineyard, thee knows?" (BH, 22). The narrator continues a conjectural description of the stranger's reaction to Esther in the same Biblical terms which Esther had used to Thea:

He bent his lofty head to look at her, his bright, bold eyes sparkling--suddenly out of their bitter gloom as Sauls might have done after David had with his harp charmed his soul (BH, 22).

The stranger's reply sustains Esther's metaphor: "Well, if

this is Naboth's vineyard, I only covet one flower from it" (BH, 22).

While Crawford turns to Old Testament characters, relationships, names, and events for many allusions, she turns to the New Testament on only rare occasions. The Madonna of the Roman Catholic tradition fascinates Crawford's imagination. In Crawford's imagination the Madonna is always equated with beauty and goodness and the power to lead one to the good. Her photographs, shrines, and statues appear in many of Crawford's stories. Possessing omniscience, the Madonna usually dispenses judgment on the affairs of men. In A Bar of Sunset, for example, Rafello Martino, who is suspected of deserting his wife, meets her with their child in the Grand Canal of Venice before a shrine to the Madonna:

Without a word she slightly lifted her arms with the sleeping child in them and extended it towards him very much in the exquisite attitude of the Virgin and her Son smiling down at them (ABS, 6, 7).

The image is ironically emotional because of the contradiction between the suspicions of Martino's friends and the real motives for his behaviour of which the Madonna seems to approve.

Crawford makes an original use of Madonna imagery in Pillows of Stone. When the reprobate General Dutrom displays his Burlesque Queen's photograph that shows "the prettiest anckles on the continent of America" (PS, 22), under the photograph of the Madonna, the irony is humorous. In an age when no decent woman would expose her ankles, the

contrast is dramatic. However, whether this ironic incongruity is merely accidental on the General's part or an "intentional" display of his irreverence, or even an attempt to surround himself by two contrasting types of beauty, one cannot guess.

It is impossible to examine Crawford's imagery without realizing the role it plays in helping her define such abstract ideas as respectability, propriety, morality, time, fate, and progress. Unfortunately, however, as is her usual custom, Crawford illuminates such concepts through a series of analogies, each of which is seldom sustained. This practice annoys the reader who would prefer greater development and depth. Respectability, for instance, is a major concern in Pillows of Stone, and Crawford resorts to a variety of metaphors to convey her interpretation of the abstraction. But these metaphors are used fleetingly and then dropped; as a result, the emotional and intellectual force one derives from each metaphor is dissipated rather than intensified. On one occasion Florian wishes that Mrs. Falcon were "but respectable." The Doctor replies, "Respectability is the 19 century Ark of the Covenant. . . ." (PS, 62). This very brief religious image is particularly effective because it suggests the importance Victorians attached to respectability: a certain standard of social and moral behaviour was as sacred and prescriptive as the Ark. By associating respectability with the Ark, Crawford is

suggesting not only the power of the supernatural but also the rigidity of the code of ethics demanded by polite society. The Ark of the Covenant, moreover, was not to be touched, and the image thus reinforces the inviolate nature of the rules of behaviour. The metaphor, furthermore, intensifies for the reader the emotional struggles of the characters and helps him to appreciate their dilemmas. The religious metaphor is apt.

But Crawford is not finished with trying to define respectability: she shifts from a religious image to a succession of different emphases. A pugilistic image is used for Kitty Miniver who is "not notoriously outside the ropes of Respectability" (PS, 111). General Dutrom who "never was the fellow to wear handcuffs" (PS, 105) receives an image from the law. The abstraction itself is linked with water imagery, "placid bays" and "peaceful inlets" (PS, 103) and in a final attempt to clarify the essence of respectability Crawford uses a scientific image. In trying to define the position of the Minivers in New York's social hierarchy, the General explains: "They're for all the world a kind of connecting link between Fastness and Respectability--like what that fellow Darwin is trying to discover between Man and Monkey" (PS, 104). The comparison is not well-defined, and the implications are difficult to establish. But it seems that Crawford is suggesting that Darwin, trying to find the missing link between man and monkey, was unsuccessful, while

in New York the Minivers represent the link between the two extremes of the social structure--the haut and demi-mondes--because they belong to both and are part of each. The General's far-fetched and unusual comparison does not, however, convince Florian of society's partial acceptance of the Minivers.

In her attempt to clarify the meaning of respectability, Crawford uses a mixture of five metaphors, leaping erratically from religion to boxing, the law, water, and science. Although each metaphor offers insight, it is merely a flash and no more. A limitation of Crawford which one must recognize is her failure to develop her images. She is clever in short dashes, but she does not have the patience or the knowledge to hold herself to sustained development. Her technique of illustrating a single idea through a number of separate images is weak, for as often as not it reduces rather than strengthens the intellectual and emotional force.

Another weakness of Crawford's shows in her practice of piling image on image "until we are almost breathless from the pressure."¹¹ Her description of Moyna's elopement head-gear in The Heir of Dremore is a representative example:

Her head was completely extinguished in a bonnet which if Noah had saved must have required a separate ark for the purpose. It was built of cased black satin on an old cathedral design of architecture the primitive Gothic not the dashing flamboyant. It ran out into a porch in front and the crown rose in grand and massy outline at the back. An ostrich plume, frayed and melancholy a pre-historic feather, drooped from it on one

side and on the other nestled a bunch of cabbage roses of immense size and decided coloring. A heavy border of coarse quelled white lace surrounded the wearers face closely, and a thick green worsted veil floated on the air like a banner (HD, 9-3).

The passage is densely cluttered with a confusing collection of images drawn from fire to the Old Testament, church architecture, animals, vegetables, textiles and the middle ages. Within this conglomeration there is no controlling focus and the rapidity of the leaps from one image to another is bewildering. When Crawford does extend an idea, she merely accumulates diverse images in a clustered heap.

Still another common weakness in technique is Crawford's failure to express her images clearly. They are often obscure and at times practically incomprehensible. For instance, Crawford's mind is attracted to such antitheses as love and hate, good and evil, propriety and morality, but her attempts to express their differences and similarities are not sharply and strongly delineated. This single passage taken from From Yule to Yule provides a good example:

It is rather indelicate to be preeminently virtuous for this attitude indicates another state which is not virtuous, and the pleasant champagne land of Propriety without chilly Andes looming into uncomfortable empyreans, or pitfalls deep enough to outyawn that into which Curtius gaily plunged is the safest and cheeriest travelling (FYY, V-24).

The bad syntax, faulty grammar, loose structure, and verbose rhetoric all make the metaphorical definition difficult to grasp. It is only after many readings that we can unscramble

what Crawford is trying to say: it seems that Crawford views propriety as desirable behaviour whereas morality with its extreme tendencies--hypocritical righteousness or downright evil--is distrusted. (Propriety is associated with champagne, recognized as a drink of elegance and refinement which even in the age of Victorian temperance never lost its respectability. Situated between the two excesses of virtue, self-righteousness (chilly Andes) and evil (pitfalls deep enough to outgrow that which Curtius gaily plunged), propriety is located in the middle ground "which is the safest and cheeriest travelling.")

One's dominant impression on examining Crawford's imagery is of its abundance. Crawford possesses a special gift for seeing connections and analogies. Her imagination finds analogies stated or implied everywhere--in her literary reminiscences, in her personal experience, and in her habits and way of thinking.

The second most important impression is of the variety of Crawford's images. Crawford draws from an extensive range of subjects which reveals the breadth of her reading, although the depth of this reading is suspect at times, and we may justifiably assess some images as pretentious pseudo-scholarship.¹²

The third notable impression is of Crawford's mixed success with her images. Although some of her images are conventional and dull, others are unusual, fresh, and subtle.

At their worst they are obscure, pedantic, and inert, but at their best they enrich thought, intensify emotion, clarify the essence of an abstract thought, and delight the imagination.

And a final impression is of Crawford's frequent lack of technical skill in the handling of her images. Many of them are relevant only to their specific situations, are usually brief, and offer mere glimpses of insight. Those that are extended are usually a dense muddling of mixed images which lack focus. Unfortunately, too, many images fail to develop theme. Crawford never mastered the totality of structure which Arnold valued in his emphasis on the importance of Architectonicè. Although she undoubtedly has an eye for images, she too often lacks the skill to express them clearly and coherently in words.

CHAPTER VII

CRAWFORD AS A POET

Crawford's poetry consists of one hundred and thirty-six published poems, a small number of unpublished pieces, and an untitled, incomplete narrative poem in manuscript.¹ Since most of this poetry was written for newspaper readers, it consists of light verse: romantic lyrics about love, babies, and the joys of family life; occasional topical and commemorative verse; and humorous pieces about Canadian pioneers. In a portion of her poetry, however, Crawford does reveal a much greater degree of intellectual substance. In this poetry one finds a concern with social issues rather than social events; the inner psychological struggles of man; the problems of the married woman; the question of good and evil; and the nature and power of love. In her poetry, in other words, Crawford's thematic concerns are the same as in her serious prose.

One of Crawford's recurring themes is social and economic justice. The same humanitarian voice which in her novel The Heir of Dremore clamors against "the little girl who half naked to her waist crawled along the narrow passages of a Tyne coal-pit drawing coal trucks behind her" cries out like Rousseau before her, "Man is born free but is everywhere in chains." Crawford denounces man's inhumanity to

man in both her prose and poetry.

As early as 1874 when she was only twenty-four years old and her poem "Moloch" was published in the Mail, Crawford publicly demonstrated her hatred of the inequities of wealth--a hatred which she was to reveal throughout her life. Fired by the sensational Old Testament story, her imagination envisages a city of commerce guarded by the vile god, Moloch, a cannibal god personifying wealth, watching the city's entrance and devouring its worshippers in his furnace of fire. Using the form of a dream-vision she attacks excessive industrialization, and prophesies the destruction of mankind.

Five years later, in 1879 when she was living in Toronto, during one of the economic depressions that struck Canada during the 70's, Crawford attacks the inequities of wealth in a Christian land. In her poem "Wealth," the Christian God is her principal obsession: "Art Thou not mocked, eternal God?/ Are these not serfs on freedom's sod?" (CP, 86). Crawford is concerned, too, with the role of Christianity in the new society. Her obsession with the indifference of Christians who permit injustice to exist is illustrated in another poem entitled "War," an angry denunciation of the brutality and hypocrisy of Christians who conquer foreign lands in the name of civilization and religion. In an age before Sassoon and Jarrell, in an age when war was often still romanticized, Crawford's theme is

indeed unusual.

It is in "The White Bull," however, that Crawford delivers her most sustained blows at organized religion. The narrator, a Spanish peasant, conveys a blatant irreverence for the old order, for church and state and all they represent--the "chain of being," and "the divine right of kings."

The equality of man is again a theme of Crawford's in "The Helot." This time Crawford's historic imagination seizes upon a classical theme of ancient Greece to assert her belief in the essential dignity of man. It was a common practice for the Spartans to force their Helots to drink themselves into states of absolute brutality. Young Spartans would watch the conduct of the drunken Helots with disgust and learn a lesson in self-control. Crawford's Spartan plies the Helot with wine until, enraged by the Spartan's scorn, he hurls the Spartan's child to the ground. "Spartan dust" and "Helot clay" are equal in death, if not in life.

In the eighteen-eighties when "The White Bull" and "The Helot" were published, Canada was experiencing an economic depression. The columns of newspapers were filled with stories of deprivation among the poor, sick, and destitute. Although a large part of the English-speaking population of the country had come to Canada specifically in search of a land of religious, political, and economic freedom, many did not find such a Utopia because the principles

of equality and fraternity were not widely accepted in Canada. The notion of equality, for instance, finds little place in the poetry of Crawford's contemporaries. Apart from the subject of freedom in a poet like Alexander McLachlan, who voices the opinion that "Jack's as good as his Master," there is very little social consciousness displayed among the well-known Canadian poets of Crawford's period. That Crawford included a considerable number of poems of social protest in her 1884 edition reveals her intense concern for the human misery she saw about her.

And Crawford never lost her social conscience. "All Men Are Born Free and Equal," published the year after her volume of poetry, contrasts the life of a rich man's child with that of a gutter child, from birth to death, and attacks the inequities of wealth and the passivity of Christians who allow poverty to exist. The poem also strikes out at prostitution and illegitimacy among the female poor, social evils that were prevalent in Toronto in Crawford's day. In her anger Crawford directs man, not to God, but to Rhadamanthus, a judge of the Underworld, praised by all men for his wisdom, piety, and justice, to see whether the sage will repeat man's boast, that "all men are born free and equal."

In her last poem of protest, "The Pessimist," published nine months before she died, however, Crawford's militant reforming ardour seems to have cooled somewhat. The voice of "The Pessimist" belongs to a disillusioned romantic.

Crawford's disappointment at the failure of man to exercise his potential for perfection echoes in the refrain, "Build slightly, builders!" In view of the available biographical material, it is hard to assign an exact psychological reason for the change, but it may be that all her own failures and disappointments so affected her mental and physical health that she could no longer look forward to some future perfection.

There is very little social and political nineteenth-century literature in Canada. When Munro Beattie in Literary History of Canada charges that Canadian poetry of social protest was written only after the Great Depression, he is partly correct. But he should have mentioned that Crawford gives us more of the poetry of protest than any other well-known Canadian writer of her period. Daring to champion publicly social and political issues which were considered radical for her day in Canada was practically synonymous with a lack of patriotism. Canada was not concerned with the growth of democracy or social welfare within her borders. She was chiefly concerned with the problem of organizing a system of government for a country that extended from sea to sea. Controversy was discouraged as jeopardizing the national harmony and unity. Crawford's poems of social protest constitute an impressive group quantitatively, if not qualitatively.

Another of Crawford's preoccupations is her sympathy

with the inner psychological struggles of women, and this compassion is suggested in a number of her dramatic monologues. For her objective correlatives Crawford draws upon such biblical heroines as Esther and Vashti, and upon mythological and historical female characters like Semiramis and the wife of Curtius, the famous Roman hero. In "Vashti, the Queen," King Ahaseurus, the powerful ruler of an empire that extended from India to Ethiopia, orders his Queen, Vashti, to display her body at his banquet. Crawford captures the dramatic tension when Vashti must decide whether or not to obey her husband's rash command. At the crucial moment, when her destiny is at stake, Vashti refuses to gratify the drunken king's lust and Crawford makes her a heroine. As in her novel The Heir of Dremore, Crawford condemns the mistreatment of woman in the marital relationship.

In "Esther," Crawford depicts those critical moments when Esther, King Ahaseurus' second Queen, lingers in indecision to reflect upon whether or not she should ask the king, at the risk of her own life, to rescind his royal decree ordering the destruction of her people, the Jews. The pleas of her people, "Esther, stay the King!" keep haunting her to such an extent that Esther decides to intercede on behalf of her people and to go to face the King as his Queen, no matter what the cost. And in "Curtius," Crawford reveals the courage of the wife of Curtius, the Roman legendary hero who,

as Rome's greatest treasure, sacrifices himself to the demands of the Oracles. Curtius' wife is disturbed by the echo she imagines she hears of the wailing response of the Roman people to the Oracles' demands. The poem effectively traces the crucial hours she spends courageously waiting for her husband's return.

Several of Crawford's female prose characters, like Guiseppa in Helen's Rock, have already been favourably linked with Semiramis, the mythical Queen of Assyria, who courageously and proudly led campaigns against Persia, Egypt, Libya, and Ethiopia. In a poem entitled "Lines: On the Picture of Semiramis Receiving News of a Revolt in Babylon," an ungrateful mob, to the horror of Semiramis, has destroyed the beauty of her city. Crawford dramatizes those moments when Semiramis must decide what action to take. Like Vashti and Esther, Semiramis chooses to risk her own life. She will go to face the rebels alone. Man's subjugation of his fellow man, whether by the male in the marital relationship, or by rulers and rebels, is another of Crawford's concerns.

It is the fearless pride of these women which prompts them to face king and mob at the risk of their lives, or, as with Curtius' wife, to steel themselves against terror. To depict critical moments in the lives of four such women as Vashti, Esther, Semiramis, or Curtius' wife, would seem to indicate the type of woman Crawford particularly admires. This assumption seems all the more plausible in view of the

fact that her prose heroines, too, such as Thea Foote in [Belfry House], possess the same courage and pride.

Finally, the subject of all-encompassing love occupies a central place in Crawford's poetry. Romantic love, love of family, of country, and of landscape are all encompassed. Romantic love, the main topic of Crawford's prose, is the subject of most of her lyrics. Many celebrate the simple pleasures and sorrows of love. There is the sorrow of the bereaved lover in "The Shell," the anxiety giving way to despair in "Mary's Tryst," the joy of fulfilled love in "Bouche-Mignonne," the nostalgia for a lost love in "The Rowan Tree," the humour of courting in "Love in a Dairy," the burlesque exaggeration of an engagement in "A Wooing," and the peace and security of mutual love in "The Wishing Star."

A considerable number of poems reveal Crawford's varying attitudes towards love. "Where, Love, Art Hid?" suggests that love cannot be forced. "A Perfect Strain" offers the theme that love is always youthful: "O ruddy minstrel, tune thy harp,/ And sing of Youthful Love!" (CP, 38). "Late Loved--Well Loved" contains a theme central to Crawford's philosophy of love: young people cannot know true love until they experience sorrow. "'The Dawn is young,' she, smiling, said,/ 'Too young for Love's dear joy and woe;/ Too young to crown her careless head/ With his ripe roses'" (CP, 100). Poems like "The Wishing Star," "Egypt I

Die," and "Love's Forget-Me-Not" stress the spiritual nature of love. And the well-worn theme of false love which aroused Crawford's ire in such prose pieces as Helen's Rock and Pillows of Stone is the subject of several lyrics like "In Exchange for His Soul," where a tempter fails to seduce a youth with his offers of red gold and high fame.²

Another element in Crawford's love poetry is love of country. Her beloved Erin, the place of her birth, was always dear to Crawford's heart, and there are several poems about her native country. In "Erin's Warning," for example, Crawford cautions those who would compromise Erin's honour with shameful deeds when she suggests that resistance should have an honourable basis whereas shameful deeds only violate the glory of Erin's past. But it was Canada, her beloved adopted country, which inspired a large number of poems. "Toronto," a stirring panegyric celebrating the growth of the capital city, and, in contrast, "September in Toronto," an angry denunciation of hunger in the midst of plenty, are poems about the city of her adult life. There is also a poem about the Western plains, "Old Spookses' Pass," published in 1884 when the wave of interest in the West was at its height: Canada's first transcontinental railroad was being built and would be completed one year after the publication of the poem; newspapers were filled with controversial articles on the construction of the line, and the romance and excitement of this epic venture were capturing

the imagination of all sorts of people who migrated to the plains and helped open up the West. The narrator of the poem is a cattle drover who, in his cowboy vernacular, tells how, during a midnight thunderstorm in the Rockies, a mysterious apparition saves his three-thousand-strong herd from stampeding over a precipice three hundred feet deep.

Crawford's love of country is also shown in many patriotic poems. The North-West Rebellion of 1885 alone,³ inspired four: "The Gallant Lads in Green," "The Red-Cross Corps," "The Songs for the Soldiers," and "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks." This last poem is interesting because, although the poem is ostensibly a tribute to the heroes of the rebellion, Crawford subordinates this theme and urges a speedy return of the heroes to their waiting families. Crawford's feminine sensibilities value the closeness of family life, seeing this as the best reward for valour.⁴

Besides love of country, Crawford's admiration of pioneers in their struggle for survival in the Canadian wilderness is another common theme. "A Hungry Day," which Crawford chose to close her 1884 volume, celebrates the courage and physical strength of the pioneer and expresses gratitude for the opportunities which Canada offered, but it also refutes the propaganda that Canada was a land of unlimited opportunities. Two other pioneer poems, "Old Spense" and "Farmer Stebbins' Opinions," celebrate the liberal individualism of two successful scientific farmers

who stubbornly refuse to submit to the authority of the Church despite the criticism of their prudish, self-righteous neighbours.

According to his self-righteous neighbour, Old Spense violates the sanctity of the Sabbath by "hustlin' in the crop,/ An' prayin' on the last load top" (CP, 280). He is even so worldly as to procure the latest farm machines: "pesky things thet [go] a-snortin'" (CP, 279) so that when he is duped by the lightning-rod salesman, Old Spense is deemed to have received his just reward. Here, his sabbatarian neighbour unwittingly reveals his own lack of charity, for although Old Spense refuses to submit to the authority of the church, he does befriend old man Spinks and, in an act of practical Christianity, saves him from the poorhouse. By contrasting the attitudes of the two farmers, Crawford pokes fun at the "unco guid" mentality that Robert Burns had previously ridiculed so well.⁵

While Mademoiselle de Meury and Bessie O'Dwyer are Crawford's heroines, Old Spense and Farmer Stebbins are surely her heroes, for they possess the same ingenuity and independence. They oppose the "garrison mentality" which, according to Northrop Frye, distinguished our early pioneers. Self-confident and self-reliant, they refuse to huddle together with their "fundamentalist" Puritan neighbours. Uncomplaining and unafraid of censure, they follow their own independent

beliefs. In recognizing their worth Crawford pays tribute to the common sense of the common man.

Crawford's love for Canada is also the central thought of a patriotic poem entitled "Canada to England." The poem interprets the relationship between the new Dominion and Great Britain by tracing through a "voice" metaphor Canada's development from colony to nation. Crawford reminds Britain, "Gone are the days, old Warrior of the Seas,/ When thine armed head, bent low to catch my voice" (CP, 236). Canada has grown up and can stand side by side with her "kin," as an equal. Although Canada should value the British connection for reasons of sentiment and potential aid, Britain, too, should value the Canadian connection for the same reasons. The nationalist-imperialist issue has lost much of its relevance for us today, and a modern reader perhaps dismisses "Canada to England" as propaganda. But when the poem was written, Canadians rejoiced in the triumph of their civilization and the progress of their race.

Crawford's love of country is also witnessed in her poems dealing with the Canadian landscape. Her recognition of the spectacular beauty of the Canadian skies in poems such as "The Vesper Star" arouses feelings of exaltation in her. Diurnal succession and seasonal change, often portrayed with a violence which seems in keeping with a harsh northern climate, evoke feelings of awe and deep delight. "An Interregnum," for instance, interprets that period after

winter which waits for Spring as a wild struggle; "A Battle" depicts a Titanic clash for supremacy between Darkness and the Moon upon the battlefield of Night. Such violent conflict does not, however, convey feelings of fear or oppressive gloom; there is nothing bleak or foreboding in the struggle. Crawford delights in depicting the might of the physical forces of nature.

There are times when Crawford's imagination envisions these displays of power in nature in a love metaphor. In "The Wooing of Gheezis," the coming of summer is portrayed as a love quest in which Gheezis, the sun, finally wins Segwun, the spring, with the help of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind. "The Manitou is love . . . and love/ Gives all of power" (OSPMK, 103); the significance which Crawford gives to love in the human world she also gives to the natural world. In "March" love is a powerful force, a power greater than all the gods of the ancients, for while Thor, Vulcan and Jove fail to subdue the month of wind and storm in Canada, the power of the love of April, the beautiful maiden, tames the fierce lion. Crawford could surely illustrate the power of love in no better way than as the means of subduing the extremes of the Canadian landscape.

Although Crawford wrote no devotional lyrics specifically treating the love of God for man or the love of man for God, the love between God and man is embodied in the content of several of her narrative poems, and the same

interest in religious thought and metaphysics noted in her prose is also clearly evident in her verse. On a literal level, "Old Spookses' Pass," for instance, is a tall yarn, but embodied in its narrative is significant religious and metaphysical content. Using language from prospecting, railroading, card-playing, and drinking, the cowboy gives his conception of the nature of God and man's relation to Him.⁶ This is not a Calvinist God with His elect and His damned; He is not a Judge or a stern Law-Giver. He is a day-labourer, the cowboy's mate, seeking man's love and working hard to get it: "He ain't the One tew dodge an' tew shirk,/ Or waste a mite uv the things He's made,/ Or knock off till He's finished His great day's work" (CP, 268). If man can't make the rough up-grade slope, God does not get angry:

An' if sum poor sinner ain't built tew hold
 Es big a head uv steam es the next,
 An' keeps slippin' an' slidin' 'way down hill,
 Why, He don't make out thet He's awful vext. . . .
(CP, 268).

God gave man the power of free will and the freedom of choice:

Fur He knows He made Him in thet thar way,
 Sumwhar tew fit in His own great plan;
 An' He ain't the Bein' tew pour His wrath
 On the head uv thet slimsy an' slippery man;
 An' He sez tew the feller, "Look here, My son,
 You're the worst hard case thet ever I see,
 But be thet it takes ye a million yars,
 Ye never can stop till ye git tew Me!" (CP, 268).

The cowboy's God is a God of love and patience.

The non-practising Baptist cowboy also refuses to believe in the conventional devil:

Don't take no stock in them creeds thet say
 Thar's a chap with horns thet's took control
 Uv the rollin' stock on thet up-grade way (CP, 268).

According to the cowboy's logic, God would not allow a devil to impede man's journey towards Him:

Don't take no stock in them creeds at all;
 Ain't one uv them cur'us sort uv moles
 Thet think the Maker is bound tew let
 The devil git up a "corner" in souls (CP, 269).

Religious education common in Evangelical circles of Crawford's time entailed a literal interpretation of the Bible. To deny the existence of the devil and Hell was sinful. Evangelical theology resting on the total depravity of man and the origin of evil in the figure of the Devil was still widely accepted in Ontario. Suggesting an alternative route to man's salvation and rejecting a discipline based on the fear of God's punishment for one based on the innate goodness of human nature was sacrilegious. To many Christian minds the cowboy's easy Eden would be not only repugnant but heretical; his optimism would offer a direct criticism of Evangelical creeds; and his use of the language of gambling and drinking--activities deemed corrupt and evil in Evangelical morality--would seem irreverent.⁷ By implication, therefore, Crawford attacks Evangelicalism, the fashionable creed in Ontario of her day.

More of Crawford's unorthodox religious views are

evident in another narrative poem, "Gisli, the Chieftain," supposedly based on an old Norse saga.⁸ The "coda" of this poem offers Crawford's views of good and evil. Here Crawford does not depict good and evil as two independent forces pitted against one another, but as identical twins existing for the mutual benefit of each other. Evil is necessary to press good into work while good derives its strength from evil, and evil (albeit reluctantly) in some inexplicable manner works for its own destruction and for the victory of good. Evil, for some unknown reason, then, works ultimately for the salvation of mankind. Christian belief centers evil in the figure of Satan, but Crawford refuses to believe in the conventional devil bent on the destruction of man.

Although Crawford's views of good and evil are not in keeping with Christian tradition, her conceptions of Death and the dual nature of man--man with a finite body and an infinite soul--are central to traditional Christianity. Death is part of a single time and space continuum. In her poem on death, entitled "Life," a bereaved husband asks the dead corpse of his wife whether there are rewards for good deeds. The answer, in the positive, is anticipated in the quotations which appear at the head of the poem, two of which are taken from the Hindu

tradition:

'There is another invisible, eternal existence, superior to this visible one, which does not perish when all things perish.'--Bhagavad Gitâ.

'Go, give to the waters and the plants thy body, which belongs to them, but there is an immortal portion--transport it to the world of the Holy.'--Rig Veda.

and one from the Christian:

'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' 1 Cor. xv. 55. (CP, 123)

In the Bhagavad Gitâ there is no death. At the hour of death man does not perish: he merely changes his clothes.

Crawford's imagination draws upon this sartorial image in "The King's Garments" which reaffirms the Hindu philosophy. A monarch, weary of harp and lute, of revelry and wine, in search of a new sensation, demands that his seer prophesy what garments kings wear in paradise. The seer's answer is developed through the sustained sartorial image and a series of questions in the Hindu and Old Testament manner. The reader hears the fearless ring of the seer's voice as he tells of a loom and a weaver who is "Law." The seer does not depict the kindly God of the dialect poems, but a stern law-giver:

For Law immutable hath one decree,
 'No deed of good, no deed of ill can die;
 All must ascend into my loom and be
 Woven for man in lasting tapestry,
 Each soul his own' (CP, 150).

His answer incorporates Crawford's consistent view that each

man is responsible for his own salvation: "Each soul his own" (CP, 150). Each person establishes his own relationship between himself and the God above the God of Theism. Salvation is independent of social (church) relationships, and grounded in the private relationship between each individual and his God. Salvation, then, is rooted in the individual rather than in the collective.

This philosophy is repeated in Crawford's poem "A Creed" which has the simplicity and moral edification of Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life":

I do believe when man shall tread
Himself those spirit bowers,
His own right hand shall crown his head
With chorus or with flowers.

Grown from the thoughts and from the deeds
He on this earth did sow;
And if his wounded spirit bleeds,
Alone he struck the blow.

Life is a preparation for the other life beyond the grave. In "His Clay," death releases the soul from the body. The life hereafter, the life of the immortal soul, is the important one. And in "He Arose and Went into Another Land," earth's chill winds moan "monk-like, up and down:/ 'O Miserere, Domine!'" (CP, 144), but the angels sing "a bold Te Deum Laudamus!" (CP, 144). Crawford accepts the notion of death not with fear or grudging resignation but with desire and joy.

In "The Hidden Room," the mystery of the human soul

fascinates Crawford searching for truth, but it is perhaps in "Who sees a Vision" that her imaginative apprehension of moral reality is best expressed. In this poem Crawford, the prophet-seer, offers three kinds of vision for a better understanding of the meaning of life. The first vision, "bright and bold" (CP, 74), is essentially a vision of the socially attainable good; the second, "sweet and bright" (CP, 75), is primarily a vision of a private quasi-mystical communion with nature; and the third, "foul and dim" (CP, 75), is a vision of the necessity of evil.

Crawford was, undoubtedly, caught in the new currents of religious thought influenced by nineteenth-century science, the Higher Criticism and the Darwinian hypothesis. Her unwillingness to accept portions, at least, of the traditional Christian dogma, obviously revealed some religious doubt. She does not subscribe to such doctrines as those of original sin, the devil, and eternal damnation, and her work suggests an anti-clericalism and stresses similarities rather than differences between Christian and Oriental religions. She does not, however, reveal an anti-religious stand: God is still in his Heaven. She speaks with assurance about an immortal soul and a life after death. There are still no alternatives to faith, hope and charity, and her ethic is grounded on compassion and justice.

Thematically, most of Crawford's preoccupations, evident in her prose and verse, are drawn together in her

one completed long narrative poem, Malcolm's Katie, the title-piece of her only volume of verse published during her lifetime.

The poem is subtitled "A Love Story" and a bare outline of the plot shows that it conforms to the love motif of Crawford's formulaic fiction. Maxwell Gordon is in love with Katie, the only child of the prosperous pioneer farmer, Malcolm Graem. Maxwell (Max) is poor, and Malcolm does not approve of the match. While Max goes to clear the forest and build a home for the girl whose love he has won, Alfred, a reputedly wealthy man, attracted by her father's riches, comes to court Katie. Katie, in love with Max, rejects Alfred's proposals even when the latter has rescued her from a log jam in her father's mill pond. In desperation, Alfred goes off to Max's bush clearing to inform him that he himself has won Katie's heart. Max refuses to believe the lie, but, momentarily caught off guard, he is pinned beneath a falling tree. Alfred, making no attempt to rescue him, leaves him to die; then back at the Graem home reports that Max is married to a squaw, and later, that Max is dead. But Katie remains steadfast. The roles of the rivals are reversed when Alfred flings himself with Katie into a millrace. Max reappears at the critical moment, rescues the girl, who subsequently marries him, and names their first child after Alfred who, it seems, must have drowned in the millrace.

Superficial reading suggests that the story is a

conventional romance--a love triangle with a pretty heroine, stalwart hero and desperate villain--but the plot, in fact, offers elements which raise it above the level of a standard sentimental romance. Love is the force of life in this pioneer poem. Malcolm's Katie is not just the story of the love of a man for woman, but the story of a father's love for his daughter, of a daughter's love for her father, and of the humanization of a stern father and a desperate villain through the power of love. In all these stories there is conflict, in keeping with Crawford's belief that love must be won through trials and sorrow, and in each story love finally triumphs.

It is Katie's love which prompts Max to clear the wilderness. The battle against the land is not motivated by hopes of political glory, propagation of faith, or material goods. Love, a force more powerful than these, motivates the pioneer spirit. This motivation is clearly defined by Max who insists:

. . . Ay, the battle done and won
Means not a throne propped up with bleaching bones,
A country saved with smoking seas of blood,
A flag torn from the foe with wounds and death,
Or Commerce, with her housewife foot upon
Colossal bridge of slaughtered savages,
The Cross laid on her brawny shoulder, and
In one sly, mighty hand her reeking sword,
And in the other all the woven cheats
From her dishonest looms. Nay, none of these.
It means--four walls, perhaps a lowly roof;
Kine in a peaceful posture; modest fields;
A man and woman standing hand in hand. . . . (CP, 196).

Love motivates the work of the pioneers. They come and conquer

because they love. Katie's love strengthens Max in his labours:

. . . Max the lover found
 The lab'rer's arms grow mightier day by day,
 More iron-welded, as he slew the trees;
 And with the constant yearning of his heart
 Toward little Kate, part of a world away,
 His young soul grew and shewed a virile front,
 Full-muscled and large-statured like his flesh (CP, 203).

So strong is her love that Max "social-souled" must speak of Katie "to the women-folk,/ Who, mostly happy in new honey-moons/ Of hope themselves, were ready still to hear/ The thrice-told tale of Katie's sunny eyes" (CP, 205). Love is Max's driving force and this love extends beyond his personal realm. His celebration of the power of love, a force greater than the human power of muscles, affects the whole community. But Max must prove himself worthy of love. Crawford's concept of love is not merely sentimental. Max must suffer physical separation from his Katie, go to "some dim, dusky woods/ In a far land" (CP, 196), to carve out a homestead so that he may support her. He must suffer in the service of love: "resinous black smoke" (CP, 203) stings his eyes. His love must be tested: Alfred tells him that Katie no longer loves him and that he, Alfred, and Katie are lovers. This lie destroys Max's faith in Katie's love for him, a love which underpins his reason for living: he abandons caution and is trapped beneath a falling tree. Although he is left for dead by the villainous Alfred, Max returns some time later to rescue Katie. The superior power of love, the true force of

life, conquers villainy, violence, and death.

But Katie, too, must prove herself worthy, and Alfred puts her love to a practical test. He is "reputed wealthy," and handsome "with the azure eyes/ And Saxon-gilded locks, the fair, clear face/ And stalwart form that most of women love" (CP, 207). His persuasive powers, moreover, "could melt an adverse rock,/ Marrowed with iron, frowning in his way" (CP, 208). Katie resists his wealth, good looks and eloquence. She suffers from pain of absent love, but refuses to believe Alfred's lies, and to extend gratitude for love. Since she is part of Max and Max is part of her, Max must of necessity be faithful since she is. "For long ago love melted our two hearts,/ And time has moulded those two hearts in one,/ And he is true since I am faithful still" (CP, 228). Neither physical separation nor Alfred's lies can weaken the spiritual bond that unites her with Max. Katie's constancy is rewarded, for her Max returns and they are happily married.

The love between Katie and Max is, of course, central to the poem. But Malcolm's Katie is also a story of love between a father and his child. Malcolm Graem so loves his daughter that, although he opposes her relationship with Max, he is willing to forgive them immediately, when he momentarily suspects that they might have secretly married: "Did you two play me false, my little lass?/ Speak and I'll pardon" (CP, 227). In fact, his love for Katie is so great

that he does not force her to marry Alfred, as might be expected in view of his love of wealth and power. After several nightmares "beating still/ The ball of Alfred's merits to and fro" (CP, 208), he finally decides that "Kate shall say him 'Nay' or say him 'Yea' / At her own will" (CP, 208).

There is no doubt that Malcolm loves his daughter, but he also loves wealth. An acquisitive man, he thinks only in terms of material goods: "I'll see to build/ Such fences or such sheds about the place;/ And next year, please the Lord, another barn" (CP, 206). He loves to "look out upon his riches" (CP, 206) and "much he love[s] to see [his initials] upon his goods" (CP, 211).

Although Malcolm enjoys material prosperity, it does not bring him complete happiness. He is estranged from Max, for if Malcolm claims that Max is "no friend of [his]" and wagers Max is "a drone,/ And never will put honey in the hive" (CP, 226), Max, too, rejects Malcolm and his values. For Max, Malcolm is "a mighty man,/ Self-hewn from rock, remaining rock through all" (CP, 194). This rock image is significant because it suggests Malcolm's rigidity and sternness.

And yet Malcolm still yearns for a son. As he tells Kate ". . . I need a son" (CP, 207). Max, of course, is not the son Malcolm is looking for. When Max asks Katie how she will persuade her father to relent, Katie replies,

"I'll kiss him and keep still; that way is sure" (CP, 197). And Katie's strategy succeeds. By the end of the poem Katie's constancy and love so soften the "deep-rooted rock" (CP, 207) of her father's will that he approves the love-match. Finally realizing that love, not money, is the way to happiness, Malcolm joins a happily married Max and Katie. He has rejected his former individually-centered values and come to accept the socially-centered values of the new community and has thus found love in its social form.

The power of love not only humanizes Malcolm but also transforms the villain. Alfred is initially cynical, a skeptic. He seems to have no history of human attachments, and, in fact, attempts to destroy human relationships. His vision of society is one ruled by chance, not love. Even though he wavers on the verge of remorse as the tree falls on his rival, he concludes, "Blind Chance, here played the butcher--'twas not I" (CP, 222). The destroying power of time presses chiefly on his consciousness, and he doubts the possibility of love's permanence in a world of change. He is content "to know she loves [him] by the hour, the year" (CP, 220). By the conclusion of the poem, however, Katie is his "nemesis," for her constancy has melted the "granite of [his] heart" (CP, 222). And, since he thinks that Max is dead, rather than have her "feel the arrow

feather-deep within/ [Her] constant heart" (CP, 232), Alfred deliberately tries to drown her, for death is a kindly home with "a propylaeum hospitably wide" (CP, 233). Love thus humanizes the villain in the end. By implication Alfred expresses the same sentiments as Cyril and Julian in Helen's Rock: life without love is a meaningless existence.

Malcolm's Katie, then, consists of a number of interlocking love stories which culminate in the triumph of love: the marriage of Katie and Max; the transformation of Malcolm and Alfred from alienated individuals whose first love is money to human beings capable to love; and the creation of a new community better than "selfish Eden bowers" (CP, 236).

Besides being Crawford's most ambitious exploration of love, Malcolm's Katie is also Crawford's most sustained poem of Canadian pioneer life. In the poem Crawford extols the heroism of the pioneer in his conquest of the wilderness. Malcolm Graem emigrated to Canada in the same poverty-stricken conditions as thousands of other Highlanders, and Max reminds Katie how her father and his brother "yoked themselves, side by side, to the new plough," and how "their weaker father" held the plunging handles of the plough in his "large, gnarled hands" (CP, 195).

Early pioneer life was a battle for survival, requiring both physical strength and strength of purpose. In dramatic images of war, Crawford captures the fierceness

of this struggle of man against the harsh land: ". . . had we heard of serfs/ Driven to like hot conflict with the soil,/ Armies had marched and navies swiftly sailed/ To burst their gyves" (CP, 195). War imagery is similarly used to demonstrate Max's conquest of the wilderness:

Soon the great heaps of brush were builded high,
And, like a victor, Max made pause to clear
His battle-field high strewn with tangled dead (CP, 203).

The challenge of the land is brute force. Having observed pioneer conditions at first hand, Crawford makes no attempt to underplay the pioneer's struggle. In an image of compressed vividness she captures the motivating spirit of pioneers: "The polished-diamond pivot on which spins/
The wheel of difference--they OWNED the soil" (CP, 195). They will to succeed because theirs is the land where a man is free and the land is his own. The pioneer's struggle with the land is a personal one. It is not easy for Canadians today to feel the sense of achievement which survival in the wilderness gave to many immigrants, or to feel the pride which the ownership of land generated. But Crawford, who undoubtedly met many immigrants, recognizes this heroic achievement and celebrates it in Malcolm's Katie.

Besides recording the heroism of pioneers, Malcolm's Katie touches upon national and imperial themes. Max, for example, in a passage of rhetorical eloquence, denounces Great Britain's imperialist policies:

. . . They [the fields] make no promises
 Of Star or Garter, or the thundering guns
 That tell the earth her warriors are dead.
 Inglorious? Ay, the battle done and won
 Means not a throne propped up with bleaching bones,
 A country saved with smoking seas of blood,
 A flag torn from the foe with wounds and death,
 Or Commerce, with her housewife foot upon
 Colossal bridge of slaughtered savages,
 The Cross laid on her brawny shoulder, and
 In one sly, mighty hand her reeking sword. . . . (CP, 196).

Max associates imperialism with war and suffering. For him, working the land means building his own home and a new nation where men may live in brotherhood and peace, not building another colony for Great Britain. Max is ecstatic in this belief: "We build up nations--this my axe and I" (CP, 216). Part of the faith that sustains Max in his work is his love for his country, the belief that he is creating a new nation.

In view of her zeal for social reform, it is not surprising that the nineteenth-century idea of progress interested Crawford. It is a subject in her prose piece [Belfry House], and an important topic in Malcolm's Katie. Superficial reading of Malcolm's Katie might indicate that Crawford believes unquestioningly in the concept of progress, but careful examination of her imagery in the poem reveals that this assumption requires modification. The three male characters--Maxwell, Malcolm, and Alfred--represent three different stages of progress. Maxwell, in the first stage, is the labourer who conquers the land and imposes his order, looking forward to the produce of his work. Before he can reap these rewards, Max and his pioneer kind must toil and

suffer. "Lean weaver," "pallid clerk" and "the lab'rer with trained muscles" (CP, 204) become equals, each man working for himself. There is no master-slave domination. Each man reaps directly the fruits of his labours; the land is "his own." The pioneer who owns his land and lives by it is a self-made man, the symbol of the new world and of equal opportunity for all.

The second stage is represented by Malcolm Graem, a prosperous farmer and lumber merchant. His capital is in the form of private property and chattels. His barns are compared to "Leviathans rising from red seas of grain," his grains of wheat to "ingots," and his logs "all stamped with the potent 'M' and 'G'" (CP, 211) are identified as his property. Described as "lordly" and as the king of silent courtiers, Malcolm Graem is at the height of the hierarchical economic structure. His life has been spent exploiting natural and human resources for his own profit. He is "in conflict with the soil," gaining a personal fortune which he can only gaze at and imagine bigger and better. It is important to note that in the midst of Malcolm's material wealth--the timbers for his mills--he almost loses Katie, the true wealth of his life. It is only with her love that he finds real happiness.

The third stage is represented by Alfred, the representation of urban industrialization and gross materialism. One does not know what work he does; he is never seen with axe or plough. His whole ethic is one of material

possession, wealth acquired at the expense of others: "My pangs of love for gold must needs be fed" (CP, 210). His whole purpose in life is the acquisition of wealth. He is a "lover, not of Katie's face,/ But of her father's riches" (CP, 209).

In the context of the nineteenth-century doctrine of progress one might have expected Malcolm to continue his ambitious, materialistic policy, and Alfred to marry Katie, Malcolm's heir. Crawford, however, does not follow this route to material progress. Her vision objects to the notion that man is progressing to an ever more glorious tomorrow, and she rejects both forms of capital. Malcolm, who represents the exploitation of natural and human resources, leaves the symbol of his material wealth--his "great farmhouse" "square-shouldered and peak-roofed upon a hill,/ With many windows" (CP, 206) overlooking his "mighty" fields of grain to move into the lowly home of Katie and Max. And dead or not, Alfred, who represents the capitalist system, has been clearly vanquished. Crawford thus limits growth and stops the processes inherent in the current idea of progress. She ends the poem with the ideal state in the simple modest home of the labourer Max who, unlike Malcolm, will have no slaves to build his civilization.

Crawford's peasant home is in the spirit of the romantic social visionary. But it is important to note that what Alfred represents is not totally rejected. For example,

by naming the child Alfred, Crawford seems to be using a deliberate symbol. Something of Alfred (albeit purified) is preserved in the child. Alfred is Malcolm's grandson, and Max's son: Katie has reconciled Malcolm and Max and preserved the good in all three. While realizing the dangers of unregulated capitalism Crawford also realizes the necessity of a limited amount of capital and exploitation of natural resources. Katie's words which close the poem are significant:

"Oh, Adam had not Max's soul," she said;

 I would not change these wild and rocking woods,
 Dotted by little homes of unbarked trees,
 Where dwell the fleers from the waves of want,
 For the smooth sward of selfish Eden bowers. . . ."
 (CP, 236).

The words "little homes" and "selfish" are significant:

Crawford's Utopian vision is an egalitarian community based on small land holdings, a balance of industry and agriculture, and an ideal society founded on true brotherly love.⁹ This vision of a better place for mankind is not based on self-advancement, financial power and chicanery, but on a new democratic existence for all, a social harmony necessary to the true achievement of a second Eden in Canada.

It is difficult to know whether Crawford was abreast of Utopian thought, but Max's home reflects the concept of a democratic existence. As such it is better than the selfish Edenic bowers of Malcolm Graem's huge estate. Canada is a second Eden, an unselfish place where all can achieve

sanctuary from oppression and hardship, where even the "patriarch of the herd" holds no fear "of the red hunter." Katie prefers Max in the clearing to Adam in paradise. By closing her poem with a deliberate inversion of the biblical story, Crawford seems to be saying that conditions for a new Eden lie in the middle position between the primitive state and decadent civilization.

Crawford's vision takes on added meaning today when the principles of capitalism are questioned and found wanting, and when scientists and politicians are concerned with the ultimate effects of the exponential nature of growth. It is highly unlikely that Crawford herself could have consciously anticipated the dangers of unchallenged commercial ethics. To-day, however, the advantage of hindsight affords critics a greater appreciation of Crawford's vision and a better degree of understanding than were available to critics of her day.

In addition to Malcolm's Katie, another long narrative poem, which Dorothy Livesay has entitled The Hunters Twain, merits special attention because it most clearly shows Crawford's preoccupations with social injustice, false love and the Canadian wilderness, and because two lyrics, "The Dark Stag" and "The Lily Bed," both of which have been published separately, were originally part of The Hunters Twain and, as Dorothy Livesay has suggested, another separately published lyric, "Said the Canoe," may also have

once belonged to the longer poem.¹⁰

The poem opens in an unknown setting where a mysterious young woman is comforting her unnamed lover whom she has spurned in favour of a rich rival. Soon this scene shifts abruptly to an unnamed city where one meets Hugh, one of the two central characters in the poem. It is winter and Hugh is suffering a traumatic conflict within his soul over the social injustices of the city. After this struggle, Hugh is found in the wilderness during the spring rains. He is inspired by their life-giving force, and his despair gives way to hope. He promises, once he is "heal'd" by nature, to lead the victims of the city's injustices into the sanctuary of the forest.

After this introduction the main strand of action begins. Hugh and another young man, later named Ion, are found arguing about hope and despair in their tent in the early morning. After much controversy Ion suggests they go fishing, but says, "In the meanwhile I'll sing the Dawn, I love." His song is the familiar lyric, "The Dark Stag." After this song they paddle from the shore and decide on a place to fish. While they are fishing Ion sings another of Crawford's well-known lyrics, "The Lily Bed." At sunset the two young men begin to paddle to shore, and Hugh, this time, sings a paean to their canvas tent. Once at their tent they build their camp-fire and renew their long-standing debate. After much disagreement Hugh suggests they go to bed. The poem ends

abruptly (definitely unfinished) with Hugh's dream, a nightmare of storm in the Canadian wilderness.

Crawford's strong sense of social responsibility, already witnessed in her protest poems, is again clearly evident in The Hunters Twain. Here, Crawford's anathema is the city, its commercialism, industrialism, and materialism. It is synonymous with the factory and the machine, tyrants exploiting and enslaving man. Hugh says,

. . . I saw one monster take
A serf that serv'd it, in its mighty maw
And comb his sweating flesh sheer from his bones
With glitt'ring fangs (THT, 12, 13).

It increases the problems between capital and labour, pollutes the environment and betrays the working man. It encourages poverty, violence, crime, and immorality, and is full of rogues, murderers, orphans and lost mothers with their bastards at their breasts, reminding one of the social problems presented in "All Men are Born Free and Equal." Crawford's hatred of the city is portrayed in lurid images of claws and kennels, dogs, serpents and ravens, sewers, drains and noisome holes.

Crawford also associates the city with wealth and greed. In characteristic fashion she denounces those who acquire riches at the expense of the weak. As in Malcolm's Katie and "September in Toronto" she decries an economic system unable to distribute the fruits of skill and labour and choking on its own plenty, so in The Hunters Twain she rebels against uncontrolled capitalism and famine amidst

"large plenty." In the poem, she allows church towers to roar in their evening chime:

Loose us Barabbas! he will rear us high;
Will lay his gold upon our organ pipes;
Will beat his stolen silver in our bells;
And stain our windows with the blood he robs
From the free Helot's heart. O Christ, O Christ!
Thy robe is sordid and Thy palms are hard
Hang on Thy cross! Loose us Barabbas, Yes! (THT, 8).

All sorts of people join in the ironic chorus: the busy marketplace buzzes with the cry, "Loose us Barabbas;" Vice hisses, "Loose us Barabbas," and even "Want, lean, lank giant, honest and hunger-blind" (THT, 9) questions,

Might not Barabbas be a newer Christ?
With newer gospel fitter for the time (THT, 9).

The rhetorical question conveys the indignation of a poet deeply disturbed by the corruption of men that defeats their potential for humanity.

Hugh's solution to the whole problem is hope in God. He scolds the religious skeptic Ion:

Shame, Ion, shame! You of the feeble folk
Who bend their own weak knees and wav'ring spines
To God, and chitter-chatter of despair
Of ruins and of chaos--nor have sheer strength
To clamber up God's breast, and look abroad
From thence across the universe, and see
All his broad purpose (THT, 17, 18).

A providential God is still in His Heaven and hope is "God's own very breath" (THT, 17). The cowboy's God of Love in "Old Spookses' Pass" is still Hugh's God.

But reliance on God's providence alone to rid society of its evils is not enough. Man himself must become actively involved in social reform: Hugh vows, "I'll have

them [society's ills] out! God, knit my sinews up" (THT, 13). Man's active involvement in the problems of society is constantly needed whether to work for the reform of its evils or to preserve the good it already possesses for "this clanging world/ Is no snug nest for doves!" (THT, 19). Hugh expresses the same sentiment as in Crawford's poem "Peace:" he envisions the time

When brawny Peace shall lie, fair and full stretch'd
Upon charg'd Gatlings, smiling in the Sun
And ev'ry man shall sit beneath his vine
A snug torpedo buried by its roots
To greet a foe with! So my round ey'd Hope
Sees Peace in her best prime upon this world.
Not on this shaping-place of souls broods Peace
Unarm'd (THT, 18, 19).

Crawford does not preach passivity. Recognizing man's pathetic fallibility, she urges armed alertness at all times.

Crawford's lack of confidence in the progress of a society dependent upon the factory system and laissez-faire economics already noted in Malcolm's Katie also appears in The Hunters Twain. For instance, Hugh's remedy for the evils of city growth and environmental problems is,

. . . free grants for every soul--
Pure water--timber--hills for little towns--
Shelter for cattle in the valley dips (THT, 32).

Once again, it seems that Crawford's hope for the future is not in an urbanized mechanical culture. For a more humane and satisfying existence for all, Crawford prefers a small community in harmony with nature to a large, industrial, acquisitive city.

False love, a frequently recurring theme, is also found in The Hunters Twain. It is the cause of a despair in Ion which borders on madness. And just as Crawford censures the flirts, Lilith in Helen's Rock and Kitty Miniver in Pillows of Stone, so she rebukes Ion's "false falcon love." Here once again she employs her usual stock market and laughter images. Where in Helen's Rock the "speculator in men [was] in the market again" (HR 3-5), in The Hunters Twain the unnamed seductress selects a lover who "deal[s]/ On stocks and margins, 'long' and 'short'" (THT, 3). Where Margeurite "bursts into a laugh, as heartless and musical as the tinkle of silver coins" (GdeB 4-13), so the seductress laughs "the light, shrill laughter of her kind,/ The fell frank music of a hard, high soul/ That knows not Love, Lie, tenderness nor shame" (THT, 3).

Also included in Crawford's admonitions of coquetry are those against false lovers such as the "multi-marri'd" and old, unfaithful married men:

These wedded lovers. . . .

 Eternity is theirs--until Time rounds
 Some twenty fiery pathways round the world
 Lo, then the man--why, watch him stand at gaze
 At ev'ry budding girl that matches May,

 . . .O if Love be born
 Strangle the imp while yet the dimples stray
 Across full baby cheeks--before he change
 To virile Hate--or to languid Loathing
 Or merge his modern monogamic mind
 For patriarchal mood, plus many wives (THT, 5, 6).

Crawford abhors deception of any sort. It seems to her that

infidelity is another malignant influence of city life on the social order.

In the lyric "Said the Canoe" (which will later be more fully discussed) Crawford treats casual, noncommittal love and suggests two aspects of love in terms of two attitudes of man to woman: woman regarded as property owned by man, and woman regarded as playmate. In both cases woman is an object, existing for the male's material wants and gratification. She has no rights of her own, no opportunity to satisfy her own desires for fulfilment. As in "Vashti, the Queen," Crawford once again suggests the domination of the female by the male in the love relationship, another aspect of false love.

Crawford's love of the Canadian wilderness already noted in many of her poems is also a central theme of The Hunters Twain. Hugh and Ion escape from their fellow men to the wilderness, and Crawford expresses their delight in the joys of nature with romantic enthusiasm. Hugh

. . . caught the dove of Spring between his palms,
And unasham'd before his large-thew'd Soul
Drew her soft plumes against his worn breast
And held her to his ear to coo her rime
Of deep green woods, and creeks and purple hills
(THT, 12).

And on another occasion Crawford allows Hugh a pleasure that borders on ecstasy:

. . . he felt great throbs
Wing his dull heels behind the scudding deer
Beat at his wrists above the bending rod
And leap from out his very breast along
The keen, clear sky behind some dappl'd wing (THT, 14).

But nature is more than a refuge in The Hunters Twain. Crawford portrays it as a revitalizing force. Ion enters the wilderness to be "heal'd" after a traumatic love affair and Hugh, tortured by the soul-stifling influences of organized society, "this clanging world/ That shrieks with steam--where mostly men are merely ghosts/ That tend on iron tyrants. . . . (THT, 12), seeks a comforting and strengthening influence in order that he may later return to the city and reform it. Crawford evinces a reinvigorating harmony between man and his surroundings when she depicts Ion's complete absorption with the beauty before him. His mind is so totally controlled by his imagination that he sings his illusory dream of sensual pleasure in "The Lily Bed." In this lyric (which will also be later discussed at length), Ion has been able to achieve complete union with nature and emerges satisfied and refreshed.

Crawford thus portrays the wilderness not as man's antagonist but as a congenial and benevolent friend. It is noteworthy that she provides the two young men with food and shelter in a wild and untamed forest without the menace of wolves or bands of hostile Indians. And whereas in Malcolm's Katie Max dominates the wilderness and represents a hard-won victory over the land, the two young men in The Hunters Twain live in harmony with the outside world and leave it free, wild, and unmanipulated.

Crawford's fascination with seasonal changes and

diurnal succession has already been noted in such poems as "An Interregnum," "A Battle" and Malcolm's Katie. In The Hunters Twain it is the dawn which appeals to her. She draws upon the Greek myth of Aurora, the Goddess of the Dawn, emerging from the ocean, to interpret the coming of a Canadian Spring dawn. She dramatizes the arrival as the struggle of a voluptuous, naked woman with the dark oceans of outer space in order to reach her lover, the sun. Before she reaches the shore, however, she must swim against the east, and her arms must beat back the starry surf. Once on shore, she is portrayed as a seductive woman. As she rises from the beach, Crawford draws attention to special parts of her anatomy: the crimson of her lusty foot, the opal shoulder and rosy knee, the silver of her breast, and the warm blood of her veins. But the shore is a northern shore. The topography is the vast space of lakes and swamps and valleys. The perfumed mists have the aroma of cedar and balsam. And the animals that greet the Dawn are squirrels and deer.

Ion prefers an autumn dawn, however, and it is not surprising that in his bitter mood Crawford, in the lyric "The Dark Stag" which Ion sings, interprets the dawn as a struggle this time, not joining two lovers, but separating them. In this lyric the coming of an autumn dawn is dramatized as a hunt in which the sun (a hunter) is chasing two lovers, the night (a stag) and the moon (his doe). The lyric begins with a narrative decoy, already established as one of Craw-

ford's narrative techniques. In reality, it is only Crawford's metaphorical method in operation because the narrative is not just an animal story, but a sustained metaphor of the diurnal cycle in which Crawford animates the inanimate through human and animal natures. The hunt is violent. The moon is the first casualty of the struggle and "lies wounded on the plain" (CP, 79). The relentless pursuit continues and all nature participates in the struggle. The strong, fierce muskallunge vaults, "the wild duck splashes loudly" (CP, 79), and the loon shrieks. The sun's fierce arrows "pierce" the heart of the stag. But he makes a last courageous stand: "once more he spurns/ The hoarse hounds of the day" (CP, 80). Escape is futile, however. Night dies in a blood-bath. The sun is victor, the lovers die, but a Canadian day is born.

In The Hunters Twain, then, Crawford identifies with the exploited masses. She disparages the corruption of the city and favours controlled capitalism and limited economic growth. She believes in the benevolent power of nature and delights in the beauty of the Canadian wilderness. She attacks deception of all kinds and espouses faith, hope and charity.

Crawford's prevailing concerns--social, economic and political issues, inner psychological struggles of man, problems of women and the Canadian pioneer, the question of good and evil, and the nature and power of love--are handled

with varying success. Regardless of the nobility of her theme, Crawford cannot seem to surmount her problems with language. As in her prose, she reveals a wide range and variety of diction, but her penchant for the archaic and the pseudo-poetic, as well as her insensitivity to cliché, mars many of her poems. Archaicisms such as didst, thither, hath, wis, yore, quoth, and poetic terms like dewy, airy, starry, jetty, and jocund, remind the reader of eighteenth-century poets at their worst. Empty clichés such as eternal zephyrs, warbly strains, lowing herd, and the rose of plenty are dispiriting and trying. Constantly repeated adjectives like "ruddy" to describe leaves, and objects as disparate as a spear, heights, a rose, gauntlet, and light in Malcolm's Katie become wearisome. Continued use of insipid expressions such as darling star, mournful sky, lambent eyes, and vivid life soon becomes distressing, and not only does one find an excess of such poetic terms in many of the poems, but one is also often disconcerted by their appearance in conjunction with current colloquialisms. "Love and Reason," for example, offers a pastiche of bad poetic diction, hollow clichés and banal colloquialisms. Expressions such as bosky gloom, formal glade, nymphs divine, horrent, gambolled and kirtle are combined with the vernacular verb "con" and the stale interjection "but to my tale."

Too frequently, also, Crawford's diction approaches pedantry. Heavy Latinate polysyllabic words such as "natant"

and "propylaeum," both of which are used in Malcolm's Katie, are obtrusive and pompous. The use of periphrasis, such as "scaly spies" and "the mossy king of all the woody tribes," which also appear in Malcolm's Katie, gives an ostentatious effect. This pedantry sometimes results in lines such as "no lictors with their fasces at its jaw" (CP, 233) which are virtually unintelligible to the modern reader. Such pretentiousness too often impresses the reader as merely pseudo-scholarship.

Too often, as well, Crawford's exaggerated use of language results in a marked prolixity. Like the padding in her prose the verbosity in her poetry also produces a tediously garrulous effect. Although her talent for capturing vernacular speech, for example, is noteworthy, she frequently fails to control this ability, and the dialect as a consequence tends to become wearisome. In her best dialect poem, "Old Spookses' Pass," the reader must puzzle over the cattle drover's chatter of unlearned diction and bad grammar through fifty-one octets and two twelve-line stanzas if he is to extract the elements of the narrative.

Crawford's failure to control her language often results, also, in excessive sentimentality. At times her effusive style degenerates into the worst sort of melodramatic writing. The following passage from Malcolm's Katie offers diction of outright sentimentality:

. . . so the settler finds
 His solitary footsteps beaten out
 With the quick rush of panting human waves
 Upheaved by throbs of angry poverty,
 And driven by keen blasts of hunger from
 Their native strands, so stern, so dark, so drear!
(CP, 204).

Such overblown language to evoke the reader's pity results in a mawkish bathos which annoys rather than moves.

In "A Hungry Day," too, Pat, the Irish immigrant, speaks chiefly in the vocabulary of romantic love and physical pain as, for more than half of his twenty-five quatrains, he broods over the death of his wife and the oppression of the Irish poor, with the result that the poem develops merely a cloying sentimentality. In "Mavourneen," as well, the burden of an Irish husband's grief over the death of his wife in the vocabulary of idealized love plods along through sixteen quatrains, creating a melodramatic effect.

Although Crawford possesses a marked image-making power, her tendency to exercise this without restraint also mars many poems. Her predilection for repeating certain images spoils the freshness of the originals. For instance, when one first hears that "the bittern, squaw-like, scolds the air" (CP, 79), the image effectively fixed in the verb "scolds" conveys an aural and emotional impact. But the image loses its novelty when repeated in Malcolm's Katie in "the crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like squaws" (CP, 198). Her penchant for piling one image on another, frequently results, furthermore, in a cluttered effect. "My Irish Love,"

for instance, offers twenty-two stereotyped jewel and metal images mixed together, from immemorial pearl, emerald star through to virgin gold, silver shoulder and eyes like twin diamonds, all of which, in their total impression, produce a hyperbolical effect which badly mars the poem. Moreover, the passage beginning "Proud ships rear high" (CP, 217) in Malcolm's Katie is a fifteen-line sentence combining clumsy syntax with a dense clutter of images, the result being a convoluted, turgid effect.

Of all Crawford's poems those of social protest are stylistically her worst. In "War" for example, Crawford overstates her case, and her ironical barbs throughout this direct apostrophe of nine octets soon become blunted. The first two stanzas illustrate:

Shake, shake the earth with giant tread,
 Thou red-maned Titan bold;
 For every step a man lies dead,
 A cottage hearth is cold.
 Take up the babes with mailed hands,
 Transfix them with thy spears,
 Spare not the chaste young virgin-bands,
 Tho' blood may be their tears.

Beat down the corn, tear up the vine,
 The waters turn to blood;
 And if the wretch for bread doth whine,
 Give him his kin for food.
 Ay, strew the dead to saddle-girth,
 They make so rich a mold,
 Thou wilt enrich the wasted earth--
 They'll turn to yellow gold (CP, 154, 155).

Crawford dares War to continue the bloodshed, the cannibalism, the shellfire, and the burying of the dead. One shrill order plunges headlong into another with relentless fury. Craw-

ford's outrage is so intense that the discrepancy between what she says and what she feels and hence intends, results in irony, but an irony which fails because Crawford loses control of her expression. Crawford uses irony to expose the hypocrisies of War in order to shame man into reform, but her excessive use of the device vitiates its force. Her fiercely ironic outbursts keep tumbling out one after another with such tireless frenzy that the poem degenerates into a savage tirade.

Besides the seething irony, the uncontrolled accumulation of scientific, commercial, wild animal, and religious images also annoys the reader. For example, when one first hears "the white-robed choiring band" leading the armies "with loud Te Deum," the unexpected image evokes a feeling of shock. But Crawford keeps piling one religious image upon the other and the shock value becomes lost.

Crawford's tone, moreover, bristles with an invective that is savage. Although her stanzaic pattern--four five-stress lines alternating with four three-stress lines--achieves the effect of four couplets each of which forms a rhetorical unit of dialogue that carries the tone of a speaking voice, the voice scolds too vehemently. Crawford is undoubtedly angry at those who wage war in the name of civilization and religion. While anger more than any other emotion perhaps induces man to overplay his hand, Crawford's uncontrolled attack on the hypocrisy of organized religion

and commerce irks the reader who would prefer some restraint.

Besides her uncontrolled tone, Crawford's language is often badly chosen. Her emotionally pejorative language of violence and destruction frequently degenerates into hysterical ranting. When she calls war a "bastard," the language is coarse. And although her use of strong, bare verbs in the imperative mood, like "beat," "tear," and "strew," initially creates a dramatic energy which helps to convey her passionate hatred of war, their over-use ultimately defeats its purpose.

Crawford also overstates her case in her frequently anthologized "The Helot." Her imagination selects an historical event to champion the cause of enslaved humanity, but instead she allows it to run away from her as she rages against the evils of alcohol throughout the ninety-seven quatrains of closely clustered classical allusions and sensory images.¹¹ This extended passage illustrates:

As long, gnarled roots enclasp
 Some red boulder, fierce entwine
 His strong fingers in their grasp
 Bowl of bright Caecuban wine.

From far Marsh of Amyclae,
 Sentry'd by lank poplars tall,
 Thro' the red slant of the day
 Shrill pipes did lament and call.

Pierced the swaying air sharp pines
 Thyrsi-like; the gilded ground
 Clasp'd black shadows of brown vines;
 Swallows beat their mystic round.

Day was at her high unrest:
 Fevered with the wine of light,

Loosing all her golden vest,
 Reeled she toward the coming night.

Fierce and full her pulses beat:
 Bacchic throbs the dry earth shook,
 Stirred the hot air wild and sweet,
 Maddened every vine-dark brook.

.....

Still had reeled the yellow haze,
 Still had pulsed the sun-pierced sod,
 Still had throbbed the vine-clad days
 To the pulses of their god.

Fierce the dry lips of the Earth
 Quaffed the subtle Bacchic soul,
 Felt its rage and felt its mirth,
 Wreathed as for the banquet bowl.

Sapphire-breasted Bacchic priest
 Stood the Sky above the lands,
 Sun and moon, at west and east,
 Brazen cymbals in his hands.

.....

Day was at her chief unrest;
 Red the light on plain and wood;
 Slavish-eyed and still of breast,
 Vast the Helot herdsman stood.

Wide his hairy nostrils blew,
 Maddening incense breathing up;
 Oak to iron sinews grew
 Round the rich Caecuban cup.

.....

Still the Helot stands, his feet
 Set like oak-roots; in his gaze
 Black clouds roll and lightnings meet,
 Flames from old Achean days

(CP, 130-31, 132-33, 138).

Drinking images of wine, grape, vat, bowl, reeling, vine,
 and drain are repeated so often that they dominate the
 setting. The repetition of strong, one-syllable nouns
 (flames), verbs (throbbed), adjectives (fierce), associated

with the dreadful, contribute to an hysterical pitch of indignation. Day, Earth, Sky all reel in "mad unrest" and air itself is putrified with alcohol. Even the gods are "angered" while Bacchus makes "their temples his" (CP, 132). Crawford's abhorrence of the evils of alcohol is very clear. In fact, the mood of inebriation so permeates the poem that it overshadows the master-slave relationship between Spartan and Helot, which is commonly regarded as the theme of the poem.

In addition to the mood which submerges the master-slave theme, Crawford's unnecessarily ornate and flamboyant style also inundates it. Helot-Spartan images designed to give a sense of time and place are buried within a welter of sensory images. This clutter of images--visual (red boulder, sharp pines, red light, yellow haze, black clouds, lightnings), kinetic (swaying air; swallows beat their mystic round; loosing all her golden vest), thermal (fevered with the wine of light; fierce and full her pulses beat; flames), kin-aesthetic (gnarled roots enclasp some red boulder; wide his hairy nostrils blew), auditory (shrill pipes, brazen cymbals)--each vying to outdo the other, and piled rapidly one on top of the other, buries the details of the Spartan-Helot murders. Thus, the narrative elements--flimsy as they are--are practically lost, and the theme of liberty emerges as a matter of secondary importance. Crawford may say that "man's god-gift Liberty" will not die beneath Spartan "chain and rods"

but she does not convince the reader.

And finally, Crawford overworks her lyrical abilities to her own disadvantage. Although her marked tendency to invert ("Low the sun beat on the land," "Fierce and full her pulses beat," "Still had reeled the yellow haze") putting a heavy stress on the first and last syllable of each line achieves a certain energy, it evokes a metrical regularity which soon bores the reader. Even her skillful sound patterns--subtle vowelling in the long o's and e's and artful use of musical consonants in the liquid l's and sibilant s's--soon become repetitious and obviously contrived.

"The Helot" has been praised for its power, simplicity and lingual music, and acclaimed as "the most magnificent expression of Miss Crawford's genius."¹² But it, nevertheless, reveals Crawford's lamentable lack of selection and detachment. Her preoccupation with liquor takes over and her concern with freedom is subordinated. Her effort to convey her hatred of alcohol reads like ranting. Rather than "noble" verse expressing "the divine right of man to freedom from slavery,"¹³ "The Helot" emerges as a Victorian temperance diatribe.

Crawford badly overstates her case in both "The Helot" and "War" as well as in her other protest poems. As a woman of marked opinions on contemporary social and economic issues, and, with a determination bred of poverty, Crawford gave the colonial-minded world poems of deep com-

passion for the poor and the oppressed. Unfortunately, however, when she is most moved to protest man's inhumanity to man, she is often least successful because of her inability to fuse matter and form. At such time, although one may admire her concern for her fellow man, one must question her achievement as an artist.

Crawford's love poems also exhibit the same distinctive strengths and characteristic weaknesses already noted. A large number are, simply, slight narratives, dramatic in situation and structure. The narrator in "The King's Kiss," for instance, tells of an incident where a king falls in love with a peasant girl. In "Love Me, Love My Dog," the speaker relates a chieftain's search for a bride. And in "My Irish Love," a lover reports the details of his betrothal. Some, like "Mavourneen" and "The Rowan Tree," are repetitious: moods repeat themselves and there is a recurring strain of sorrow and wistfulness. And many, moreover, give the impression of being exercises, copying a certain style, period, or theme. "Love and Reason" seems to be no more than a copy of an eighteenth-century lyric in rhyming couplets. "A Perfect Strain" contains the sentiment and medieval imagery of the minstrel songs of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore. "Where, Love, Art Hid?" is written in the seventeenth-century Cavalier fashion. And "Egypt, I Die" imitates Shakespeare's handling of Antony's death in Antony and Cleopatra.

At times, however, these poems come alive with some

of Crawford's strikingly effective images. In "Where, Love, Art Hid?" a fine sensibility is found in the paradox "Seek Love, and Love will flee!" (CP, 41). In "Egypt, I Die," love transcends the terrestrial universe in Antony's unusual image:

. . . Our great ghosts
Shall tower together while all time is told
On beads of dying worlds (CP, 251).

In "Love's Forget-Me-Not," two images appeal vividly to our visual and auditory senses:

And holly trimmed his ermine vest,
And wild winds maddened on the moors. . . . (CP, 34).

And in "Love and Reason," one couplet offers the delightful image,

And in that cold and formal school
No flower dare bloom except by rule (CP, 91).

On occasion, too, Crawford reveals unusual restraint. The basic idea of "Love's Forget-Me-Not" is trite: the constancy of love through the four seasons and analogously throughout life. But each of the four stanzas treats a particular season in terms of a specific flower (Spring--violet; Summer--rose; Autumn--heartsease; Winter--forget-me-not) and without the dense muddling of images which often mars Crawford's work.

There are several lyrics, also, which one remembers for their grace and melodious lightness. One such is the frequently anthologized "O Love builds on the azure sea," perhaps Crawford's best short lyric:

O Love builds on the azure sea,
 And Love builds on the golden sand,
 And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
 And sometimes Love builds on the land!

O if Love build on sparkling sea,
 And if Love build on golden strand,
 And if Love build on rosy cloud,
 To Love these are the solid land!

O Love will build his lily walls,
 And Love his pearly roof will rear
 On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea--
 Love's solid land is everywhere! (CP, 205, 206)

The lyric is a good example of Crawford's use of a variety of sound repetitions for musical effect. She repeats long vowels (sea, golden, rose, azure), soft smooth consonants (love, sand, sea, lily), and vowel sound-clusters (cloud, pearly, builds) and thus achieves euphony. She combines assonance (land, sand) and consonance (love, lily, build) with alliteration (will, walls) and end rhyme a,b,c,b, all of which emphasize the musical effect of the lyric. And her masterful ear for resonances, too, is heard in the repetition of words such as O, love, cloud, sand, and land and in her skillful phrasing and cadences (on the azure sea, on rosy cloud). Crawford's use of her musical resources results, in other words, in a mellifluous sound pattern appropriate to a lyric which celebrates the permanence of love.

Like many of her love lyrics, much of Crawford's pioneer verse is very slight, and can claim little in the way of poetic merit. However, of all her poems, her pioneer verse best exhibits her gift for comedy which we have already noted in her prose.

Although Crawford's own experiences in a rural environment were harsh and disappointing, many of her pioneer poems do not represent economic hardships but concentrate instead on amusing episodes in buying and selling, wooing and courting, praying and church-going, all at the expense of bull-headed and greedy farmers, self-righteous neighbours, conceited and impractical clergymen. Crawford describes the frauds and swindles which were common in a Canadian pioneer society when it was necessary to outwit others or be outwitted oneself. She contrasts the Puritan rigidity of thought which characterized the state of mind of the majority of Ontario's farmers and the growing opposition to this outlook, a liberal individualism that had arisen out of Benthamite utilitarianism and Darwinian evolution. By contrasting the standards of conduct of liberal-minded farmers with those of their conservative neighbours, the discrepancy between what "is" and what ought to be, Crawford achieves a rustic humour.

Crawford's favourite characters are rural deacons and stubborn farmers. "How Deacon Fry Bought a Duchess" is an ironically humorous treatment of a deacon who is duped into paying \$500 for an old cow. In "The Deacon's Fate," Crawford pokes fun at another deacon who on his wedding day dies from overeating at a church bazaar. (Excessive indulgence in food was a feature of the pantomime, a joke which goes back to the Italian actors of the commedia dell' arte.)

Of course, Crawford's choice of a rural deacon to ridicule may be an indication of a certain anti-clericalism on Crawford's part.

Stubborn farmers are another source of humour in such poems as "Old Spense," "The Farmer's Daughter Cherry," and "Farmer Stebbins' Opinions." In "Farmer Stebbins' Opinions" Crawford uses humour of character and situation as well as the amusing folk idiom of backwoods Ontario. Stebbins is a pragmatic farmer uninterested in "Higher Criticism": he refuses "tew dig about the gnarly roots/ Uv prophetic spekkleations" (CP, 294), because he "hain't hed no time tew disputate,/ Except with axe an' arm,/ With stump an' rampike an' with stuns" (CP, 295) upon his half-cleared farm. And he also refuses to attend church on Sundays. Such behaviour may be termed disgraceful by his narrow-minded religious neighbours, but God approves of Stebbins' independence, and He tells him to "let up a mite this day on toil,/ 'Tain't made fur holy bustle" (CP, 296), and continues in this vein of religious unorthodoxy by suggesting that the "old sorrels" be allowed to "spekkleate, es fetlock deep/ They eye [His] cool crick flowin'" (CP, 297) for He not only believes in the equality of all His creatures but He also speaks to them in the simple language of common folk:

Be they on four legs or on two,
 In broadcloth, scales or feathers,
 No matter what may be the length
 Uv all their mental tethers;
 In ways mayn't suit the minds uv them
 Thet thinks themselves their betters,--

I talk tew them in simple style
 In words uv jest three letters. . . .
 (CP, 297).

Metonymic images such as broadcloth, scales and feathers to represent the various species, of course, capture the folk idiom and a sort of rustic humour emerges, revealing Crawford's clever handling of folk idiom, her gift for comedy at the expense of orthodox religion, while her details of meeting house, lightning rods, patent vats, corduroy roads and confidence men are the sort of local Canadian experiences which provide realism.

In her pioneer verse Crawford exploits humour of diction in much the same way as the popular American local colour writers Colonel Hay and Bret Harte. The taste for folk idiom, bad grammar, distorted spelling, and unlearned diction has gone, and the poems today are probably mere literary curiosities. But as late as 1905 Wetherald claimed that "in many Canadian homes where Crawford's 1884 book is valued, the dialect pieces are probably regarded as gems of genius."¹⁴

Crawford is more successful when she traces the behaviour of the female under stress. Here her excesses are more controlled and an appropriateness of language and of tone is more clearly evident. "Curtius," Crawford's best example, reveals her dramatic imagination and psychological insights, as well as her able use of irony, imagery, and blank verse. The source of Curtius' wife's troubled mind--

her feelings of apprehension over her husband's prolonged absence--is conveyed immediately in the anxious opening question, "How spake the Oracle, my Curtius, how?"¹⁵ By beginning, thus, in medias res, the dramatic tension of the situation is evoked. The repetition of the adverb "how" reverberates with the woman's anxiety. The first person pronominal adjective "my" evokes the warmth of the relationship between husband and wife and heightens the reason for the wife's anxiety. In her very first line Crawford has thus prepared the reader for the event to follow.

In the anxiety of her long wait, Curtius' wife reacts in typically feminine ways. First, her eyes react before her mind: there is an unexplainable fit of weeping. Throughout the whole day she is possessed with an intuitive feeling of disaster: nothing usual happens; she cannot consciously attend to her ordinary tasks; she follows, instead, an instinctive urge to look at things which belong to her husband. She sees such small details as "a rivet lost/ From out the helmet, and a ruby gone/ From the short sword-hilt" (CP, 258); impulsively she kisses Curtius' shield, and notices that Curtius' horse is restless. Strange imaginings puzzle her: she wonders why the "willows with their hanging locks" should resemble "dusk sybils, muttering sorrows to the air" (CP, 259). The ultimate omen of misfortune appears when, leaning against the throbbing neck of Audax, she hears the cattle drovers who, driving five sacrificial bulls to the

temple, laugh: "The gods will have it thus,/ The choicest of the earth for sacrifice,/ Let it be man or maid, or lowing bull!" (CP, 260). The contrast between the unconscious obtuseness of the drovers in their indiscriminate selection of sacrificial victims, which suggests their failure to recognize the real significance of the requirements of the gods, and the Roman matron's knowledge that her husband is "the choicest of the earth" (CP, 260) produces an irony which gives added force to the tragic significance of the drovers' statement. The woman's conscious mind knows the painful truth, but she pushes it aside and the poem concludes with her reflective ironic retreat: "I cannot choose but laugh, for what have I/ To do with altars and with sacrifice?" (CP, 260), leaving the reader with the feeling that the incongruities in life lie close to both tears and laughter.

The poem reveals Crawford's ability in the portrayal of emotional and mental energies that lie beneath the surface. Here she explores with psychological realism the anxiety of a woman desperately trying not to face a fact which she knows intuitively. In the Roman matron's reveries, self-questionings, and forebodings, Crawford shows a penetrating awareness of the workings of the human mind and its powers of introspection, imagination, and reflection.

Crawford's images linked to a married woman reminiscing about her husband are also appropriate. The Roman wife

imagining her husband seated on his horse Audax, his "strong knees/ Against his sides" (CP, 259), evokes a strongly sensuous response. And when Curtius' wife reveals to her husband "I strayed/ Where hangs thy best loved armour on the wall,/ And pleased myself by filling it with thee" (CP, 258), the image successfully evokes a loving wife's romantic imagination.

Crawford's use of blank verse, moreover, shows considerable technical command. It is supple enough that the colloquial vigour of the short syntactical units often obscures her metrical adroitness and dexterity, and one may perhaps fail to appreciate the easy skill with which she moves within the limitations of the metrical scheme. This suppleness is clearly seen when Curtius' wife says:

. . . And as they passed
 With quiet gait I heard their drivers say
 The bulls were for the Altars, when should come
 Word from the Oracles as to the Pit.
 O Curtius, Curtius, in my soul I see
 How black and fearful is its glutton throat!
 I will not look!
 O Soul, be blind and see not! (CP, 259).

The combination of a long sentence followed by a cluster of exclamations of varied lengths gives the effect of direct speech. No single line is entirely regular: the Roman matron's anxiety comes out in the broken uneven rhythms of anxious thoughts. The repetition of "O," the husband's name, and the adverb "not" evoke feelings of fear and foreboding, but there is no hysteria. The Roman matron is worried, but, as she suffers alone in her untiring vigil for her hero

husband, she communicates the self-control and courage befitting the wife of a soldier of Rome.

As in "Curtius," so in the majority of her other dramatic monologues: Crawford's imagination chooses a critical moment in the life of a single character and dramatizes his mental and emotional stress. Although her metrical form is constant, she demonstrates her capacity to adapt the form to suit a particular character and the tensions of his situation.

Compared to her social protest poems and some of her slight love and dialect verse, a few of Crawford's metaphysical lyrics, like her poems tracing the behaviour of the female under stress, are relatively successful. In "The Hidden Room," for example, Crawford appears to fuse matter and form into a fully satisfying work. In "The Hidden Room" the central metaphor of the soul as a house with many mansions, which is the controlling structural device, is hackneyed, but Crawford maintains the imagery with surprising control throughout the poem. And she captures the intensity of the desire of her persona to solve the mystery of the human soul in a series of epigrammatically terse questions which close the poem:

Yet marvel I, my soul,
 Know I thy very whole,
 Or dost thou hide a chamber still from me?
 Is it built upon the wall?
 Is it spacious? Is it small?
 Is it God, or man, or I who hold the key? (CP, 87).

She does not press the point, but dramatically leaves it

poised upon a question. The poem offers something of the restraint and appropriateness we associate with good seventeenth-century metaphysical poetry.

Crawford's most successful poems, however, appear when she creates images and metaphors in the language of the Canadian wilderness. "Canada to England," for example, is an extended metaphor of Canada's voice that begins as the untamed sound of wind in the forest. This voice, gradually humanized through technology (light fetters), religious faith (man's dominion over nature fulfilling God's word), and industry (the shout of busy men), finally is heard in the sounds of domesticated nature: the wind in the vines and wheat, and the lowing of cattle reflecting all that human art and science can create out of brute nature. Man has truly converted the wild voice into measured music, a nation of law and order. There were many post-Confederation political poems, easy refrains which the crowd could catch up in chorus, but few carry the intellectual and emotional impact of Crawford's.

Crawford's Malcolm's Katie can be judged no more than a moderately successful attempt at a sustained narrative. The narrative, centering on a love triangle, is banal, melodramatic, and sentimental, and the story is so obscured in the telling that it is difficult to know what happens and more difficult to remember what has happened. It is not clear how or why Alfred met Max in the woods, or

how Max was rescued from under the fallen tree where Alfred left him, or precisely what Alfred intended by leaping into the millrace with Katie, or even for certain whether Alfred is dead or alive at the end of the story.

Persons and events are difficult to follow and relate because the narrative is frequently interrupted by long, ornate passages of anthropomorphized nature. After the betrothal scene of Part I, the narrative stands still during the whole of Part II while Crawford engages in an extremely long Indian personification of the South Wind which immediately jars the reader with its marked shift in view from white to Indian. The narrative resumes in Part III but is interrupted again, after Alfred's rescue of Katie, with a rather lengthy personification, this time of the North Wind, which opens Part IV. Throughout most of this fourth section Max and Alfred exchange views on the nature of Time. Alfred's opinions, expressed in fairly formal rhetoric, are more heavily weighted than anything Max presents, thus upstaging Max. This section ends with Alfred's leaving Max for dead, and we are again confronted with another solid block of nature description in Part V which intrudes into the action. After we hear Alfred's thoughts presented in a lengthy passage, we listen to Crawford's relatively short (and effective) essay on the understanding of sorrow which opens Part VI, and proceed to still another fairly lengthy descriptive passage before the narrative resumes. The narrative

fails, in other words, to rise to the level of good storytelling because the descriptive passages which occupy too large a place quantitatively cause a structural lopsidedness.

And yet, although Crawford is unable to integrate the descriptive parts firmly into the narrative, she is able to interweave her six lyrics into the fabric of the poem. Their matter reinforces the central motif of the poem, the power of the constancy of love. The first lyric, beginning "O light canoe, where dost thou glide?" (CP, 197), closes the scene where the two lovers gliding in a canoe have just pledged their eternal love; the second, beginning "O Love builds on the azure sea" (CP, 205), celebrates the power of love and follows the passage where Max tells his neighbours of his love for Katie. The third, "a lily-song that Max had made" (CP, 211), is sung by Katie when, ecstatic with love, she compulsively dances on the log-jam. The fourth lyric, "Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!" (CP, 215) sung by Max, celebrates the conquest of nature and the enduring power of the nation. The song ironically precedes Alfred's arrival and provokes the ensuing debate between the optimistic hero and the cynical villain on the subjects of Time and Change. The fifth, a "forget-me-not" song, is sung by Katie to her father after Alfred's return from Max's bush farm; its theme of enduring love is ironic in view of the test to which Alfred later submits Katie, but it prepares the reader for Katie's constant behaviour throughout her subsequent ordeals.

The last, a sad song of love, beginning "Doth true Love lonely grow?/ Ah, no! ah, no!" (CP, 229), follows Katie's refusal to believe Alfred's lie, and provides the reader with clues to Katie's continued fidelity. The metrical forms of the songs, moreover, provide dramatic contrast and relief in much the same way that the aria does to the recitative in opera. The various verse-forms--the first in triplets, second in quatrains, third, irregular, fourth in couplets, and the last two in octaves--serve as an effective contrast to the blank verse rhythms of the poem. Crawford is more successful, then, fitting the lyrics, rather than the descriptive passages, firmly into the narrative, but Malcolm's Katie remains an aggregate of parts without any compelling unity.

Although Crawford finds human attributes in nature, and parallels its activities with those of human beings, her attempts to integrate the physical world with the human are also not completely successful. While it is true that Max is separated from Katie just as the Sun is separated from his "gold-eyed squaw, the Summer" (CP, 202), and his work is like the Moon (his "bright axe cleaved moon-like thro' the air") (CP, 202), Max is isolated from the Moon when he states that he has his own Sun. In fact, there is a confused sense of kinship with the life with which Crawford endows the physical world. For example, she uses king and stone images inconsistently. Malcolm is a king, but the forest tree is

also "the mossy king of all the woody tribes" (CP, 202) and Max, too, is a king who will not be a slave beneath its pillars. Rock images, also, are associated with all three male characters, with Malcolm, Alfred, and Max. Malcolm is "self-hewn from rock" (CP, 194); Alfred constantly refers to his heart as stone and granite; and Max is the granite which splits before the subtle strength of Katie's love. Crawford's white characters are erratic players in nature's drama: their relations with nature are constantly shifting in the quicksands of Crawford's rhetoric. And they do not enjoy the complete rapport with nature which the Indian symbolizes. There is no wholly complete integration between the world of nature and the events of the human drama.

However, Crawford's natural world is not, as Northrop Frye seems to suggest, an uncaring world with an uncaring Deity as the force behind it. The description of Indian Summer is of nature in loving action.¹⁶ The snow, the North Wind's white squaw, functions as a warm protective blanket, a regenerative force. In cyclical terms, winter is only temporary; there is hope of spring, of resurrection. In Crawford's description of the changes of the seasons there is a sense of a controlling cycle, a joyous feeling that there will be a return to spring and summer. The Sun, chief of all the tribes of nature, reminds the Moon of Evil Witches that summer "will turn again and come to meet me/ With the ghosts of all the stricken flowers" (CP, 201). By implication,

there is a harmony and order that fly in the face of Alfred's suggestion that all is in the hand of Chance, that an amoral chaos is the primary principle of life. The succession of the seasons, in their pattern of death and rebirth, is the sign of a life-process similar and related to that of man: the force of love is the life-generating force, the primary principle of life, reuniting the two lovers. There is neither the primeval lawlessness which Frye suggests is the central Canadian tragic theme, nor the evocation of stark terror which he claims is the outstanding achievement of Canadian poetry.

Although Crawford's response to nature is one of love, and although she advocates living close to it, to the point of even suggesting that the closer one gets to it the happier he will be, we must remember that Max struggles against the wilderness and conquers it. He is consistently associated with warrior imagery which does not harmonize with benign nature. He is made the waste-maker, destroyer of forest kings. "Like a victor," he stops to look at "his battlefield" of burning logs as "the sun/ Walked pale behind the resinous black smoke" (CP, 203). "The bare woodland bellowed in its rage," (CP, 202) as Max's "first-slain slow toppled to his fall" (CP, 202). Max, and, by extension, man, is obviously viewed as the enemy of nature. Although Crawford's Utopian community, in Katie's words, is located in "these wild and rocking woods," where homes made of

"unbarked trees" are "little," we must still consider the wasteland imagery which Crawford links with the wilderness.

In her use of imagery and metaphor, Crawford achieves the same mixed success. She undoubtedly demonstrates originality in her use of images drawn from the native Indian peoples and the Canadian wilderness. But her imagery--as in the personification of the South Wind which opens Part II--is often cluttered and bewildering:

The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
His useless wampum, beaded with cool dews,
Far from him northward; his long, ruddy spear
Flung sunward, whence it came, and his soft locks
Of warm, fine haze grew silvery as the birch.
His wigwam of green leaves began to shake;
The crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like squaws;
The small ponds pouted up their silver lips;
The great lakes eyed the mountains, whispered "Ugh!
Are ye so tall, O chiefs? Not taller than
Our plumes can reach," and rose a little way,
As panthers stretch to try their velvet limbs
And then retreat to purr and bide their time.

At morn the sharp breath of the night arose
From the wide prairies, in deep-struggling seas,
In rolling breakers, bursting to the sky;
In tumbling surfs, all yellowed faintly thro'
With the low sun; in mad, conflicting crests,
Voiced with low thunder from the hairy throats
Of the mist-buried herds. And for a man
To stand amid the cloudy roll and moil,
The phantom waters breaking overhead,
Shades of vexed billows bursting on his breast,
Torn caves of mist walled with a sudden gold--
Resealed as swift as seen--broad, shaggy fronts,
Fire-eyed, and tossing on impatient horns
The wave impalpable--was but to think
A dream of phantoms held him as he stood.
The late, last thunders of the summer crashed
Where shrieked great eagles, lords of naked cliffs
(CP, 198).

The passage contains a pot-pourri of images which conveys an

ostentatious and bewildering impression. Images drawn from the wilderness and Indian way of life immediately shift to East Indian animal, then to prairie and sea, and then change in quick succession to thunder, summer, bird, and west wind images. Once again, as in her prose, we are distracted by images which do not tie in closely with the theme. The passage shifts in time and place (the prairie metaphor seems to function in a vacuum and is extraneous). The extract lacks direction; images are lost through elaboration. Thirteen lines of repetitious sea images, for example, each coming from and going nowhere, confuse the reader. Mixed images, moreover, are forced into a network of casually related or unrelated imagery resulting in an artificial and contrived unity.

And although buried within Crawford's conglomeration are sharp and direct, imaginative and lyrical, single images such as "His useless wampum, beaded with cool dew" and "The small ponds pouted up their silver lips," the impact of such vivid images is lost because Crawford has piled image upon image "until we are almost breathless from the pressure."¹⁷ As Desmond Pacey has suggested, this method gives the sense of the confused intensity of a Canadian forest but the confusion is more apparent than the intensity.¹⁸

On occasion, however, Crawford is capable of an uncluttered sequence of images which conveys a unified impression. The following description of the coming of winter

evokes the power and intensity of seasonal change in a northern land:

. . . the scouts of Winter ran
 From the ice-belted north, and whistling shafts
 Struck maple and struck sumach, and a blaze
 Ran swift from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough,
 Till round the forest flashed a belt of flame,
 And inward licked its tongues of red and gold
 To the deep-crannied inmost heart of all (CP, 199).

The passage contains five separate images, each reinforcing the other and yet all blending into an ordered pattern in which the violence of the action is vividly suggested. First, winter's outriders run with torches of fire from the ice-belted north. The image of the "whistling shafts" evolves out of this initial image as the shafts become the agents of destruction. The fire image is then worked and reworked, as the fire undergoes a number of transformations. The "shafts" of fire merge into the third image, the blaze, which is swallowed by the fourth, a belt of flames which then dissolves into the fifth, the tongues of red and gold which finally lick deep into the very heart of the wild forest. The repetition and variations on the repetition tighten the dramatic effect of the drama. The size of the blaze is now narrowed down to belt-like compression. The belt of flame flashes round the forest. This tightly packed effect conveys the intensity of the violence of seasonal change which is wholly appropriate to a Canadian wilderness. The fire works methodically and thoroughly. It strikes particular trees, maple and sumach; it runs from leaf to leaf and from bough

to bough in an orderly fashion. Words such as round, belt, heart suggest more control than recklessness. Prepositions such as from and to demonstrate a logical sequence of actions. And such strong one-syllable verbs as ran, struck, flashed, and licked convey vigour and speed. Crawford's tone, moreover, is not simply one of terror or fear, but one of awe, wonder at the spectacle of the awesome power of the blazing fire, a fire which will ultimately cause a return to summer. She has thus envisioned the cyclical rhythm of nature as an effectively powerful, dramatic whole by thrusting the reader into the reality of the drama of the seasonal cycle through metaphor.

How to describe the wild grandeur of the new environment, of course, has been the Canadian poet's dilemma. Crawford's earliest predecessors such as Adam Burwell and Oliver Goldsmith had turned to the stock diction and imagery of poetry grounded in the mild and temperate English climate, and described the Canadian wilderness as an eighteenth-century English country garden. Charles Sangster continued the same trend, and imitated nineteenth-century English pastoral poetry. Crawford's contemporary, Charles Mair, responded more directly and intensely to the Canadian wilderness, but his response was still static and reflective,¹⁹ "a timid conventionalism" when compared to the novel vigour of Crawford's dramatic portrayals of the new environment.

By conjuring up a busy world of mighty spirits living

in the Canadian skies, Crawford attempts to come to imaginative grips with the Canadian wilderness. She does not present the Canadian wilderness to the reader by means of a succession of accurately observed descriptive details but by "fictions and metaphors that identify aspects of human personality with the natural environment."²⁰ In their total effect, her images bear witness to her love of the Canadian wilderness, the restless quality of her mind, and a well-stored memory. Unfortunately, however, Crawford lacks discipline. Her inability to select images combines with a more basic failure to grasp the Indian's true relationship with Nature, an understanding difficult for any white man. Thus, confusion results when she attempts to explain the cyclical nature of the seasons "through the heightened sensibility, imaginatively apprehended, of the Red Man."²¹

Malcolm's Katie has experienced mixed critical response. When it was first published in Crawford's 1884 collection, the National Graphic picked the poem as "the gem of the collection," "a genuine idyll of backwood life."²² In 1943 E. K. Brown judged the poem as "the best image a poet has given us of Canadian living in the years following Confederation."²³ But in 1952 Desmond Pacey termed the poem "tastelessly and clumsily florid."²⁴ In 1970 Bessai suggested that its being assessed a failure was "due in no small part to the expectations which we ordinarily bring to narrative poetry of the nineteenth century."²⁵ It seems

clear that the critic of the National Graphic and E. K. Brown praise the poem primarily as an historical document. Bessai seems to condemn it mainly for its lack of psychological credibility and Pacey chiefly for its florid style. Crawford's attempts to capture, in Indian metaphor, the violence of the coming of winter, and to unite human and non-human worlds are only successful to a limited degree. Moreover, her characteristic flaws--melodramatic and fortuitous incident, bad diction, repeated, inflated and confusing imagery, and an only partially successful narrative structure--also weaken the poem. Malcolm's Katie never fuses into a fully satisfying work.

Similar objections can be raised to Crawford's other long narrative, The Hunters Twain. As one might expect of Crawford, the poem lacks a smoothly coherent narrative movement. There is no evident plot and no clear-cut outline of events. Details of action, while of the flimsiest sort, are difficult to extricate. The excessively long introduction which establishes the themes sprawls in an erratic, obscure, and often incomprehensible fashion through a jumble of didactic and sentimental passages. The actual narrative movement begins only after this long introduction, and halts frequently to allow for Crawford's descriptions, lyrics, and editorial interpolations. For example, just after Ion says "I'll build the fire . . . Hope, without breakfast, has a swooning trick" (THT, 15) a needlessly long extended metaphor

personifying the arrival of the dawn, halts the flow of the narrative. And again later the same day, the song commonly known as "The Dark Stag" which Ion sings is so packed with detail that the reader becomes confused and loses trace of any story line. Although the lyric obviously reflects Ion's own estrangement from his beloved, it is a marked interruption of the flow of action. And still later in the day after Hugh says "against this lily bed/ We'll lie--and silence gild our dangling bait" (THT, 24) Crawford interrupts with a description of the psychological background of the two young men and an essay on fame which stop the action. Her penchant for breaking into her narrative, already noted in her other works, once again destroys illusion. Always the preacher, she obviously feels that the dramatic method alone does not sufficiently convey her meaning: she stresses her ideas by entering the exposition in her own voice. While one cannot deny her intensity of purpose and unquestioned sincerity, one still might wish that she had put more faith in the dramatic method.

Crawford's lyrics and long descriptive passages are not interwoven but wrenched into the context, resulting in a contrived unity. Her authorial interpolations, moreover, are not assimilated but remain fragmentary essay-like intrusions. Crawford's purpose in The Hunters Twain is frankly critical rather than narrative. She fails to integrate her elements firmly and subtly into the total

texture of the poem. The Hunters Twain illustrates, once more, Crawford's failure to control her structure.

Crawford's characterizations are also weak. Her two central figures, Hugh and Ion, are not convincing. Crawford is more interested in social reform than in portraying plausible persons. She pays scant attention to their appearance and dress and reveals little of their backgrounds. She presents their surroundings and their physical actions, limited as they are--fishing for trout, lighting campfires and paddling in canoes--in a credible manner, but she has poor command of their dialogue. Their speeches are so contrived and heavily wrought that Ion and Hugh appear as mere spokesmen for two antithetical points of view and lack psychological reality.

Basing his hope for a just social order in a providential God, Hugh represents the orthodox religious viewpoint and sees man as a fallible but perfectable creature. Ion, on the other hand, as one who cites experience as authority, represents religious skepticism, and views man as totally corrupt. The two young men pronounce their convictions in the stilted language of bombast. Ion:

Give me despair's strong certainty--I'll stand
On that grim cliff, and dominate the world
Aye--use it tripod-wise, and sybil-like
Look from it through the universe, and see
The birth of ruins, and the horrid flames
Of bursting worlds. . . . (THT, 17).

Hugh:

. . . Nay, pledge my constant friend
 And see, by faith, the wine kiss on his lips
 Already hot with Hell? Shall I behold
 The earth round out with dust by devils shed
 And dwarf tremendous Hope to that slight thing
 That from man's billions culls her, here and there,
 A Soul she fancies? God is God and Hope
 His chiefest Prophet! (THT, 35).

Such dialogue is mere grandiloquence. And so the debate continues with charges and countercharge. Ion ridicules Hugh for his naïve idealism: ". . . O God, your Hope/ Full-fed and prating peace from dimpling lips" (THT, 18). And Hugh chastises Ion for his cowardice:

Shame, Ion, shame! You of the feeble folk
 Who bend their own weak knees and wav'ring spines
 . . . and chitter-chatter of despair. . . .
 (THT, 17, 18).

An exchange of views of this kind is aimless, inconclusive and implausible.

Hugh, moreover, preaches hope in God, in a Being beyond and outside of nature, but it is to nature that he himself turns for inspiration and comfort:

I'll plunge to drowning depth in leaf-built waves,
 And let them wash me from this clanging world

 . . . The leafy waves shall wash
 The roaring of the city from my ears

 Then will I come again when I am heal'd
 And shout such gospel of the woods and plains. . . .
 (THT, 12, 13).

Hugh, then, obviously hopes to derive his strength from nature, not from God.

And an omniscient voice reinforces Hugh's faith in nature:

. . . And like a hunter God

effectively evokes the rhythms of wild nature governed by the rising sun. The power of physical forces, which is appropriate in a harsh, northern land, is suggested in such expressions as wild ducks splash, loons shriek, winds leap, and lakes roar. Moreover, a new and interesting anthropomorphism of nature as Indian, which is in keeping with a land originally inhabited by him, is conveyed in such native images as the hunter's arrow and his moccasins, the squaw-like shriek of the bittern, and the lighting of fall's council-fires. A wild non-human life, free, powerful, and varied is successfully combined with a wild, human world in terms of Indian life.

Most Canadian poets before Crawford had refused to see the wilderness as a powerful force in itself, and had rejected the Indian culture as alien to civilized man. But Crawford's forces of nature battle to death like Indian heroes. "The Dark Stag" is typical of how Crawford blends the elements of her originality as a poet: "the Canadian landscape . . . is grasped objectively; yet it is at once and completely infused with intensely subjective realizations of love and struggle and death."²⁶

For Crawford's best work in The Hunters Twain one must go to the lyrics "Said the Canoe" and "The Lily Bed," both of which most clearly demonstrate her skill and originality in metaphorical structures and wilderness imagery. For the setting of "Said the Canoe" Crawford presents a canoe as the

persona of the poem witnessing the making of a bush camp, a common wilderness activity which she herself either observed or participated in as a young girl. The canoe is seen as a woman in love. She tells how she is beached for the night by the hunters, her "masters twain" who make a bed of cedar, moss, and deerskins for her. They have enjoyed their day together, and now she is put to rest in a playful but affectionate manner: "[they] laughing, said: 'Now she shall lay her polished sides/ As queens do rest, or dainty brides,/ Our slender lady of the tides!'" (CP, 67). The marriage-bed metaphor of the hunters collates three images: "Queen," "Dainty bride," and "lady of the tides," all of which connote grace, beauty, and purity. Then, like a wife, well-used and respected, the canoe is content to be left protected and secure in her bed.

From her safe vantage point, she watches the bivouac preparations of her men, as they, flushed with the excitement of the day's activities, prepare to satisfy their carnal desires. As a woman in love, the canoe projects her own timid romantic feelings as she describes the work of the hunters in highly sensuous images. The burning camp-fire reflects their burning desires: "Large crimson flashes grew and whirled;/ Thin golden nerves of sly light curled/ Round the dun camp. . . ." (CP, 68). Unable to satisfy her desires further, she watches and comments on their activities. She listens to the hunters sing their songs, stretch fish out to dry, and make their own bed for the night. By the time the hunters have finished their preparations for the night, the canoe finally resigns herself to her position as observer.

The two love songs which the hunters sing in a light and witty vein are "loud of the chase and low of love," and are a form of ritual introduction to the feast which follows. The phrase "low of love" is significant because the songs do not treat serious love, but stress instead the sport of the hunt, the pursuit of the female by the male. This pursuit is symbolized in the form of two allegorical images: fishing and hunting. Each allegory traces the progress of the hunt in similar consecutive steps. In the first phase of the hunt, woman is elusive: the silver fish is "shy of the line and shy of gaffing" (CP, 69); the silver deer has feet "as swift as wing of swallow" (CP, 69). In the second, man pursues woman vigorously and persistently, enjoying the contest: the fisherman follows the fish in a "fierce" manner (CP, 69); the hunter chases the deer with "rushing arrows" (CP, 69). In the third and last phase man captures woman: the fish is caught and the deer slain. The thrill of the sport is over.

Crawford wishes to emphasize the conquest, and the hunters sing two songs instead of one. The first song interprets the conquest through the act of fishing and ends with the details of reeling in the fish:

And at the last shall we bring thee up
From the crystal darkness, under the cup
Of lily folden
On broad leaves golden? (CP, 69)

The canoe cynically envisions the object of the hunt in grotesque war and death images, so different from the peaceful love she knows: "They hung the slaughtered fish like swords/
On saplings slender; like scimitars,/ Bright, and ruddied

from new-dead wars,/ Blazed in the light the scaly hordes"
(CP, 69). And so with this catch, the hunters go to bed
satisfied, their carnal appetites served.

The canoe continues her story through the images of
the "lusty" stag and the "bat by the red flames." And "Said
the Canoe" concludes with uncertain shapes, ghostlike, pressing
against the camp as "white locks of tall waterfalls," which act
as a final curtain to the drama. In view of Crawford's fond-
ness for associating waterfalls with music, the night fittingly
ends in a minor key with "a dying fall." The men and canoe
sleep contented and satisfied with a day's work done.

The love which the hunters metaphorically celebrate is
not a serious one, motivated by a desire for a lasting relation-
ship. Theirs is a "light-winged," fleeting demand based on the
physical need of the moment. Woman is seen merely as property
and playmate. The canoe, the persona of the poem, represents
the former attitude, the two hunting songs the latter. Craw-
ford uses a talking canoe in a wilderness setting to inter-
pret love as conquest.

"The Lily Bed" begins with a narrative decoy, a practice
we witnessed in her prose. The reader expects a tale of a
fishing expedition but the lyric offers, in fact, a love story
depicting Crawford's belief in the power of the love of nature.
The opening stanzas establish a tranquil setting, and Crawford
builds up the emotional suggestions of love from its details.
She emphasizes the stillness of the late afternoon through the
sensitive interrelationship between the canoe and "lilies,"
"fish," "dragon-fly," "oriole" and "wave," each delicate inter-

play conveyed in a sharply-defined image. In the midst of this silence, although he sits in his canoe with his friend, Ion is alone in his sensual fantasy, fulfilling his wishes through his imagination. Like the canoe's romantic yearnings in "Said the Canoe," Ion's amorous thoughts are suffused with sexual implications. The elements of the wilderness are making love. The forest, "a proud and crested brave," embraces the lake, his "bead-bright" maiden, until finally "in triumph's rest," his image is painted in her breast. The song abounds with references to erogenous zones: lips, tongues, and breasts. There is an oscillating movement resembling a sexual rocking motion between the canoe and the water, and the canoe in the lily-bed. Even after Ion wakens from his reverie, and draws up his cedar paddle, he imagines the lily blossoms embracing his canoe with their "cool lips." Later he envisages them as young women weaving a bar "with breast and lip." He sees the Evening Star, Venus, the goddess of beauty and the patroness of love of all kinds, animal and human, spiritual and sensual, steal from her lodge and in an amorous mood grasp the red mane of a cloud.

The use of the swaying motion, the language and imagery of love, the sexual union on different levels, as well as the image of the paddle as a phallic symbol that is "thrust down," drawn up and "pushed out" are all united in Ion's erotic vision. And yet the silence of the scene permeates the whole poem. The love-making is described in gentle words: by adjectives like "cool," "frail," "light," and "soft;" by

nouns like "stillness" and "silence." The connotations of delicacy associated with the lilies, and the many allusions to the soft lily-bed as well as the soft and gentle rocking rhythms, combine to idealize the passions linked with love-making. Because the lyric is placed immediately after a description of Ion's flight from "his false falcon love," this juxtapositioning provides contrast and gives Ion's amorous thoughts sharper focus than they would have otherwise. Crawford's imagination which interweaves the fantasy and reality of Claudia di Pansa's mental state during Cyril's cross-examination is at work again, entering the subconsciousness of a disappointed lover and exposing the elemental forces of a psyche wandering between worlds of appearance and reality, dreaming of the ecstasies of romantic love.

Cursory reading of "The Lily Bed" may provoke only confusion with its quaint eccentricity and apparent ineptitude. But if we look below the surface, we find that the realistic images of the physical setting and all their accompanying sensations imply simultaneously Ion's love of nature and nature in love. The poem is about the abstract quality of love, but not once is the word love specified. We feel love solely through the images which awaken emotional and sexual associations in our minds.

The poem, then, is a love song that exerts a strange fascination: the auditory effects of the twenty-eight rhyming

couplets are compellingly hypnotic, the emotional effects of the sequence of erotic images strangely provocative. Once again, as in "Said the Canoe," Crawford builds clear metaphors one on another, and these are skillfully assimilated into a wilderness tableau. The poem is not merely a series of pictorial images, but a coherent whole in which all nature is conceived in romantic terms.

"Said the Canoe" and "The Lily Bed" are simultaneously about the nature of love, the love in nature, and the love of nature. Perhaps Crawford, a young unmarried woman, was here exploring her own secret yearnings but the possibility must remain mere conjecture. The poems attempt to understand the complexities of love in the language and imagery of wild nature. Crawford is attuned to the rhythms and character of the Canadian wilderness, and uses the primitive landscape as metaphor rather than in explicit description. The power and individuality of the lyrics stem from three sources: the exploration of a theme as timeless and universal as love in the metaphor of a wilderness experience; the use of clearly defined images in the manner of modern poets; and the attempt to explore the human psyche through the psychological insights of a talking canoe and a dejected lover.

The Hunters Twain, then, offers examples of Crawford's best writing. But the narrative as a whole can be assessed as only moderately successful. As a social protest poem, The Hunters Twain fails because Crawford so loses

control of her expression that at times it degenerates into the worst sort of melodramatic writing. An omniscient voice cries out with the unrestrained rhetoric of anger on behalf of the poor and for a better distribution of wealth:

With the illimitable wilderness around
 From the close city hives--rang up the groan
 'So little space! we starve--we faint--we die!'
 Lord! Lord! to see the gaping city sewer
 Beaded with haggard heads--and hungry eyes
 Peering above the heaving of the drains
 And hear the harsh, unreasonable cry
 'We starve, we starve!' While half a world lay fresh
 And teeming, out beyond the city gates! (THT, 9).

Crawford's attempts to mobilize good men in the fight for justice fails, as they invariably do, because Crawford is a painful preacher. Her gifts for the didactic poem of purpose are thus severely limited.

Limited, too, are Crawford's abilities to write long narrative poetry. As in Malcolm's Katie, Crawford fails in The Hunters Twain, to integrate plot, setting, characters and lyrics firmly into the fabric of the long poem.

Since we lack definite dates of composition for most of Crawford's work, even for her two most ambitious narratives--Malcolm's Katie and The Hunters Twain--it is a virtual impossibility to establish, with any real accuracy, the order, and hence the development of Crawford's poetry. But it seems that during her life there may have been a decline in her technical competence. Poems like "My Darling," which was printed in the last few months of her life, are as poor as anything she had ever written. However, it may long have

been lying in some forgotten bottom drawer of her desk. Such a hypothesis is, at least, more charitable than to assume a total breakdown both of technical proficiency and critical sense. To judge from the dates of publication alone, there seems to be no marked improvement in substance or style. One cannot claim for Crawford, as one can for Keats, a remarkable development within a short life span. From her first published poem in 1873 to her last in 1886, Crawford's poems reveal her persisting concern with the Canadian landscape, pioneer life, and social issues, political and religious themes as well as her constant pre-occupation with love. Within this thirteen-year span of her literary career, the forms of her poems undergo little change. She consistently uses the currently popular stanza forms, couplets, tercets, and quatrains, and ignores the sonnet and the various forms of vers de société popular with other writers of her time. She also reveals some flexibility with a predilection for loose and irregular forms. In "Hast Thou," one of her last selections published in The Globe, January 1, 1886, for instance, three octaves of iambic tetrameter alternating with trimeter are combined with corresponding experimentation with line length and interlaced rhyme, while another, "The Pessimist" published five months later in the same paper, is composed of eleven quatrains of alternate pentameter and trimeter. Instead, then, of a growing mastery of technique, Crawford's work as a whole displays too fre-

quently her characteristic failings: overpowering sentimentality and melodrama, extravagant imagery, and an overwrought style. But at its best, it also reveals distinctive strengths: metaphorical skill, dramatic energy, psychological insight, emotional intensity, lyrical ability, and imaginative power.

The quality of Crawford's poetry is, doubtlessly, uneven. But she does try to interpret the issues and realities of the new industrial age. She dramatizes the psychological struggles of women, and tries to contribute something new from her personal experience. She records the heroism of Canadian pioneers and the magnificence of the Canadian wilderness. She gives us glimpses into the literary past of our country and represents early English-Canadian poetic activity. As Desmond Pacey has suggested, Crawford's art is too often "tastelessly and clumsily florid," but as Hazlitt said of Collins, the germ is there.

CHAPTER VIII

COMMON THEMES AND IMAGES

When one examines the total body of Crawford's work--prose and verse--one finds that certain beliefs and images persistently recur. When these images and beliefs are analyzed, themes emerge which permit one to draw inferences regarding Crawford's attitudes to life and death and her beliefs about God, man, and nature.

Life is mainly struggle and suffering. Themes of man's inhumanity to man--his cruelty, treachery, greed, deception, and hypocrisy--are found throughout all of Crawford's works. Predatory beast and bird, serpent, and battle imagery as well as imagery from Greek history, religion, and the class structure--the tyranny of kings and priests, in particular--convey the suffering which Crawford sees in the world. Crawford especially likes to equate human destitution with wild animal images. In "September in Toronto," famine glares with "wolf-red eyes" (CP, 151). "Want [is] the wolf of great cities" in "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmás;" (TLD, 3), and in Helen's Rock "the wild beast poverty" in London lurks in "some feverish lair" (HR, 18-7).

Always the humanitarian, Crawford is deeply concerned with social injustices. The master-slave relationship is a favorite subject for her scorn. Spartan-Helot images in

"The Helot" have been already mentioned. The consistency and frequency with which these Greek images recur reveal Crawford's hatred of any type of slavery. In The Heir of Dremore this hatred is directed at man's slavery to drink: the drunken baronet is "a willing Helot to his driving demon" (HD, 8-16). In "His Christmas Love" it is technology that is slave to man: a train crash is a "Titanic struggle between man and the Helot forces he has enslaved" ("HCL" PM, 21:102).

Crawford is most vehement in her protests against unfair authorities who dominate man. Drawing her imagery from Christian rites of worship, she attacks profiteering war-mongers who exploit man in the name of civilization and religion. She also rebels against the subjugation of the working man by the wealthy, and an economic system which allows famine amidst "large Plenty" (THT, 3). And it is significant that the majority of her prose characters--the eccentric, perverse, ostracized, lonely, and sick--are broken down by alcohol or are the victims of the domineering male or a cruel society. Their unrestrained passions--hysteria, hallucination, delirium tremens, madness, brutality, and violence--constitute one of Crawford's major imaginative preoccupations. A human world of pain and misery is a dominant theme.

Another prominent theme is the decrepitude and decay which characterize life. This mortality of life is often

expressed in images of graves, ruins, finite time, and the fragility of flowers. In [Belfry House], the Footes live in "the sole ruin" of a church that had been made "as lasting as the bricks of Egypt" (BH, 3). In Malcolm's Katie, one hears that "below the roots of palms, and under stones/ Of younger ruins, thrones, towers and cities/ Honeycomb the earth" (CP, 217). In this same poem we also hear that "[Time's] iron finger wrote on mountain sides/ Her deeds and prowess, and her own soft plume/ Wore down the hills" (CP, 218). In The Hunters Twain, we hear that daisies are dying on graves. And in La Tricoteuse, the curé reminds the children that "the ground [they] dance upon will make graves, one day" (LaT, 7).

Images conveying the notion of waste and worthlessness also reveal Crawford's attitude towards man's mortal body. In such poems as "His Clay," "The Mother's Soul," and "He Arose and Went into Another Land," clay images are used. In "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas," the body is described as "the outer husk" and the soul "the point of life." Also captive images such as "tyrant," "enemy," and "chained" illustrate Crawford's belief in the imprisonment of the soul within the body. In both her prose and poetry, Crawford's characters look forward to the separation of the soul from the body. In "Gisli, the Chieftain," at the hour of death, the "soul/ Stirred like strong mead in wassail bowl" (CP, 186), and in "The Mother's Soul," the soul of the dead child

"sprang from its clay" (CP, 57). "Earth-life" as Crawford calls it in Helen's Rock, then, is merely a temporal existence characterized by mortality and suffering.

But despite the suffering and mortality, there is considerable joy in Crawford's world. In "Gisli, the Chieftain" "life is strong and life is sweet!" (CP, 180). In La Tricoteuse "it is a pleasure to live" (LaT, 5). "Laughter" celebrates the joy of living. And although ". . . Joy hath her limits set," in "Joy's City" (CP, 103), a large assortment of images depicts the happiness which does exist in life. Cymbals clash to celebrate a Canadian harvest in "September in Toronto," and in "The Inspiration of Song" the lyre sings of "Love, fair Joy and Rest," bursts to "trumpet tones" to sing "of power, high deeds, and Fame" (CP, 59). In "A Wooing" a happy maiden is "Damsel of the songs of Schumann/ Virgin of the notes of Thalberg." And in "The Deacon's Fate" "the great bass, Toots" sings "The Storm," "Sweet By-and-Bye" and "selections from great Offenbach."

Besides music images, Crawford is fond of butterfly imagery to convey happiness. In "Fairy Toil" laugh is "a zigzag butterfly" (CP, 51), and in La Tricoteuse "laughing children outrun the butterflies" (LaT, 32). But happiness is most frequently linked to sunlight, spring, and summer. In La Tricoteuse the sun brings back one's youth and "Dame Chinnette stretch[es] her hands into the sun" (LaT, 4, 5).

In [Philip Dudley] Madge, happy in love, has "a whole summer in each eye" (PD, 93). In fact, so important is the feeling of joy that in The Hunters Twain Crawford even associates it with the divine: "Joy wrings strong wine into one's soul."

A valuable source of joy in "earth-life" is the world of physical nature. Although Crawford recognizes the dangers of natural forces in a northern land, the benevolence of these forces, rather than their malevolence, is a recurring theme in her works. The spectacular beauty and power of the Canadian landscape throughout the four seasons invariably arouse feelings of sensory pleasure, admiration, and even exultation. In "Tudor Tramp," the young man's "mind sent out, touched, handled, caressed, and indeed worshipped in a Pagan way" (SS, 57) the summer beauty before him. As is usual with Crawford, a wide assortment of images is used to depict the beauty of nature. For example, the image of twigs "painted on the snow as if inlaid in jet and pearl" (GRGD, 3) appeals to the eye. This sort of winter beauty is often found in Crawford's works.

Besides possessing beauty which offers sensory pleasure, nature has power to provide spiritual nourishment to those who can surrender to it. In "Love and Reason," Crawford insists that only "Sweet Nature's wild, enchanting charm" "the soul can warm" (CP, 90). In The Hunters Twain Hugh escapes into nature for refuge from the wickedness of city life, and the lovelorn Ion, in his distress, also retreats there for comfort

and healing. Although we never discover whether the two young men actually find spiritual sustenance and redemption in nature because the narrative is unfinished, Ion sings "The Lily Bed" in which he achieves the ecstasy of complete union with nature.

Crawford views nature as a source of sensory pleasure, and it is only seldom that she depicts natural phenomena as manifestations of the hand of a Creator. In "The Ghosts of the Trees" she pays tribute to God

Who laid in the secret earth the seed,
And with strong hand
Knitted each woody fetter and band (CP, 177).

In "Gisli, the Chieftain" she envisions a world created by an omnipotent and omniscient God:

Beneath the spandrels of the Way
Worlds rolled to night--from night to day;
In Space's ocean suns were spray.

Grouped worlds, eternal eagles, flew;
Swift comets fell like noiseless dew;
Young earths slow budded in the blue.

The waves of space, inscrutable,
With awful pulses rose and fell,
Silent and godly--terrible.

Electric souls of strong suns laid
Strong hands along the awful shade
That God about His God-work made (CP, 184).

A feeling of the awesome immensity of the universe obedient to the one power is, in these two instances, clearly evoked. But Crawford does not always see the world as filled with the glory of God, nor does she often go directly to the wilderness to find Him.

Whether she is writing prose or verse, however, Crawford consistently animates nature. Added to her awareness of physical beauty and power are Crawford's anthropomorphism and her interest in the pathetic fallacy. The physical world, like the human, is in a constant state of flux, paralleling the human by offering both suffering and joy. War imagery, as in the human world, describes the battles of celestial bodies as they struggle for seasonal and diurnal supremacy in "An Interregnum" and "The Dark Stag." In "The Legend of the Mistletoe" predatory beast images are "red in tooth and claw:"

. . . Winter, like a wolf all lean,
 With sharp, white fangs bit at weak woodland things,
 Pierced furry breasts, and broke small painted wings,
 And from dim homes all interlocked and green

Drove little spirits. . . . (CP, 153).

The lupine metaphor impresses us with the suffering and pain which also exist in the natural world. Nature, like man, has its decay and death, and images of the rose with thorns and cankers recur frequently. In "The Death of a Queen," summer laments the death of its very "soul," the lovely rose. And in La Tricoteuse, "beauty passeth like a flower" (LaT, 25).

Images of spring, summer, light, flowers, and music portray the joys of life in nature. In "The Poet of Spring" flowers of all kinds frolic to Spring Ariel's lute. In "The Harp of Spring" spring is a harp which makes music when any living thing brushes against it. And in "Said the Daisy" we

encounter Crawford's predilection for portraying the gaiety of a Canadian summer:

"This is a morn for song," sang out the lark,
 "O silver-tressed beloved!" My golden eye
 Watched his brown wing blot out the last star-spark
 Amidst the daisy cloudlets of the sky.
 "No morn so sweet as this, so pure, so fair--
 God's bud time," so the oldest white thorn said,
 And she has lived so long; yet here and there
 Such fresh white buds begem her ancient head
(CP, 35).

In nature, too, then, happiness is the triumph of love. In fact, Crawford plainly states in "The Wooing of Gheezis:"
 "The Manitou is love, and . . . love/ Gives all of power"
 (OSPMK, 103).

Nature, also, like the human world, has its rebirth and redemption. In Malcolm's Katie Indian Summer scolds the Moon of Falling Leaves for destroying her, but she reminds him:

I am still the mother of sweet flowers
 Growing but an arrow's flight beyond you
 In the Happy Hunting-Ground--the quiver
 Of great Manitou, where all the arrows
 He has shot from His great bow of Power,
 With its clear, bright singing cord of Wisdom,
 Are re-gathered, plumed again and brightened,
 And shot out, re-barbed with Love and Wisdom;
 Always shot, and evermore returning (CP, 202).

There is the promise of new life and regeneration betoken of a wise, powerful and loving Manitou.

In the same poem, too, the North Wind calls upon his white squaw, the snow, to spread its warm blanket over the earth and cover it "ere the waking of the Sun" (CP, 215).
 The snow thus functions as a protective force to ensure the

cyclical rhythm of nature.

The seasonal cycle in Malcolm's Katie is illustrated in images drawn from the Indian world, but in "A Creed" Crawford uses Judeo-Christian images:

. . . the gnarled tree
Shall lie as it doth fall;
But from its sin-scarr'd bark we'll see
New branches green and tall

Thrust out their juicy stems beneath
The love dew God sends down.

The permanence of nature is evidence of a benevolent Christian God.

Although Crawford values nature for its beauty and power, however, she sometimes paradoxically assumes the right of man to destroy it. In "Canada to England" she rejoices in the triumph of civilization: "man hath dominion" are "the words of God" (CP, 237). But on other occasions, as in The Hunters Twain and [Belfry House], she expresses her fear of the dangers of industrialization to the environment, and distrusts the growth of the cities of the New World and the spread of technology, for man must not presume in an age of triumphant technology that he can permanently subdue nature. In Malcolm's Katie and again in The Hunters Twain she rejects the current idea of progress, the notion that the world had improved and would continue to improve, that man would master nature more and more completely in an invincible march of progress. And just as she rejects Malcolm Graem's selfish materialism, embodied in his great farmhouse, for "the home

of Max with wealth of drooping vines/ On the rude walls. . . ." (CP, 235), in "In the Breast of a Maple" she similarly rejects Dalmas's house which dominates the landscape for the De Meury home with vines intertwining the decaying walls, a harmonious blending of nature and human architecture. Crawford, then, seems to be saying that union with nature cannot be achieved through technical progress.

Crawford's constant theme is, of course, the power and value of love. Love can be achieved only through sacrifice and service, whether it be love between man and woman, love of one's country, love of one's neighbour, or the love of parents for their children. This belief is central to Crawford's concept of love. In "Late Loved--Well Loved," one hears, "I know the rose that love should wear/ Must redden as the heart hath bled!" (CP, 102). Crawford's leading characters in love--Claudia, Max, Cyril, and Katie--all suffer before they achieve happiness. And sacrificial images--wine, bulls, blood, and incense--are often used to express love. In Helen's Rock, for example, Claudia explains Viola's love for Cyril:

I believe Viola would swing censers before
you . . . or offer up white bullocks in old
Roman fashion at your shrine. . . . (HR, 3-10).

Moreover, two of Crawford's male characters, Julian and Antony, sacrifice their lives for their passion. Love lifts the lover to the highest summit of self-sacrifice and devotion so that it becomes easy, even sweet, to die for the beloved.

And the inanimate world, too, demands sacrifice: "Rose trees" during a storm, pour "a red libation of sweet, ripened leaves" (CP, 245). The nation, also, expects sacrifice. In "Curtius" we hear:

The choicest of the earth for sacrifice,
Let it be man or maid, or lowing bull! (CP, 260).

Crawford's belief in "philia" or the Christian idea of brotherly love is another important aspect of her concept of love. In "Love, Stay for Me" love is "the blood that builds the soul," that allows man to become God-like. It motivates man's potential for good, rearing "the other's grand, diviner part" and enabling him to forgive and conquer evil. If man would exercise his God-given gift of love, the world would be a better place. It is the triumph of love among men which creates the ideal society of Malcolm's Katie.

Crawford often associates love with the divine.

In "Let No Man Put Asunder," Madame Van Bose tells Rose who wants to know "what love is, apart from poetry and novels" that "love ought to be a friend . . . to help one climb a little nearer heaven. . . . Love, to be true, must be no passion, as they call it nowadays, but more or less divine" (PM 9:533). Love motivates man to perform those acts which will win him eternal rewards.

Crawford recognizes love as a basic human need.

Alone, we are imperfect; we need complete union with another to achieve our own self-fulfilment. In From Yule to Yule Mrs. Leighton advises the melancholic Claudia Macnair:

You are treating your heart just as the Chinese do trees--cutting the roots and nipping and pinching and wounding to dwarf a naturally large growth. I am out of patience with you! Let your heart grow my pet. . . . (FYY, 3-13).

Intent on trying to explain love in its widest sense, Crawford relies on a wide range of images. Love "is the grand song of the universe" (PD, 3-12); it is "Fair Nature's loveliest child" (CP, 91). "If one knows not love he is a sorrow to the Gods" (HR, 6-3). Rich and dazzling jewels illustrate the beauty of love. Mythological gods and goddesses--Cupid, Eros, Aphrodite, Diana--convey its desire and passion. Metal images evoke its strength and power: in "Love, Stay for Me," "Love welds iron hands,/ Steel knots. . . ." Scientific images convey the necessity of love: in From Yule to Yule Mrs. Leighton reproaches Claudia Macnair for her failure to show any affection towards her ward who is her latest scientific experiment:

Science learns to love its subject or falls short of results. I can fancy Auber loving his bees, and Darwin the worms in his garden. . . . You forgot love for the subject of your experiment--Claudia (FYY, 7-12, 13).

And so awesome is its power that in Helen's Rock Claudia calls it "a fearful thing" and "an awful gift." In "Let No Man Put Asunder," this same sentiment is expressed by Rose who says, "I am too cowardly to love . . . at least to encourage the grande passion" (PM, 9:533). Love is the real or impelling force of man's actions, and Crawford acknowledges the lordship, the authority of Love. The last

chapter of Helen's Rock, her major prose work dealing with the importance and power of love, is entitled "Love is Lord of All." Love is the supreme experience of life, its end and object, the means by which the soul is saved, whereby man wins intimations of what is perfect, infinite, and immortal. In "The Wishing Star" lovers look forward to a perfect union in the afterlife "Brightened by Immortality--not lost" (CP, 250). Crawford celebrates the three biblical virtues, faith, hope, and charity, but declares in "Thanksgiving Day" that charity, a compassionate Christian love which is also enlightenment, is "the last, the greatest of the three!"

But it is the effulgent image of the celestial bodies, the sun, moon, and stars, that Crawford uses in both her prose and poetry to irradiate her constant belief in the power of love. In a metaphorical sense, love is the power of every form and manifestation of light. Love transforms the whole world as does the sun.

If love is essential for the complete fulfilment of man, a fully felt experience of joy and sorrow is a precondition for a real understanding of life. In [Philip Dudley], Crawford states this belief very clearly:

To see a picture of mountain peaks is one thing--to stand on their crags and feel thier sweet, fierce winds, thier deluging sunlight sheer from the hylas, to hear thier torrents and smell thier pines another. A man must live his own life, niether painter or poet can live it for him for echoes and shadows tell little except that wind and sun exist (PD, 3-8).

In Helen's Rock, emotion is linked to the divine when Crawford

plainly states that the capacity of man to feel emotion makes him "God-like" (HR, 11-6). Emotion is thus associated with man's spiritual, not animal nature. Inability to feel is a "frightful state" (HR, 10-2) which "petrifies the very pulses of the heart" (HR, 10-2). Life without emotion is death. In Helen's Rock there appears the equation, "I live--I feel" (HR, 11-6).

The emotion of sorrow is especially important because it is the beginning of insight and leads to emotional growth and maturity. This view is expressed many times in both Crawford's prose and poetry. In [Philip Dudley] we hear that "where sorrow has dwelt the eyes grow strangely clear" (PD, 3-9); in Helen's Rock, we again hear that "not to be able to suffer . . . means an inner and terrible death. . . ." (HR, 11-6). And in Malcolm's Katie a long passage beginning "Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all" (CP, 229) celebrates the value of sorrow.

But Crawford also puts forward the view that too much sorrow may prove destructive because it disturbs the judgment of the intellect and affects the will. In Helen's Rock she explains Paolo's degeneration into madness:

Much sorrow has made him [Paolo] mad.
His character is naturally one which would require time to mellow and soften it, the gentle touches of commonplace griefs and the soothing influence of those quiet ordinary joys which are like the daily sunlight. This scorpion scourging has convulsed his immature soul, the depths of his crude, passional nature, and for a moment, reason that slow builder in the human soul, shudders and pauses on the steps of the throne she is chisseling for herself (HR, 10-5).

In this passage a variety of unpleasant images are linked to sorrow, from the noun "scorpion" to the adjectives "immature," "crude," and "passional." Crawford associates excessive sorrow with passion, man's animal nature. In Pillows of Stone, we hear that "most men at a crisis of personal tragedy revert by some rapid Darwinian process to primitive expressions of emotions" (PS, 67).

And Crawford writes with biting scorn against such manifestations of passion as brutality and violence. Although she does not attack "the grande passion" of lovers, she is filled with the savage indignation of a writer profoundly disturbed, against the wicked passions of men. Crawford may advocate the liberation of emotion, but there are times when, perhaps inconsistently, she admires its repression.

Themes of courage and endurance permeate all Crawford's works. When she wishes to show her admiration of self-control her imagination relies, more often than not, on images taken from ancient Rome. When she wishes to praise Desmond Dremore's courage in his confrontation with his drunken father, she chooses an image from Roman history: ". . . no martyr ever towered calmer before the spring of lions in the Roman amphitheatre than Black Dremore" (HD, 8-13). And throughout Helen's Rock Crawford repeatedly associates Cyril with Curtius, the self-sacrificing and heroic Roman, to illustrate Cyril's self-control. When Dr. Seva, for example, compares Cyril to "Curtius on the brink

of the chasm" and declares that "he is a hero!" (HR, 16-11), the doctor, who is fully aware of Cyril's dilemma during Claudia's insanity, pays Cyril a very high tribute, indeed.

The courage of such women as the wife of Curtius, Esther, Vashti, and Semiramis is also celebrated. Crawford's allusions to Semiramis reinforce the idea of courage and self-reliance. In Helen's Rock, Giuseppa, who protects her mistress, Claudia, from the wrath of Cyril and Paolo, is called "a rustic Semiramis" (HR, 7-18). In The Heir of Dremore, the fourteen-year-old Moyna's courage in the service of love is so great that she is referred to as "a small Semiramis" (HD, 4-7). And Crawford's heroines, too, Claudia Macnair and Claudia di Pansa, are praised for their restraint during their mental and emotional ordeals. In fact, all the characters Crawford respects possess self-control.

While love and emotional experience provide fulfillment on earth, however, perfect happiness is found only in the life hereafter, in a supernatural world above and beyond the temporal. Death, for Crawford, is life's greatest blessing, since it delivers the soul from the realm of the temporal to immortality. Rarely in her work is there any fear of death or mourning for the brevity of life. Death is invariably envisioned in images of singing, music, angels, and light, as a happy and desirable event. In Helen's Rock,

Julian dies to the strains of an air which his smiling mother sings, and the author's voice states that "the gates of earth life were closing behind him to the 'music of the spheres'" (HR, 13-8). In "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas," a little urchin's dying words are "Death--ain't--nuthin. It's jest a great-light-an'--lots of singin'--Death is" (TLD, 10). In the poems, too, images of angelic presences and heavenly music accompany the dead at the hour of death. Angels greet the dead in "The Mother's Soul," and in "Gisli, the Chieftain" trumpets call the soul of Gisli's victim. In "He Arose and Went into Another Land," angels chant a bold Te Deum Laudamus as a dead man's soul rises to Heaven. Death, then, is not, in Crawford's view, an end, but a beginning, an occasion for joy.

Death celebrates the liberation of the immortal soul from the mortal body. It is an escape to the comfort of Heaven from the suffering of earth. Crawford depicts this Heaven in a variety of images which range from Homeric Elysian Fields, to Buddhist Nirvana, Norse Valhalla, Manitou's happy hunting-ground, and the Christian Paradise. Her belief in an eternal life where man can ultimately find repose, is changeless. And images of light and music reveal the hereafter as a place of supreme joy and spiritual enlightenment. In "Gisli, the Chieftain" high Valhalla rings with harps as grey bards sing in the "Halls of the Blest." In "Eyes that See Not," angels have "God's light upon their

faces."

However, Crawford does not view Heaven completely within the Christian context. Human beings do not aspire to a union with the Divine but with each other. Julian thinks of Heaven in terms of Claudia: "There is a Heaven in which to remember thee!" (HR, 13-8). Antony, too, looks forward to a time when he and Cleopatra can be reunited. Lovers in "Late-Loved, Well-Loved" anticipate the total fulfilment of their love in Heaven. Crawford views Heaven, then, not as a place where human beings experience the beatific vision, but as a place of reunion for human souls.

Entrance to Heaven is gained by a righteous life: there is no man specially favoured by the gods, and Crawford makes this belief abundantly clear. In The Heir of Dremore, one hears that "man curses Fate--and lo! her veiled arm is his own for man is the Master and moulder of that vast and terrible shape" (HD, 7-7). And in "The King's Garments" Crawford's belief is again clearly stated:

For Law immutable hath one decree,
'No deed of good, no deed of ill can die;
All must ascend unto my loom and be
Woven for man in lasting tapestry,
Each soul his own.' Now, tyrant, dare to die
And claim thy robes of which I prophesy! (CP, 150).

In The Hunters Twain, too, when Ion challenges Hugh to prove that "God is God and Hope/ His chiefest Prophet," Hugh replies, "Proof, proof! . . . nay work the problem out/ Alone." Crawford thus insists that each man must control his own destiny and accept responsibility for his own salvation.

Crawford, then, espouses the Christian doctrine of good works: man must earn his Heaven. Her declaration "each soul his own" (CP, 150) echoes and reechoes throughout her works.

"Each soul his own" may seem to suggest selfish self-interest rather than a shared caring for mankind, but this independence is asserted only towards an institutional church and communal worship. Crawford keeps insisting on social reform entailing action on the part of each human being. In "Hast Thou," for example, man's torch must ". . . cheer the hosts of Right,/ Confound the hordes of Wrong." Since man's nature is dual, he must wrestle with his two wills to achieve the good: in Helen's Rock, one hears that "the evil has its fell strength--as the good in [Claudia] is Godlike (HR, 4-10). Despite a seeming disparity, one view, however, remains constant: man has a moral responsibility towards his fellow man.

Although Crawford's belief that good deeds on earth will be rewarded in Heaven is clear, her views on the punishment of sin in a future life are extremely vague. Neither her prose nor her poetry offers any definite viewpoint. She portrays the end of "earth life" as a time of judgment. In "The King's Garments" God is a judge sentencing man according to the good and evil he has done on earth. But never in her treatment of this life are there any explicit statements or images suggesting such central Christian beliefs

as Christ's redeeming death on the cross or the importance of obedience to the ten commandments or to the authority of the church.

Man may err, but he is not the servant of the devil. In "Old Spookses' Pass" Crawford espouses the belief that God would not allow a devil to impede man's entrance into Heaven, and rejects the Christian notion of Hell. Hell is more often equated with such stereotyped images as blackness, evil, and destruction. And there are times when Hell is found in the tortured dark disturbances of the mind: madness, hysteria and hallucinations. The dark Macnair tower where Dick is sent when he is bad is a Hell. Liquor is linked with Hell. In A Little Bacchante, Gwendolin screams, "I will have no brandy. . . . It is a Satan!" And when Crawford places Hell in the afterlife, she uses pagan images. In "The King's Garments," Hell is ". . . beyond the Stygian gloom. . . ." (CP, 149); in Helen's Rock, while Lilith's "two little children slipped into Heaven. . . ." her husband "crossed the Styx, maudlin with brandy. . . ." (HR, 18-20). In the same novel we also hear that the devil "is a natural force and therefore belongs to Science. . . ." (HR, 14-10). In Malcolm's Katie, after Alfred's lie about Katie's broken troth, in a moment of doubt Max exclaims:

. . . Satan, answer me;
I cannot call on God for answer here! (CP, 221).

But immediately after Max's plea the poet rejects Max's "Satan" and declares that "a voice from God came thro' the

silent woods/ And answered him. . . ." (CP, 221).

But in The Hunters Twain Hugh expresses an orthodox Christian belief in the existence of Hell:

Shall I pass sentence and condemn myself,
To present Hell, and consort with damn'd souls?
Kiss future fiends? and touch the tender hand
That yet shall glow in torment? bow before
The sage, and see him, kernel-wise, set in
Ripe flames? (THT, 35).

Hugh's words are evidently not in keeping with Crawford's views elsewhere in her work. However, Hugh is the spokesman for the religious viewpoint in the debate which takes place in The Hunters Twain, and one would expect him to express such an eschatology. But Crawford provides no clues to indicate approval or disapproval, and fails to reconcile the seeming inconsistency. Moreover, it is significant that one of the quotations she chooses as a heading for "The King's Garments" states ambiguously that "the consequence of vice shall be misery in some future state by the righteous judgment of God" (CP, 148).¹ Whether this future "misery" is Hell, of course, one can only conjecture for Crawford does not commit herself. Obviously there are conflicts in Crawford's own thinking.

Crawford's views on the whole problem of evil are unclear. Although she acknowledges the existence of evil, she is uncertain as to its purpose. On the one hand, evil is necessary to press good into work while good derives its strength from evil. In "Gisli, the Chieftain" good and evil are not two antagonistic principles pitted against each other

but two forces existing in fellowship. Without evil there is no exercise of man's will. An omniscient voice in Helen's Rock explains a miscarriage of justice in this way: "Heaven occasionally permits such a paralysis of Human Justice in order to render the Guardians of Society more vigilant" (HR, 11-5).

On the other hand, Crawford sees good and evil as antagonists. And she takes an almost Manichean view that the universe is governed by the dual spirit of benevolence and malevolence. The world is a theatre of struggle for supremacy between the forces of good and those of evil. Man must take his place against evil in the world, against war, poverty, slavery, alcoholism, hypocrisy, exploitation and domination of every kind. In The Hunters Twain one hears that "this clanging world/ Is no snug nest for doves." She reminds the reader that "not on this shaping-place of souls broods Peace/ Unarm'd" (THT, 19). And this same war imagery is used again in "Peace" where Peace is depicted as an armed warrior who must keep steadily alert: "as Peace is strong so is she blest" (CP, 161).

Crawford, then, acknowledges the existence of God, the transience and mutability of life and the immortality of the soul. But her ideas on the whole problem of evil are not developed fully enough to make them clear to the reader. Although she favours man's accountability for sin, she cannot reach a final position regarding the existence of Hell.

In many respects Crawford's views on man, God, and nature, and her attitudes towards life and death reveal her to be a conventional writer of her time. Like all Romantics, she believes that man must suffer in this universe of natural beauty, yet, for all this suffering, man can be comforted by the divine gift of love. Like many other people of her time, however, she was affected by the current spiritual unrest caused by the new evolutionary theories and the rise of Science as a dominant force. Furthermore, the contemporary interest in Oriental thought affected her attitude towards the validity of orthodox Christian tenets.² She had been brought up in the practice of protestant Christianity, but in some of her beliefs she reveals uncertainty, while in others she stands quite outside the Christian tradition. As a result, one finds in her religious attitudes a varied and at times confusing assortment of views. One looks in vain for anything like a sure and unified vision of life. And yet Crawford's failure to integrate her views is not surprising. It is a mark of her work generally that although she has ideas on many subjects she fails as a rule to develop these ideas in any sustained fashion. Memorable statements have momentary focus, and images come in flashes, but little development takes place. A restless mind jumps from one idea to another and from one image to another offering great exuberance but little else.

However, such attitudes as sympathy with the problems

of women and children and with the inner struggles of man, hatred of the selfish materialism of the age, and concern with the dangers implicit in the current faith in progress are interesting manifestations of a thoughtful mind. Crawford was concerned about life, and groped for a meaning in it, instead of a tangle, even though she perceived that meaning only in glimpses. She leaves us with the riddles of human existence unsolved. Perhaps that is as it should be, for in "Gisli, the Chieftain" eager voices of men who ask God, "'What hast Thou done? What dost Thou do?'" receive the answer, "The benison--'Ye shall not know!'" (CP, 185).

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

Although critical writing about Crawford's work has been changing gradually in emphasis, from the relatively superficial generalizations of contemporary criticism and that immediately after her death, to the currently specialized studies of the mythopoeic critics and the more traditional scholars, very little change in evaluation has taken place. Except for the condemnation of the 1950's, Crawford criticism, through the years, has been steadily, generally sympathetic.

Early criticism of Crawford's work was mainly appreciative rather than critical. Except for a few slight faults which were attributed to inexperience and lack of polish, Crawford was praised in extravagant, if general terms. When she published Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems in 1884, the Toronto Evening Telegram wrote, "Miss Crawford has produced a volume of poems of which the country may well be proud."¹ When Crawford died in 1887 The Week acclaimed her as one of Canada's "most original, powerful, and inspired singers."²

This type of "appreciation" continued for a number of years and charming essays enumerated all sorts of "beauties" from "unhackneyed and unrestrained" imagery to "concise, ringing and effective" diction,³ from "eminently lyrical"⁴ gifts and "strong and coherent thought"⁵ to Craw-

ford's originality, versatility, her dramatic power and masculine strength. When Garvin published The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford in 1905 Ethelwyn Wetherald, a currently popular poet who wrote the introduction to the collection, acclaimed Crawford "a genius, not a craftswoman, and a genius who has patience enough to be an artist."⁶ And in 1927 Lorne Pierce, in An Outline of Canadian Literature, found in Crawford's best work "a breadth and originality, a depth and strength unsurpassed in our literature."⁷

The change from the early "appreciation" to the later disciplined critical evaluation can largely be credited to E. K. Brown. Although both Brown and A. J. M. Smith in the 1940's assessed Crawford in generally favourable terms, they did point out some significant weaknesses. For example, E. K. Brown in On Canadian Poetry (1943) deplored Crawford's frequent poor diction, dubious taste and careless style, but he praised Crawford for her fantastic imagination, noting, however, that it was both a strength and weakness. And it is noteworthy that he chose the daffodil image which Reaney later used to show Crawford's unique icon, to illustrate the "wild" extravagance of Crawford's imagination. And in his introduction to The Book of Canadian Poetry (1943) A. J. M. Smith judged many of Crawford's poems as "conventional and sentimental in the peculiarly awful manner of Victorian album verse"⁸ but still termed Crawford one of the two most remarkable poets of Canada in the eighties.

In the 1950's, however, two detractors appeared. In Creative Writing in Canada (1952) Desmond Pacey attacked Crawford's tastelessly melodramatic and clumsily florid style, and later omitted her from his Ten Canadian Poets (1958). In Poetry in Canada (1958) R. E. Rashley labelled Crawford's imagery in Malcolm's Katie as "pseudo-Indian" and her poetry an "experiment" which led her into a blind-alley of style.

The movements which reinstated Crawford's reputation began in 1959. Inspired by Frye's new critical approach, Reaney's essay on Crawford in that year was a landmark in Crawford criticism, giving rise to a succession of essays examining the mythopoeic qualities of Crawford's poetry. Six years later another essay, by Roy Daniells, "Crawford, Carman and D. C. Scott" (Literary History of Canada, 1965) reflected a more traditional approach.

In his essay James Reaney attempted to outline the iconography of Crawford's imagination by isolating, in the daffodil image of Malcolm's Katie, what he considered her unique icon:

For love, once set within a lover's breast,
Has its own sun, its own peculiar sky,
All one great daffodil, on which do lie
The sun, the moon, the stars, all seen at once
And never setting, but all shining straight
Into the faces of the trinity - -
The one beloved, the lover, and sweet love (CP, 203).

This image is used for "finding one symbol for love, a symbol peculiarly hers, and using it again and again so that the

reader sees in each fresh use of the recurring symbol not only what it means but what it carries with it from the last passage he saw it in."⁹ Reaney stated, moreover, that this image symbolizes an entire universe for Crawford: Love, Eternity, Beauty, the Good, the Permanent, Truth, Law, and Order. Crawford, however, has scattered daffodils, in her customary haphazard manner, in seven other poems: "Sylvius and Chloris," "Said the Skylark," "Between the Wind and the Rain," "My Irish Love," "The Poet of the Spring," "The Helot," and "The Roman Rose-Seller." These daffodils are not carefully patterned into an ordered design such as Reaney seems to suggest, but are used in single image units and are relevant only to the specific situation. And if one examines the daffodil image carefully, it is only the lover's world that is the daffodil world. To any lover, the world looks bright, golden, and beautiful.

There are no recurring daffodils as Reaney seems to suggest; the daffodil is not the dominant image: it is used only once in Malcolm's Katie. Reaney claims that Crawford does not produce "a different flower for love each time."¹⁰ Crawford, in fact, associates several flowers with Katie and love: the rose bud, lily, the ripe rose, and forget-me-not. However, Reaney is partially correct. Crawford uses a sequence of flower images which take on symbolic significance. It would be more accurate, therefore, to extend Reaney's argument, and state that the sequence itself has symbolic

value. Crawford's series of flowers represents the various evolving states of love through time. In the opening lines of the poem Katie is compared to a rose-bud, and Max questions her ability to remain faithful to him, anticipating the time when she might say:

I but was budding, and I did not know
 My core was crimson and my perfume sweet;
 I had not seen the sun, and blind I swayed
 To a strong wind, and thought because I swayed
 'Twas to the wooer of the perfect rose--
(CP, 193, 194).

Later the lily is associated with Katie:

While she made bare the lilies of her feet
 And sang a lily-song that Max had made
 That spoke of lilies--always meaning Kate. . . .
(CP, 211).

Still later, she is compared to "a full-blown rose" (CP, 194). And later still a blush steals "from Katie's swelling heart,/ And with its hot rose brought the happy dew/ Into her hidden eyes!" (CP, 226). In the last lyric the rose is Love's symbol: "but with Love's rose doth blow,/ . . . Truth, with its leaves of snow,/ And Pain and Pity grow/ With Love's sweet roses on its sapful tree!" (CP, 229). Just before the poem ends Katie chooses for her song not the rosebud, lily, or daffodil, but the forget-me-not:

I would not choose the lily tall,
 The rose from musky grot,
 But I would still my minstrel call
 The blue Forget-me-not (CP, 224, 225).

Katie's love is linked with a sequence of flower images: before her suffering, the rose-bud and lily; during her trial period, the rose; and after her long wait for Max,

the forget-me-not. Through flower symbols Crawford symbolizes the growth that Love had worked. Ultimately, however, it is a light image--the light of heavenly bodies--which Crawford chooses to suggest the power of love. It has already been noted that she uses this same metaphor several times in her prose and other poems. In view of this consistency and frequency one is justified in concluding that in Reaney's daffodil image, it is not the daffodil that is important, but the irradiating light of the celestial bodies. If Reaney feels that Crawford was developing an organized symbolic language, he is re-creating Crawford's poetry to accord with his own poetic vision. To examine only certain poems is surely not to provide conclusive evidence. And Reaney's method--illustration plus commentary within the biblical schema which he imposes on Crawford's work--is unsatisfactory. His own mythopoeic imagination takes fire and his critical essay becomes, in fact, a poet's essay.

In her article entitled "Towards a Native Mythology" (Canadian Literature, Spring, 1972), Ann Yeoman suggested that the lily, and not the daffodil, is the icon of Crawford's mythic structure, reflecting "freedom, aspiration, the Eternal, etc."¹¹ It has been already established, however, that Crawford uses the lily indiscriminately. She does not, as Miss Yeoman suggested, attach an "infinite" quality to the lily. Miss Yeoman, for example, asserted that the lilies in

"The Camp of Souls" have symbolic value because they are associated with the stars and thereby evoke a feeling of eternity. But the feeling of eternity here is suggested by the star image, not the lilies. The image, moreover, is terminal. The purpose of the analogy is to reinforce the calm movement of the lilies as they float along the lakes:

Blue are its lakes as the wild dove's breast,
 And their murmurs soft as her gentle note;
 As the calm, large stars in the deep sky rest,
 The yellow lilies upon them float. . . . (CP, 53).

A series of such isolated images is used to describe the Camp of Souls.

Miss Yeoman viewed the lily in "Said the Skylark" as the symbol of aspiration. But the comparison of "fair, small Cloud, grown small as lily flower" refers to size and colour. Its function is to heighten the sensory appeal of the description in which it appears. It is not a symbol, but an image. And it has been already demonstrated that Crawford's use of the lily image varies widely. Like Reaney, Miss Yeoman strained her evidence and accorded Crawford's lily an importance in a symbolic cosmological schema which the flower does not have.

In his detailed analysis of "The Canoe" (Canadian Literature, Autumn, 1967), John Ower also worked within Reaney's frame of reference and classified "The Canoe" as a "black-daffodil poem" because of the emphasis on the dark aspects of sexuality which comprise the negative elements of Crawford's metaphysical vision. Ower praised the poem as a

psychological study of the primitive mind, and, by extension, a metaphysical study in which "there is a close correspondence between man's inner life and the external universe, where both are seen as the inextricable union of good and evil, creation and destruction, darkness and light."¹² But if "The Canoe" is part of a longer narrative-philosophical poem as Dorothy Livesay claimed, "my masters twain" of the poem are not the two Indian braves of Ower's analysis, but two young men fleeing the city. The poem is not a study of the "primitive sexuality" of the "savage Indian" but, as I have tried to show earlier, Crawford's metaphorical attempt to come to grips with the complexities of love. As Bessai points out, Ower's analysis fails to give "to Love the central place in Crawford's poetic cosmos."¹³ Ower was, however, correct when he said that "The Canoe" is sophisticated and subtle in technique,¹⁴ but he was wrong when he claimed that it is a "symbolic exploration of the human psyche,"¹⁵ and by extension, an integral part of a philosophical schema which, according to Reaney, underlies Crawford's writings.

Also largely derivative of Reaney is Dark Matrix: A Study of Isabella Valancy Crawford (unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Western Ontario, 1975) by Dr. Catherine Ross.¹⁶ To Reaney's structure of symbols ordered in pairs--". . . eagle and dove . . . whip and stampeding herd, good brother and evil brother, paddle and lily bed. . . ." ¹⁷--Ross simply added yet another pair, Christ and

Barabbas. She argued that Crawford "sees life as a constant struggle of opposites reconciled by sacrificial love"¹⁸ and that this opposition is expressed "in her recurring motifs of identical twins and the clasped handshake."¹⁹ Furthermore, Ross maintained that "consistently the solar myth provides a shape for the various other levels within Crawford's work,"²⁰ and that "starting with the cruder handling of myth in her early work, Crawford's poems and prose romances build up a monomyth of increasing complexity, integrating elements from fairy tales, folk legends, Greek, Icelandic, Slavonic, Indian, and Christian myth into her own coherent vision."²¹

In her study The Development of Narrative in the Writing of Isabella Valancy Crawford (unpublished master's thesis, Simon Fraser, 1975)²² Margo Dunn implicitly disagreed with Ross and asserted that Crawford's "universe is . . . not split into two distinct and opposing principles. Different visions of order amend each other, and do not remain eternally fixed in their goodness or evil."²³ Dunn proposed that "evil is peripheral to [Crawford's] world, sometimes a hindrance, but never a dark force to be challenged and overcome."²⁴ Again she seemed to disagree with Ross when she stated that "one of the central points about Crawford's metaphysics is its lack of continuity in image and symbol."²⁵ But at the same time she attributed to Crawford a vision of cosmic order attained through her use of a "substructure"

of "magical action" and "physical work" which are, Dunn claimed, constants in Crawford's narratives. According to Dunn, Crawford consistently used the narrative form as a vehicle to convey her cosmological vision.

There are, then, no fundamental differences in the critical approach of Reaney and his followers, but variations in certain details. Where Reaney chose the daffodil, and Yeoman the lily, for the icon, as they term it, of Crawford's mythic structure, Ross selected the motifs of sacrificial love, identical twins, clasped handshake, and the solar myth. And for her "icon," Dunn preferred what she called Crawford's "magical action" and "physical force."

But the critical approach of Reaney and his followers, of course, is limited. Except for such recent critics as Dunn, who alludes to some of Crawford's prose juvenilia, and Ross, who refers to a significantly few of Crawford's prose pieces, they have based their studies on a carefully selected portion of Crawford's poetry. And their examination, though admittedly provocative, is inadequate because they are reluctant to analyze Crawford's works in terms of literary competence. In other words, they tend to avoid the whole problem of Crawford's difficulties with structure and style. Instead, they superimpose a structure of archetypal symbols in terms of anthropological, psychological and philosophical influences and traditions; they select only those works which fit their particular thematic

thesis, and they extrapolate to the work as a whole.²⁶

Moreover, the claims of Reaney and his followers are grandiose. They have used esoteric jargon to create for the work a sophistication which it does not have. Trying to make Crawford an intellectual virtuoso with a conscious control and use of symbols which are developed thematically to produce an ordered world-view is surely overly-appreciative. Crawford's sensibility is not unified but multiple. She offers a miscellany of observations and philosophical concepts, at times inconsistent and indefinite. Crawford is inclined towards intensity rather than careful finish, spontaneity rather than deliberation. She may use images drawn from a variety of sources, but she does not offer a unified vision because the pieces deriving from North American Indian images, or Icelandic, or Slavonic, and Greek, for example, constitute only a small part of her extant canon. Crawford may well have possessed a definite philosophical conception of the universe, but the point remains that her works do not sufficiently demonstrate a consciously developed and systematized cosmic vision. There is, furthermore, no critical originality in explaining the cyclical nature of life in terms of paired opposites. Such an interpretation has had a long history in Western-European thought.

In contrast to Reaney's iconographic approach was

that of Roy Daniells, who contended that those works where Crawford's strong mythopoeic feeling for nature is most apparent "may be read simply as her habitual infusion of external landscape with her passionate apprehension of love, of struggle, of death."²⁷ Daniells' analysis is particularly perceptive. But I cannot support his ultimate judgment that "from the typical weaknesses and disabilities of romanticism [Crawford] seems to have been quite immune."²⁸ My present study demonstrates that Crawford was working within the currently popular romantic tradition and does not rise above the excesses of sentimentality, sensationalism and melodrama which are often found in romantic writing at its worst.

In his valuable essay, "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford" (Queen's Quarterly, Autumn, 1970), Frank Bessai also recognized the limitations of Reaney's archetypal criticism as an imaginative exercise and offered a more balanced evaluation of Crawford's stature as a poet. In his examination of Crawford's thematic and technical preoccupations in "The Dark Stag," "The Lily Bed," "Said the Canoe" and Malcolm's Katie, Bessai found that Crawford, at her best "is capable of transmuting, by brilliantly original metaphorical means, a quality of 'felt thought' by which the contents of an internal landscape are both humanized and given a cosmic validity. . . ."²⁹ but he qualified this praise by adding that Crawford's metaphorical method is often "unnecessarily ornate, overwrought, and

subject to over-invention."³⁰ My present study certainly shows that over-ornamentation does mar most of Crawford's work.

In Theme and Imagery in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford (unpublished master's thesis, University of New Brunswick, 1963) S. R. MacGillivray found Reaney's theory "attractive" but stated that Crawford's "use of imagery is hardly cut and dried as Reaney seems to suggest."³¹ Like Bessai, MacGillivray believed that Reaney "has been carried away by his theory and by his reading of Blake and Milton and is seeing things which are just not [found in Crawford's poetry]."³² Although he rejected Reaney's argument, MacGillivray's own final assessment that "in her images and symbolism, Miss Crawford shows herself to be one of Canada's original and powerful thinkers"³³ is, indeed, extravagant praise. Crawford's ideas are neither acute nor original. Although unschooled, she engaged in social and religious polemic, and was capable of illuminating insights into her times, but she contributed nothing of importance, or nothing that was new to the development of philosophical thought in Canada.

Another critic of the modern traditional school is Dorothy Livesay who has been responsible for the most recent development in Crawford studies through her discovery of a long narrative poem in the Crawford manuscripts at Queen's University, Kingston. In her important essay "The Hunters

Twain" (Canadian Literature, Winter, 1973) Livesay set out a first reading of this previously unidentified poem which she entitled The Hunters Twain. Always an enthusiastic admirer of Crawford, Livesay can point out Crawford's chaos and obscurity, as well as her difficulties with language and sentence structure, and still insist that the poem adds to the poet's stature as a writer and confirms her virtuosity. Although Livesay's publication of a portion of the poem is significant because it extends our knowledge of the Crawford canon, the poem does not change my view of Crawford's stature as literary artist. The Hunters Twain does offer several of Crawford's best lyrics, but it lacks formal restraint and artistic unity. Moreover, Crawford's treatment of social problems (major preoccupations witnessed in many of her other works) is repetitive and regrettably frenzied.

Two recent Crawford studies by Kenneth J. Hughes and Birk Sproxton which appeared in 1975 are essays specifically dealing with Malcolm's Katie. "Malcolm's Katie" (Canadian Literature, Summer, 1975) by both Hughes and Sproxton focused attention on the songs and main image patterns of the poem. Although the study is helpful, one cannot wholly accept the contention that the songs and image patterns "all work to support the dramatic structure and the result is a complete, coherent, and perfectly consistent work of art."³⁴ The authors offer too little evidence in support of their extravagant claim. In fact, Crawford's images are not as

carefully patterned as the authors suggest, but shift and change in an erratic, even pointless fashion. For example, stone and metal images are used interchangeably for both Alfred and Malcolm. And the "summary treatment"³⁵ of the songs for which the authors apologize, moreover, does not convince the reader that Malcolm's Katie is, in fact, a perfect work of art.

The second essay dealing with Malcolm's Katie is Kenneth J. Hughes's "Democratic Vision of 'Malcolm's Katie'" published in Contemporary Verse II (Fall, 1975). Hughes claimed that he wrote from the standpoint that literature is syncretistic. From this view he assessed Malcolm's Katie "an immensely successful poem,"³⁶ but he undercut his grandiose claim when he added, "it remains to be said that no single article will be able to demonstrate fully this contention because of the extraordinary complexity of the work."³⁷ Hughes's essay is less an analysis of a syncretistic work of art, however, than it is a thematic analysis, as the title of the essay indeed implies. His close textual study is cleverly developed, but when he compares Crawford's democratic vision in Malcolm's Katie to that of Karl Marx, he is surely pushing his case to extremes.

Crawford's poetry, of course, has received the bulk of critical attention, while her prose has been virtually ignored. This critical neglect of her prose is due to several causes. Crawford's prose has never been published in collected form. And the popular nineteenth-century

journals in which she published are difficult to find because libraries have incomplete holdings even of the major journals. Some of Crawford's work, moreover, may have been published unsigned or pseudonymously since anonymous authorship and the use of nom-de-plume were popular in the late nineteenth century.³⁸

What does exist of criticism of Crawford's prose are scattered references in reviews contained in journals rather than full-length essays. These assessments--pat generalizations without supporting proof--have given relatively steady approval over the years. During her lifetime A Little Bacchante; or, Some Black Sheep, serialized in the Evening Globe was praised by Henry Morgan in the Dominion Register who insisted that this "clever story . . . ought to have a more enduring form."³⁹ In the Varsity, an editorial commented that the novel "is vastly superior to the ordinary run of newspaper fiction."⁴⁰ The year Crawford died, "Seranus" in The Week claimed that "in spite of some offences against good taste," Crawford's prose reveals "uncommon talent."⁴¹ In 1920, in The Globe, a reviewer who signed herself Elizabeth described Crawford's stories as "highly imaginative."⁴² Garvin, Crawford's self-confessed champion, acclaimed Crawford as a great prose writer. However, not all of Crawford's critics have applauded her prose. Hathaway in 1894 and Hale in 1923 both found Crawford's prose inferior to her poetry. Burpee termed her stories "more or less

pot-boilers."⁴³ Critics such as Garvin have obviously overestimated Crawford's merits as a prose writer, and Hathaway, Hale and Burpee, while acknowledging her prose, addressed their most favourable comments to her poetry.

The body of Crawford criticism, then, is marred by a number of shortcomings. It is based on a limited knowledge of Crawford's works. Most of it deals with the poetry, and that on a carefully selected and piecemeal basis. Moreover, except for a few disclaimers, Crawford's critics have been steadily sympathetic, and at times, even uncritically enthusiastic. Furthermore, although the movement of Crawford criticism has been a progression from general to specific, from the early sweeping comments on thought and style, to the more recent detailed analyses of symbol, myth, and theme, both the older and newer critical approaches tend to be inadequate: the older, not probing closely enough, and the newer not examining widely enough in such neglected areas of scholarship as plot, characterization, dialogue, structure and style. While the value of Crawford criticism thus far cannot be overlooked, it is limited. Judgment of only part of a writer's work is dangerously misleading, and a balanced estimate must also, surely, take account of flaws and limitations.

As a prose writer Crawford is derivative and imitative. Her published short fiction conforms to the romances of the popular press in terms of subject matter and style,

and although her longer pieces of fiction show a realistic concern for social issues, the style is still exaggerated and impassioned. Crawford fails to overcome the weaknesses of sensationalism and sentimentality inherent within the romantic tradition. But in addition to these faults, Crawford's prose style is too prolix and overly embellished, and the structure of her writing is too loose and lacking in balance. As a writer of short stories and novels Crawford fails to master the technical problems of projecting the intensity of her thoughts and feelings. Only one of her prose works, her short story "Extradited," approaches anywhere near a fusion of matter and form and is worth serious literary consideration.

As a poet Crawford is more successful. Although much of her verse is commonplace, and although her social protest poems are failures, and her two most ambitious narratives, Malcolm's Katie and The Hunters Twain do not totally succeed, her best metaphysical pieces and her dramatic monologues where she traces the behaviour of the female under stress merit attention. And in a few poems where she skillfully uses the Canadian wilderness as metaphor she achieves an originality and individuality never achieved in her prose.

Crawford is a thoughtful person, but not a deep and sustained thinker. Her social criticism is neither profound nor original. Her philosophy is uncertain and superficial, and her religious views are at times confusing. It is only

within narrow limits--with the single image, the vivid moment, the brief insight, the flash of imagination, the short glimmer of wit--that Crawford as writer is successful.

The present study offers a new understanding and appreciation of Crawford's preoccupation with Victorian respectability, her commitment to the problems of women and the exploited child, her sympathy with people suffering from emotional and mental disorders, and her concern with alcoholism and the rehabilitation of criminals.

The study also provides the first complete chronologies of Crawford's prose and poetry, an up-to-date bibliography, a corrected and expanded biography, the first collection of prose summaries and the first critical analysis of both her prose and poetry as well as the first survey of the body of Crawford criticism.

However, there is still room for further study. Since Crawford's contributions to periodicals are not yet definitively established, considerable bibliographical research into American, British and Canadian magazines and newspapers would probably prove profitable. Much material is still missing, if one can assume that titles which have kept appearing under the headings of Crawford's works were, indeed, published. Among the missing works are Hate, Wrecked; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree, Winona; or, the Foster Sisters, A Wicked Old Woman, Windale's Souvenir, as well as Married with an Opal; or, a Kingly Restitution, and Monsieur Phoebus;

or, Some of the Adventures of an Irish Gentleman.

There is also a need for precise textual study. Garvin's 1905 edition contains many emendations, additions, and omissions.⁴⁴ He omitted, for example, the fifty-ninth stanza of "The Helot." He made innumerable changes in punctuation and capitalization. He even changed Crawford's word order and inserted words into her text. He inserted the adverb "there" into line eleven of the third section of "Love and Reason" changing the line from "Love, too, 'twas firmly decreed" to "Love, too, 'twas firmly there decreed" (CP, 91). And in "Said the Wind," he changed two lines which read, in the 1884 edition, as follows:

Like a giant quick in a grave,
Thy anchor heave. . . . (OSPMCK, 129)

to lines which read thus:

Like a giant in a grave
Quick thy anchor heave. . . . (CP, 67).

Garvin obviously did not understand the meaning of "quick" in context. In her article, "The Hunters Twain," Dorothy Livesay drew attention to the textual variants between the Garvin version of "The Lily Bed" and the manuscript version.

But as Dr. S. R. MacGillivray pointed out in "Crawford Reprinted" (Canadian Literature, Summer, 1974) the Crawford material at Queen's University cannot be trusted because it "exists in the form of manuscripts, some old newspaper clippings, and some old galley-proofs."⁴⁵ None of these items, MacGillivray continued, "is complete in itself

and therefore none can serve as a check on any of the others to determine total textual accuracy."⁴⁶ This problem is illustrated again in "Another View of The Hunters Twain" (Canadian Literature, Winter, 1976) where Mary Martin brought to light another manuscript version of the long narrative poem differing from Livesay's in the opening lines, the pagination, and the assignment of certain speeches. Modern scholarship must confront and solve this relatively untouched and most promising aspect of research.

Further critical studies could also be directed at certain specific subjects. The extent of Crawford's indebtedness to popular culture--opéra bouffe, comic opera, pulp magazines, circus performances, popular songs, and mass newspapers--might prove to be a useful study. The influence of the theatre on her work might also be explored. Her love of stage folk, actresses and circus people (while, to some extent, coinciding with her championship of the poor and destitute) reveals her sympathy with the theatre. And her many references to the New York stage, to French and English dramatists, and to the titles of specific plays demonstrate her attraction to the theatre and her interest in drama. An analysis of Crawford's gift of comedy might also prove worthwhile. Her comedy takes a variety of forms from burlesque and caricature to irony, satire, parody, and ink-horn wit, and could be a rewarding study. Examination of Crawford's minor figures might also be of value. Her depiction

of servants and children as well as of her lower and uneducated classes is usually convincing. And the accuracy of Crawford's dialect could also be investigated. Her characters speak a variety of dialects, ranging from Irish, Scottish, and Cockney to American negro and Eastern seaboard vernacular. Students of language might well find this study an interesting one. And if it is conceded that the personal experiences of an author do, in fact, leave their marks on his work, then more research is necessary to establish Crawford's biography more fully within the context of the post-Confederation literary climate of Canada. Unfortunately, the scarcity of biographical memoranda throws obstacles in the way of a biographer. My biographical details are as complete as the available material at present allows, but there is still no documented evidence of the date of Crawford's birth and her arrival in Canada, nor do we have many details of her family life or literary career. A wider search for such details should be undertaken before any definitive statement concerning her biography and literary career can be made.

It is clear, then, on the basis of my investigation, that too many critical studies have attributed to Crawford a literary stature she does not possess. While they are of interest, they have caused a distorted impression of Crawford's imaginative achievement. And although it seems that Crawford saw herself in the role of the poet as prophet seer when, in The Hunters Twain, an authorial voice says:

. . . fame's keen pang is pulse of God that stirs
 In the strong Soul that fain would help to mould
 A Universe, or, like the Titan, leave
 An awful foot-print sunken in the rock
 God-eloquent of giants in the earth (THT, 25)

she, in fact, failed to achieve such rank. She may have celebrated Canadian immigration, settlement, and pioneer life; she may have offered Canadians her optimism, hope in a successful future for Canada, and an abiding faith in a God who would reward the just in an assured hereafter, and she may have felt the problems of life with unquestioned sincerity, but the point remains that her work lacks the artful integration of language and theme. Although one must acknowledge the sporadic power of her successful moments, one cannot rely upon her to fuse matter and manner in a completely satisfying and consistent way.

Crawford's whole extant corpus shows that the bulk of her writings does not warrant any extended scholarly treatment. Her imaginative achievement must chiefly depend upon a few of her original works--Malcolm's Katie, "The Dark Stag," "The Lily Bed," "Said the Canoe," and "Extradited." In this light Crawford must be placed in a more modest position than that attributed to her by her enthusiastic, but too often uncritical admirers.

NOTES

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

¹ "Seranus," "Isabella Valancey [sic] Crawford," The Week, 24 February 1887, p. 202.

² Lawrence Burpee, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Poet-lore (October, 1901), 575.

³ John Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB, 1938, p. 74.

⁴ Livesay, Contemporary Verse II, Editorial Note I, 2 (Fall, 1975), 38.

⁵ The Globe, 14 June 1884, p. 10.

⁶ The Telegram, 14 February 1887, p. 4.

⁷ Morgan, The Dominion Annual Register and Review, pp. 210, 212.

⁸ "Seranus," "Isabella Valancey [sic] Crawford," The Week, 24 February 1887, p. 202.

⁹ "Seranus," Pine, Rose, and Fleur De Lis (Toronto, 1899), p. 97.

¹⁰ Garvin, The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, 1905), p. 15.

¹¹ Pierce, An Outline of Canadian Literature (Montreal, 1927), p. 68.

¹² Rhodenizer, A Handbook of Canadian Literature (Ottawa, 1930), p. 168.

¹³ Frye, "Canada and Its Poetry," The Bush Garden (Toronto, 1971), p. 130.

¹⁴ Pelham Edgar, "English-Canadian Literature," CHEL 14 (1953), 349.

¹⁵ James Reaney, ed., The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, 1972), p. xviii.

¹⁶ "Seranus," The Canadian Birthday Book, p. 127. One hundred sixty-three poems by fifty-six authors are included in this anthology.

¹⁷ Kathleen Hoagland, ed., 1000 Years of Irish Poetry (New York, 1949).

¹⁸ Lighthall, Songs of the Great Dominion (London, 1889), p. xxii.

¹⁹ Daniells, "Crawford, Carman, and D. C. Scott," Literary History of Canada (Toronto, 1970), p. 410.

²⁰ Bessai, "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford," Queen's Quarterly, 77 (Autumn, 1970), 418.

²¹ The Evening Telegram, 12 June 1884, p. 4.

²² Ibid., 14 February 1887, p. 4.

²³ Hathaway, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Canadian Magazine (October, 1895), 569.

²⁴ My Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford was published two years ago.

²⁵ This letter is in the Lorne Pierce Collection.

²⁶ A page of manuscript, for example, is headed with the entry, "Vol 3/ Chapter 7th" (BH, 16). And since the manuscript draft of Monsieur Phoebus runs to fifty-five chapters, it would seem likely that it, too, was planned as a three-volume novel.

²⁷ Part of this confusion may be a result of Garvin's habit of giving away holographs as souvenirs to his friends. There is an entry, at the end of "A Rose in his Grace" for

instance, dated Oct. 29/32 stating that the original first page of the story was given by John Garvin to Walter McRae of Journey's End, Grimsby, Ontario.

The confused and fragmentary state of the manuscripts has, no doubt, been the cause of several errors and omissions which I found in the Queen's catalogue. Two listings, The Halton Boys and A Hereditary Prince on page 46 are not for two different stories, but for two versions of the same story. From Yule to Yule; or Claudia's Will is a fragment of eight non-consecutive chapters of a novel. The title page actually belongs to a synoptic short story derived from the novel.

From the mass of miscellaneous prose material in the Crawford papers I identified a fragment of Crawford's serialized novel, A Little Bacchante. I also found the opening pages of two unrecorded short stories entitled Topley's Widow and Her Chariot Wheels, and was able to sort out four new unnamed fragments buried among the manuscripts and not listed in the catalogue: [Sam Shane], part of a story with a Canadian setting; [Mr. Tarlton], a fragment set in Scotland; [Belfry House], set in the United States; and [Mr. Julian], laid in an English coalmining town with a girl named Tolla who miraculously recovers her sight, recalling Crawford's short story, "Sevres Fulkes." I also unearthed a story [Missus] dealing with the girl-servant and Chinese immigrant problems and additional pages of A Rose in his Grace so that this latter story is now complete. I sorted out an incomplete, unnamed sketch on the subject of women as angels, which was probably intended for a series entitled Mr. Blushleigh's Queries.

28 "Let No Man Put Asunder," "A Lovelamp," "Five-O'Clock Tea," "His Christmas Love," "Sevres Fulkes," "Fair Little Jealousy."

29 "Filigrane," "The Death of a Queen," "Baby's Boots," "They Tell Me Love Is Dead," "The New Shoes O' Protection," "Roger Bontemps," "Uncle Joe's Reason," "My Darling."

CHAPTER II

BIOGRAPHY

¹ The letter is undated, but it was written to "Seranus" while she was editor of The Week. The original

copy is located at Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick.

² These questions appear in a letter dated August 6, 1935. Other questions Garvin asked were:

1) Will you please tell me again how many Crawford children died in Dublin while the doctor was absent in Australia, also give me their sexes.

2) How many children altogether in the family?

3) Did any die in Paisley?

4) When did your husband Stephen (the youngest child) die and where? What caused his death?

5) What was your maiden name?

6) Give please the names of your children again and tell me where they reside?

7) Do you know when Dr. Crawford died?

³ I interviewed Mrs. Perry on Dec. 31, 1971. She died three years later on March 19, 1974. In my interview Mrs. Perry stated that her father never spoke of his family. "It is all through my mother that I know what I know of Isabella," she told me.

⁴ The Globe, 14 Feb. 1887, p. 8.

⁵ Wetherald, in the Introduction to The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. John Garvin (Toronto, 1905), p. 15; Pomeroy in The Challenge (n.d.), p. 5.

⁶ The 1861 census gave Crawford's age as fifteen; this would mean she was born in 1846. C. C. James, A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry (Toronto: Wm. Briggs, 1899), p. 15 and Henry J. Morgan, Types of Canadian Women, 1 (Toronto: Wm. Briggs, 1903), p. 64, give the date as December 25, 1851. Records of Little Lake Cemetery, Peterborough give Crawford's age as thirty-four at her death. This would mean that the date of her birth must have been 1852.

The burial records at St. John's Episcopal Church, Peterborough give her age as thirty. This would mean that she was born in 1857. Writers like Hathaway have used this information.

⁷ John Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," A Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography; Canadian Who Was Who, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur L. Tunnell, eds., 2 (Toronto: Trans-Canada Press, 1938), p. 73. Hereafter cited as SDCB.

⁸ "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 73.

⁹ See letter p. 1.

¹⁰ John Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 73.

¹¹ Edward S. Caswell, Canadian Singers and their Songs (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1919), p. 231.

¹² Canada, Public Archives, Manuscript Documents, "Application of Stephen Dennis Crawford of Paisley," RG 5, C1, vol. 507, no. 561.

¹³ Canada, Public Archives, "Application for Grants for Sites for Churches in Township of Paisley Land Petition," RG1, L3, vol. 416a, and RG1, R3, vol. 417.

¹⁴ A statement in a newly-discovered article by Jeanette McCarthy adds to the confusion by claiming that the Canadian homes of the Crawfords included a stay in Prince Edward Island, after their coming to Canada from Ireland. "Jeanette," "Great Poetess Buried in Little Lake Cemetery," The Examiner, 21 March 1934, p. 3. A search report from H. T. Holman, Assistant Archivist of the Public Archives of Charlottetown, has, however, failed to substantiate this claim.

¹⁵ C. C. James, A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry (Toronto, 1899), p. 15, states 1856; Elsie M. Pomeroy, The Challenge (n.d.), p. 5, suggests 1857; Carl F. Klinck and Reginald E. Watters, eds., Canadian Anthology (Toronto: W. J. Gage, 1966), p. 82, offer 1858. This last seems to be the most popular.

¹⁶ A loose newspaper clipping, signed "Elizabeth," from the newspaper files of the Hamilton Public Library, marked as coming from The Globe, 31 May 1920 (no page), gives the number as three; John Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 73, and Klinck and Watters, eds., Canadian Anthology (Toronto, 1966), p. 75, as four; Lorne Pierce, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Encyclopedia Canadiana, 3

(Ottawa, 1958), p. 143, as five; Wetherald in The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. John Garvin (Toronto, 1905), p. 15, as twelve; Caswell, Canadian Singers and their Songs (Toronto, 1919), p. 231, as fourteen.

17 Mrs. Perry enjoyed telling me that her father weighed one pound at birth and that his head could be put in a teacup. Thinking that the baby would die, his mother had him christened by a Roman Catholic priest because an Anglican minister could not be contacted quickly enough.

18 According to the 1861 Elderslie Township Census (Reel C-1011, p. 8) Stephen D., Sidney and Isabella Crawford were all born in Scotland, Emma in "U. S.," Stephen W. in Ireland and Sidney R. in Upper Canada.

But according to the 1871 Census Rolls (Reel C-640, p. 16) Stephen D., Sidney, Isabella, Emma, and Stephen W. were all born in Ireland.

19 This document (Instrument #39) revealing the sale of lots 17 & 18 West Regent St. South (1 acre) from the Crown to Sidney Crawford is in the Walkerton Registry Office, Ontario. The sum paid was \$50.00, and the purchase was a "School Sale." This means that the land had been put aside for educational purposes in that when it was sold, the revenue would go towards the maintenance of education in the area. (Liber G. M. folio 251 Recording Office, Ministry of Government Services, Toronto.)

20 John Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 73, states that one child "Sydney died later in Paisley." Bliss Carman, Lorne Pierce and V. B. Rhodenizer, eds., Canadian Poetry in English (Toronto: Ryerson, 1954), p. 45, give the number as two. Wetherald in The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, ed. John Garvin, (Toronto, 1905), p. 15, gives nine. This figure seems to be the most popular.

21 The family first resided at 20 Queen St. S. in a small frame house. About 1860 they moved to a larger house on Queen St. S. Lot 21 described in the 1861 Census Records as "frame, one storey, built 1860" and evaluated at \$400.00. In 1927 the house was moved back approximately seventy-five yards south-west to its present location to accommodate the new Presbyterian Church.

22 A newspaper clipping entitled "Canadian Authors,"

11 July 1900, in The Scrapbooks (v. 227, p. 81) states: "Miss Crawford's early years were spent in affluent circumstances, during which she was taught in her own home by governesses." Mrs. Valancy Perry supports this statement. But when I asked Mrs. Perry why a family in such comfortable circumstances would move to Canada, she replied, "Well that I don't know. The only thing I can say green fields look good. That's about the only thing that I can say."

23 "Antrim," "Old Paisley Landmark Once Writer's Home," London Free Press, 2 July 1927, n.p., states "Every home in those days prided itself in possessing a few volumes of good literature brought from the old land over the sea, and these books were read and reread and lent to other readers and Isabella Valancy Crawford delighted to keep them in circulation so that the other growing girls of her own age could enjoy the good reading as well as she."

24 Quotations from all of these sources must have been well stored in Isabella's memory because an examination of her prose and poetry reveals that she drew upon them most readily for illustration. Crawford's images are often expressed in an epigrammatic style like the adages found in contemporary dictionaries and rhetoric books: for example, "When a woman's face becomes passionless, never trust her; the undertow is at deadly work under the surface" (Pillows of Stone, p. 44), or "When a man talks of Guardian Angels he's being held over the pit by a single hair" (Pillows of Stone, p. 93). Crawford's works abound with references to Graeco-Roman myths and Roman history. Of all the Oriental fantasies, The Arabian Nights was most frequently drawn upon for literary purposes. In The Heir of Dremore, for example, it is mentioned three times.

25 From his letter to the Mail and Empire in connection with the Crawford Memorial Fund (ca. 1899) (The Scrapbooks, v. 117, p. 77).

In an article entitled "Isabella Valancy Crawford's Sojourn in Paisley," The Globe, 14 May, 1930, Dr. O'Hagan claimed that "as a Bruce boy whose early life setting was at Paisley, in the days of the settlement, [he was] in a position to trace [its] influence . . . in the formative work of Miss Crawford. Indeed her father, Dr. Crawford, was, during these years, the family physician in the home of [his] father" (p. 19).

26 "Antrim," "Old Paisley Landmark Once Writer's Home," London Free Press, 2 July 1927, n.p. The Crawfords brought with them several personal treasures: one or two steel

engravings, Irish linens and silver for their table; Irish poplin gowns whose durability lasted through several re-fashionings; a deep-fringed shawl that became the envy of their friends, and a harp.

²⁷ Ibid. The passage continues, "Years after when the Ojibways had all settled together at Chippewa, they came regularly to Paisley selling their woven mats, baskets of sweet hay . . . and more than once asked at the white house on the corner for the 'Medicine Man' and the young girl."

²⁸ Wilson, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," MS article (n.d.), n.p., in LPC.

²⁹ "Antrim," "Old Paisley Landmark Once Writer's Home," London Free Press, 2 July 1927, n.p.

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ Wilson, The Globe, 15 April 1905, p. 2, and Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 73, give 1864. Pomeroy, The Challenge (n.d.), p. 50, gives 1865. Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, n.d.), p. 3, gives 1866. She contradicts herself, however, in the same paragraph. In the first sentence of the paragraph she states that the family stayed in Paisley for six years, and in the last sentence for eight years (pp. 2, 3). This information would imply 1864 in the first sentence and 1866 in the last.

³² Census Rolls, Reel C-1011, p. 8, Archives of Ontario.

³³ The Sherin Papers in the Bata Library Archives at Trent University, Peterborough reveal that Dr. Crawford was present in the Lakefield region as early as November, 1862. In Day Book 2 (13 Nov. 1861 - 23 Dec. 1862) the Doctor is listed as having made purchases on the following dates:

Thursday	6 Nov 1862	-- yarn and flour
Saturday	8 Nov 1862	-- a pail
Friday	5 Dec 1862	-- sulphur and apples
Saturday	6 Dec 1862	-- 1 turkey, flannel, 1 tie
Monday	22 Dec 1862	-- linen

The Sherin Store's journal for 1860-1865 has a debit entry for S. Crawford, dated 18, 26 May 1863 (p. 103). From this evidence it seems reasonable to conclude that the Crawfords first moved to Lakefield in 1862. There are no more entries for Dr. Crawford in the Sherin material; however, the

absence of such entries may indicate only that he took his business elsewhere.

In the records of the vestry meetings of Christ Church, North Douro, where Isabella is said to have been confirmed although no records seem to be extant, the Doctor's name first appears in March 1862. At a March meeting in 1864 the Doctor was among those elected to the building committee which was formed to build a new church, the present Church of St. John the Baptist.

A search of the Douro Collector's Rolls for Douro Township has disclosed the following information:

- 1863: Dr. Crawford/Householder/W. Regent St./
Lot 6/1.4 Acre \$100/\$1.99
- 1864: Dr. Crawford/Householder/W. of Strickland
St./Lot 1 1/3 Acre \$100/\$1.00/2 dogs.

The Rolls also show that Dr. Crawford served in the Reserve Militia of 1864.

In J. C. Connor's County of Peterborough Directory for 1870-71 (p. 126), Stephen Crawford, M.D. is listed as residing in Smith Township, Concession 8 part lot 27. He was a tenant. As the Town of Peterborough Collectors' Rolls for 1870 show the Doctor as residing on the N.E. corner of Charlotte and Water Streets, it may be that the Crawfords lived in Smith Township for the period 1866-69, and then moved to Peterborough, too late for any changes to be made in the Directory, so that the error stood and for 1870-1 people believed that the Doctor was still living where he was in 1869.

From all this evidence we must conclude that the Crawfords first moved to Lakefield in 1862, rather than 1864, 1865 or 1866 as has been previously accepted.

³⁴ This history, compiled in 1921-22 for the Peterborough Medical Association, exists only in manuscript form. Dr. Crawford's name is not listed in it. It is now held by the Peterborough Centennial Museum.

³⁵ Frank H. Dobbin, Peterborough Medical Association (Peterborough, 1921-22), n.p.

³⁶ According to Mrs. Perry, Crawford was called Isabella, not Valancy as has been generally believed.

³⁷ Mrs. Perry told me her father was very good in

mathematics and had a beautiful penmanship.

In the Crawford MSS there is an exercise book belonging to Stephen Walter in which he has written on page 2, "Make your letters all the same size, March 4, 1869, Lakefield, Smithtown." There are also several stories written by Emma Naomi: "The Major's Mistake," "The garden sloped downward toward the lake. . . ." dated "May 2nd. 1872," "I will say that missus was just one of the crabbedest old things. . . ." And I unearthed another story, "Buggins Mare" signed by Emma Naomi, not listed in the Queen's catalogue.

38 Whereas Paisley had been mostly Scots, Lakefield was English and Irish.

39 Burpee, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Poet-lore, 13, No. 4 (October, 1901), 576.

40 From notes in an undated, unpaginated scrapbook belonging to Miss Florence Attwood, now in the possession of Miss Mary Traill, Lakefield, who sent them to Mary F. Martin in 1966. Miss Martin, in turn, kindly made them available to me. Subsequent references to this scrapbook will bear the designation Attwood Scrapbook.

41 Five other fairy tales are unsigned: "The Rival Roses," "How the Nightingale and the Parrot Wooed the Rose," "The Rose and the Rainbow," "Wava, the Fairy of the Shell," and "Prince Papillon; or, the Charitable Violet."

In "The Waterlily," Roseblush has been abducted by a water beetle who imprisons her in a water lily. Goldenball volunteers to rescue her. In the course of his search, a naiad tells him that the fairy's return can only be effected through the agency of a child. Maggie, who is fascinated by the beautiful water lily, asks her friend, Tommy, to fetch it for her. Goldenball overhears the children's conversation, and transforms himself into a human being and fashions a boat which takes the pair to the water lily. Tommy kills the water beetle and Goldenball, with Maggie's help, rescues Roseblush. Both children are rewarded. Maggie receives the lily, now transformed into gold, and all the fish Tommy will ever catch will have "eyes of pearl and scales of gold." Of course, Maggie and Tommy eventually marry and live happily ever after.

As are her romances, Crawford's fairy tales are derivative and imitative. They offer the familiar motifs: enchantment, transformation, trickery, tasks, trials and the quest. The conflict between good and evil follows tradition and results in the triumph of good. But, like the rest of her prose work, they are pretentious, stilted and florid, a poor imitation of the romantic style of the period. Compared to

the tales of Beatrix Potter or Kenneth Grahame, they are poor, indeed.

42 For instance, "Huldah's Arrow" and the fairy tale, "The Vain Owl and the Elf," are each signed and dated, "Isabella Valancy Crawford/ Peterborough/ Ontario/ C. W." And there is also the caption, "For the Favorite/ About the Duchess/ By Isabella Valancy Crawford/ Peterborough, Ont." on another manuscript.

43 It was this beautiful situation (as well as the favourable location at the head of Nine-Mile Rapids that would provide the water-power essential for the pioneers' saw and grist mills) that attracted Col. Strickland to whom principally the town owes its origin. In fact, according to Verna Burgess's "Lakefield's Yesterdays" in Peterborough Land of Shining Waters, "In many respects the story of Samuel Strickland and his two famous sisters, Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill and Mrs. Susanna Moodie, is the early history of Lakefield" (p. 49).

44 Wilson, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," MS article in Douglas Library (ca. 1905), n.p.

45 Attwood Scrapbook (n.d.), n.p.

46 Ibid. Dr. Crawford's drinking problem was also part of the local tradition in Paisley: "Women were afraid to have him as a doctor as he was a heavy drinker but very clever if sober" (McClure Letter, 13 August 1971). It is interesting to note the varying opinions regarding the Doctor's competence.

47 In a letter dated merely Paisley, Ontario, September 4th, written to the Editor of the Mail and Empire in connection with the Crawford Memorial Fund, Dr. O'Hagan expresses the opinion that Dr. Crawford cared more for the ideal side of life than for the practical. (The Scrapbooks, v. 117, p. 77.)

48 There must have been little demand for medical attention. Dr. Alexander Bell, who came to Lakefield in 1864, also served as village clerk in 1866. It is interesting to note that in the article "The Pioneer Doctors" by G. Raymore Scott, in Peterborough Land of Shining Waters, Dr. Bell is listed as the village's first resident doctor (p. 284). Dr. Crawford's name does not appear in the article.

49 Sister Patricia (O'Brien), "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Peterborough Land of Shining Waters gives the date as 1864 (p. 380). Caswell, Canadian Singers and their Songs (Toronto, 1919) as 1872 (p. 231). The advertisement appeared

as follows:

Member of Royal College of Surgeons, England
 Licentiate Government Medical Board
 Late Resident Coombe Lying-In Hospital, Dublin
 Ryan's Buildings, Market Square, Peterboro

Peterborough (town) Assessment and Collector's Rolls show the family living on the N.E. corner of Water and Charlotte Streets from 1870-74:

1870	-	Householder	-	N. Charlotte, E. Water, pt. 1	-	\$ 8.80
1871	-	"	"	"	"	\$ 9.20
1872	-	"	"	"	"	\$10.20
1873	-	"	"	"	"	\$12.76
1874	-	Tenant	-	S. Edinburgh, W. George, pt. 1	-	\$15.75

See also note 33 above.

The Doctor died at the George Street address. It is significant to note that the Crawford residential status changed from householder to tenant.

⁵⁰ "Jeanette," "Great Poetess Buried in Little Lake Cemetery," The Examiner, 21 March 1934, says that "the old square harboured the first of everything - the first Government house, the first store, the first saloon, the first circus and theatre and murder and hanging and suicide in the municipal life of what was at first called "The Plains" (p. 3).

⁵¹ Wilson, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Globe, 15 April 1905, p. 8.

⁵² Attwood Scrapbook (n.d.), n.p.

⁵³ Wilson, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Globe, 15 April 1905, p. 8.

⁵⁴ At one point the General in Old General de Bezir says "I like family pride. . . . I've known men, plenty of 'em, too, who would have been nice rascals but for it. The traditional family honor kept 'em straight when nothing else did. Yes, give me plenty of family pride in man or woman" (GdeB 4-10).

⁵⁵ Wallis, quoted by Pammett in "Writings of Isabella Valancy Crawford on Highest Plane of City Poet's Works,"

The Examiner, 26 May 1951, p. 5.

O'Brien also tells the same story. She quotes a Mrs. J. C. Smith who remembers "that she and her little companions used to call after the poet child on the street, 'Isabella Valancy Crawford,' not in derision, nor yet in admiration, but 'because she could write poetry, and had a queer name.'" "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Peterborough Land of Shining Waters, p. 380. Once again there is a discrepancy; see note 36.

A General Valancy is mentioned in an undated article by "R. V.," from an unnamed newspaper probably published in October or November, 1899, on families of French origin to whom Canada is indebted. The writer suggested that Isabella Valancy Crawford was related to this General "well-known in Ireland and distinguished for his works on Irish archeology." (The Scrapbooks, vol. 88, p. 81.)

56 Frank Leslie (1821-1880), born Henry Carter in England, was an American wood engraver and publisher, known as the father of pictorial journalism. Besides publishing the periodical that brought him fame, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Frank Leslie published all sorts of periodicals. The following titles give some indication of content: Frank Leslie's budget of fun, 1859-78; Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, 1865-84; Frank Leslie's boys' and girls' weekly, an illustrated record of outdoor and home amusements, 1867-84; Frank Leslie's Ladies Journal: devoted to fashion and choice literature, 1871-81; Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly: American Magazine, 1876-1904; Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, 1877-89 and Frank Leslie's budget of humorous and sparkling stories, tales of heroism, adventure and satire: A monthly magazine, 1878-96. The Popular Monthly in which Crawford's short stories appeared claimed that it was the cheapest, most comprehensive and attractive of journals and advertised that "the best living writers contribute to it."

57 Garvin, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Canadian Bookman, 9 (May, 1927), 132.

58 "Jeanette," "Great Poetess Buried in Little Lake Cemetery," The Examiner, 21 March 1934, p. 3.

59 Ibid.

60 Pillows of Stone, p. 49.

61 His obituary notice gives his age as sixty-four. Tax records show it to be sixty. The records at Little Lake Cemetery, Peterborough say sixty-eight.

62 On January 20th, 1876. The burial records state that Emma died from consumption. This entry conflicts with the generally held opinion that she died from heart disease. However, her death from consumption is quite possible since Paisley tradition claims that the family had lung trouble (McClure Letter, 13 August 1971).

The records also state that Emma Naomi was born in Wisconsin, U. S. A. But Mrs. Perry insists that the family never lived in the United States and that Emma Naomi was born in Dublin, Ireland like the rest of the family.

63 The cemetery records also state that Stephen Walter moved Dr. Crawford's remains to a five plot grave at Grave Lot 13, North Section D, Range 19 on January 21, 1876. The plot cost \$15.00.

"Jeanette" in "Great Poetess Buried in Little Lake Cemetery," The Examiner, 21 March 1934, p. 3, states that Emma Naomi died on "Aylmer Street in a small house between London and McDonnell Streets." Pammatt in "Writings of Isabella Valancy Crawford on Highest Plane of City Poet's Works," The Examiner, 26 May 1951, p. 5, speaks of "a little roughcast cottage hidden behind lilac bushes on Brock St."

64 Caswell claims that "On the death of her father in 1875, Isabella and her mother, sole survivors save one son of an original household of fourteen removed to Toronto." Canadian Singers and their Songs (Toronto, 1919), p. 231. Pammatt states that in about 1880 Mrs. Crawford and her daughter moved to Toronto. "Writings of Isabella Valancy Crawford on Highest Plane of City Poet's Works," The Examiner, 26 May 1951, p. 5.

65 Story, p. 194.

66 Register No. 1232. This clue was kindly given me by Dr. John Ower, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C. As joining would be one of the first things Crawford did on reaching Toronto, 1876, then, would seem to be a reliable date for her arrival.

67 The Subscribers' Roll Book (1875-1882) of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute shows that "Miss Crawford" (Register No. 1232) resided at 142 Shuter St. at the time of her joining. The Toronto City Directory of 1877 lists a Miss J. Rutherford, milliner and dressmaker, as householder.

68 It is interesting to note that in her novel [Philip Dudley], Mr. Tennent invited Mr. Dudley to "eat a haunch of venison from the woods behind Peterborough, with us tomorrow, it's hung to a turn - you can just stay in the house with it" (p. 13).

69 Probably because of the achievement of Confederation and the accompanying wave of national consciousness.

70 Among the periodicals were The Nation (1874-6), The Bystander (1880-2), The Canadian Monthly and National Review (1872-82), and The Week (1883-96).

71 Dr. T. O'Hagan has dealt with this subject in an essay entitled "Canadian Women Writers" in his book Canadian Essays (Toronto: Wm. Briggs, 1901). There were many women writers who were accepted in the field of journalism and held important posts in the Toronto press. Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus) (1859-1935) was the first musical, and then literary editor of The Week. Sara Jeanette Duncan (1862-1922) wrote for the Toronto Globe and also contributed poetry and prose to Canadian newspapers and American journals. Agnes Maude Machar, under the pen name of "Fidelis," wrote novels, poetry, and literary criticism. Canadian women poets like Mrs. Pamela Vining Yule and Ethelwyn Wetherald were popular with the Canadian press, and Canadian women writers like Pauline Johnson and Mrs. Annie Howells Frechette saw their works appear in Canadian, American and English magazines.

72 "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 74.

73 Dr. John Irwin Crawford, a bachelor brother of Isabella's father, was with the Royal Navy, at times stationed at the Royal Navy Base, Cork.

74 From an unsigned, undated speech attributed to Burpee, located in the Public Archives, Ottawa.

75 Others listed include Chicago Inter Ocean, Century Co., 33 East 17 Street, New York; and Outing, 140 Nassau St., New York.

76 The following word count, 804/804/753/2361, appears on the last page of "In the Breast of a Maple." And in the Crawford MSS, there is also a letter from the Pictorial Times, Montreal, dated January 31, 1887, two weeks before her death, which suggests her tendency to verbosity:

Your story "From the Heart of a Maple" is very acceptable, but for the present we are limited by

space to short sketches not extending beyond 2 or 2 1/2 columns. We might use your contribution a little on, as we enlarge our room, and if you choose it to leave with us till then, we shall be happy to publish it.

77 Made popular by such American writers as Bret Harte and James Russell Lowell.

78 "A Hungry Day," CP, p. 309.

79 The Globe, p. 1. This advertisement continued until June 9, 1884.

80 The Evening News, 13 June 1884, p. 2.

81 The Week, p. 653.

82 See letter, p. 1.

83 The Illustrated London News, p. 360.

84 In Sir Charles G. D. Roberts; a Biography (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1943), Elsie Pomeroy tells that Crawford met Roberts en passant while he was editor of The Week, but refused to part with her poems when Roberts offered to pay only a modest rate for them (p. 50). The casual contact never flowered into anything more. However, Pomeroy claims that in after years Roberts deeply regretted not having been able to help Crawford.

85 Norman Shrive, Charles Mair: Literary Nationalist (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 192.

86 In an undated letter from London, England to Garvin, Pauline Johnson laments the fact that she knew so little about Crawford "heretofore," and continues, "I think she grows upon one's heart, as one gets into the depths of her work, and I know as I grow more familiar with her that she will come very close to my heart." This letter is in the Crawford MSS in the Lorne Pierce Collection at Queen's University.

87 Norman Shrive, Charles Mair: Literary Nationalist (Toronto, 1965), p. 195.

88 Wilson, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Globe, 22 April 1905, p. 2.

89 "Jeanette," "Great Poetess Buried in Little Lake Cemetery," The Examiner, 21 March 1934, p. 3.

90 O'Brien, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Peterborough Land of Shining Waters (Toronto, 1967), p. 381-2.

91 The Spectator, of Oct. 18, 1884, for instance, finds fault with the "inappropriate sprinkling of ornate literary English in 'Old Spookses' Pass,'" and "the immoderate use of rhetoric in 'Malcolm's Katie.'"

The Illustrated London News on April 3, 1886 praises Crawford's poetic talents:

. . . that which is inborn which cannot be acquired by any training or any amount of attention and application, which belongs to those only whose birth has been watched by Melpomene with gentle smile is the one thing needful; and that is exhibited in no small degree (p. 360).

92 Hathaway, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Canadian Magazine, 5 (October, 1895), 569.

93 "The Encouragement of Native Literature," 23 January 1886, p. 116.

94 The Dominion Annual Register and Review (Montreal, 1887), p. 222. Crawford is mentioned three times in this Register.

95 The notice seems to have been copied from The Pictorial Times (No. 2), Montreal, which had a brief life span in 1887.

96 From my private interview with Mrs. Perry.

97 Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, n.d.), p. 12.

98 Ibid., pp. 12, 13. There is proof of the existence of these articles: Mrs. Perry's father inherited them, and she herself still possessed a few of them.

99 The Toronto Normal School contained an Educational Museum housing a collection of copies of sculpture, paintings and engravings, which was open to the public. Crawford's works contain numerous references to antique sculpture of classical mythology, and to paintings of such masters as Millais, Murillo, Watteau, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rubens, and Landseer.

The following foolscap sheet in the Crawford papers entitled "Italy - Customs Religious" throws some light on Crawford's working method:

Fireflies--only seen while corn is in the ear--
Burn their tapers to consecrate--honour the
wheat--anticipating its consecration in the mystic
sacrifice--

Blessing the horses--St. Anthony's day in Rome--
Church Sant Antonio near Santa Maria Maggiore--
Florence--Sell grasshoppers--Ascension day--street
cry--"Canterino! Chi vuol canterino? O che bel
canterino!

Black field crickets--pale green tree grasshoppers,
name "grilli" sold in wicker cages "Caccia del
grillo) favourite amusement of the day.

In ancient Greece grasshoppers supposed to ward
off ill-luck.

Naples--Easter Eve--Silence Passion Services
broken by Joy-bells--flights of birds let loose--
similar custom in triumphs--

Siena--Palio--Horse race-annual--

Pentecost called "Pasqua rosa" Whitsunday roses
are rained thro "eye" of Pantheon typify descent
of fiery tongues.

Some districts Italy--roseleaves scattered on
doorstep by lover, if allowed to remain, acceptance--
if removed, rejection.

Naples--Fireworks Christmas Eve.--frightful accidents--
New Years Greetings in Rome--Servants meet in Piazza
Navona--and exchange Masters cards of complements--
Epiphany--Jan 5th--Rome and Florence--"Befana"
charivari.

Little Piazza Saint Eustachia near Pantheon Rome.
In Florence Mercato Nuovo--Glass trumpets in latter.
Florence--Holy Saturday--the "Dove" or "Columbina"
in cathedral

Priest kindles meteor--launches it on wire over
heads of people to trophy of fireworks before
baptistry--if meteor does not return safe (carro)
to Priest along wire--ill luck--if safe luck
April 1st "Pesce d'aprile" sugar models of all kinds
of fish.

Crawford has obviously recorded a variety of details on Italian religious customs for literary use.

100 "The Black Crook" which Crawford mentions in Pillows of Stone was a popular burlesque playing in New York in the 1870's. I have been unable to locate nineteenth-century theatre reviews of the "Grasshopper," a title which Crawford also mentions in Pillows of Stone. However, I did locate a review in The Nation, April 19, 1917, n.p., about a drama of Irish domestic life entitled "Grasshopper" by Padraic Colum and Mrs. F. E. Washburn Freund. This play could well be the same as that mentioned by Crawford.

101 In the 1870's Great Britain was engaged in a number of wars waged principally against savage or semi-civilized peoples. Allusions to such wars revealing Crawford's strong social conscience recur frequently.

In From Yule to Yule Crawford tells the reader that a K. C. B. was to be bestowed on General Sheepley who "was to 'arise, Sir Knight' having, with the expenditure of some millions of the nation's money, a phalanx of Gatlings, and the strident notes of awful war, exterminated a tribe or two of 'natives' lightly clad in summer suits of bows and arrows and a feather or two" (FYU, 8-9).

102 Carlo Dolci (1616-1686). His sacred subjects were characterized by a soft harmony which according to some of his critics resulted in cloying sweetness.

103 Arcturus, 19 February 1887, p. 84.

104 Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, n.d.), p. 12.

105 The Globe, 15 February, 1887, p. 2.

106 Hathaway, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Canadian Bookman, 5 (October 1895), 570.

107 Her knowledge of French is probably over-rated. Her rhyming of French words in "La Blanchisseuse," for instance, is faulty. French expressions such as "en verite" (HR, 8-5), and "sans ceromonie" (PS, 6) are misspelled; Italian like "per Bacco" (HR, 8-13) and Latin such as "sub rosa" (PS, 66), moreover, are very common.

108 Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, n.d.), p. 12.

109 Ibid., p. 13.

110 Garvin, "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 73.

111 Information kindly provided by Dr. J. W. Bilsland, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

Daily newspapers carried a musical composition every week. Examination of The Evening Telegram for 1882 and 1883, for example, revealed the following titles:

"Thou hast wounded the spirit that lov'd thee"	- 9 Dec 1882
"Will you Love me when I'm old?"	- 13 Jan 1883
"Linger Near me Darling"	- 27 Jan 1883
"Make Believe I'm Dreaming"	- 3 Mar 1883
"Some Day I'll Wander Back again"	- 4 Jun 1883
"Mary's Gone with a Coon"	- 16 Jun 1883

112 On another occasion one hears,

"What is the rascal saying, Jane?"
"I do not know papa--cursing us most likely--it
is like the opera" (Misc. fragment, Chap. IV-25).

The first performance in Toronto of "The Barber of Seville" seems to have been in the 1860's.

If Crawford were at all interested in opera, she could have heard full-scale performances in Toronto. In A History of Music in Canada 1534 to 1914 Helmut Kallmann states that in 1880 Toronto was visited by no fewer than four or five companies.

113 White cashmere and astrachan were considered very fashionable in the 1870's and 1880's. And a "Rubens-like opulence" was the jargon of fashion.

114 ". . . she had a great delight in cutting out and making the most unique and beautiful little foreign figures, tiny dolls, always of oriental types, made out of vivid coloured silks or satins; Rajahs and Mandarins and Hindoo priests in their robes and turbans, with their attendants perfectly costumed. She would spend hours over these things, making every detail correct." Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, n.d.), p. 13.

115 In January, 1954, the sick child, John Garton of Mount Vernon, Ontario, presented it to the Peterborough Historical Society. It is interesting to note that the copy of Crawford's 1884 volume of poetry now in the Peterborough Public Library was an autographed copy which Isabella gave to the sick child's mother, Mrs. Garton. To spend so much time on a gift for a friend's sick child reveals an attractive side of Crawford's nature. While aloof to most people, she must have been warm and close to her intimate friends.

116 Paul Scarron (1610-1660), French writer, whose work reflects a love of humorous exaggeration. His parody of the Aeneid and his other anti-heroic poems made him the foremost French exponent of "burlesque." Victorien Sardou (1831-1908), French dramatist who wrote popular melodramas. Jacques Offenbach (1819-60), composer of French burlesque opera.

117 Hale, "Canadian Poets," Canada Weekly, 24 (30 March 1918), 24.

118 "The Rose and the Rainbow," p. 3.

119 Arcturus, p. 84. This journal appeared January 15, 1887 and ceased publication June 25, 1887. It appears to have been overlooked by Crawford's biographers.

120 There are varying reports regarding the Crawford residences in Toronto. In Canadian Poets (Toronto, 1930), Garvin stated that Isabella and her mother "had lived for nearly a decade in the city of Toronto,--most of the time in humble lodgings over a small corner grocery store on King St." (p. 26). Her obituary in The Globe, 15 February 1887, states that for "the last sixteen months of her life" Crawford lived at 57 John Street.

In an article entitled "James Reaney's Canada" (Maclean's, December 1971, p. 51), Reaney claims that Isabella "lived and wrote up above her uncle's store on King Street, Toronto." (According to Mrs. Perry the family did not have relatives in Canada.)

It is very difficult to establish, with any accuracy, Crawford's residences in Toronto. The Rutherford sisters, with whom Crawford first lived, moved several times between the years 1876-1881. There is no record to show that Isabella moved with them. The Toronto City Directory of 1883 lists Sidney Crawford ("wid Stephen D") as having rooms at 214 Adelaide W, householder, Mrs. Harriet Farquharson. Isabella's name is not included. In the Toronto City Directories from

1876 to 1887 Isabella's name is listed only twice--in 1885 as a boarder at 180 Adelaide W., householder, Thomas Carradice (p. 336), and in 1887 at 57 John, householder, C. J. Stuart (p. 403). But on a page in Stephen's copybook, in Isabella's handwriting, is a record of rent payments made during the year 1885, January to December, to a "Miss Harrison" not Thomas Carradice.

121 Arcturus, 19 February 1887, p. 84.

122 O'Brien, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Peterborough Land of Shining Waters (Toronto, 1967), p. 379. Whether this friendship was as close as O'Brien claims is questionable. Wallis was born in 1861 and Crawford left Peterborough in 1876.

123 Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, n.d.), p. 10.

124 Hathaway, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Canadian Magazine, 5 (October 1895), 569-570.

125 Arcturus, 19 February 1887, p. 84.

126 Ibid.

127 Wilson, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," MS article (n.d.), n.p., in LPC.

128 The Globe, 15 February 1887, p. 2.

129 Pomeroy in The Challenge (n.d.), p. 5; Edgar, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," CHEL (1918), p. 349.

130 Caswell, Canadian Singers and their Songs (Toronto, 1919), p. 231.

131 According to Mrs. Crawford's death certificate. Mrs. Crawford's genealogy extract states that she was born in Ireland and at the time of her death belonged to the Unitarian faith.

132 "Crawford, Isabella Valancy," SDCB (1938), p. 74.

133 "The Canadian Girl," The Canadian Magazine, 1 (March-October, 1893), 190.

134 The Globe, 14 June 1884, p. 10.

135 But once again there are conflicting reports. Hathaway claimed that this particular novel was not complete at the time of Crawford's death, but appeared posthumously in the Fireside Weekly (The Canadian Magazine, October 1895, p. 569). Efforts to trace this journal have been fruitless. A Saturday story paper entitled Canadian Fireside Weekly was established in 1885, but I have been unable to locate any copies.

136 The Telegram, 14 February 1887, p. 4.

137 Morgan, The Dominion Annual Register and Review, p. 210.

In the spring of 1898 a number of unsold copies of Crawford's Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems were rebound and marketed by William Briggs. The Historical Society of Peterborough and "Kit" (Kathleen Blake Coleman) of The Mail spearheaded a drive for funds to erect a monument in Crawford's honour. In 1900 a Celtic cross seven feet high, of grey Canadian granite, was erected on Crawford's grave.

In connection with this Crawford Memorial Fund, in a letter entitled "The Neglected Grave of a Poetess," published by "Kit" in The Mail on July 15, 1899, Mrs. Wilson uses an interesting analogy: "As the small donations of American school children proved enough for the cost of a monument to Poe (who by the way wrote no American poetry) cannot subscriptions, though ever so small, be forwarded" (10). Donors' names and the amounts of their contributions were published by "Kit" in The Mail. A glance at the donors' lists shows that many ten cent pieces were received.

CHAPTER IV

CRAWFORD AS A SHORT STORY WRITER

¹ Romances, slight love-stories possessing many of the essential elements belonging to the extended romance. Characteristics commonly found include: love as chief motive; an idealized hero and heroine; love subjected to great difficulties; easy reconciliations; happy ending. They have the same approach to plot, moral outlook, character por-

trayal and style as stage melodrama.

Throughout the nineteenth-century in North America, they were written chiefly by women for magazines, and were very popular up to mid-century in the heyday of the ladies' books when they began to be criticized for their emotionalism and sentimentalism, and for their careless workmanship, diction and style. Although some of their popularity has declined with the demand for realism and better art, the sentimental romance, ie., the lady's book type of sentimentalized fiction, is still popular to-day. Modernized it may be, and given contemporary elements of appeal, it remains still true to type.

² Crawford's Canadian short stories are few in number, and there are no Canadian historical romances. This is surprising because the historical romance was a favourite form of fiction in the post-Confederation era. Many Canadian men and women were writing historical romances of Wolfe and Brock, William Lyon MacKenzie and Louis Riel, Tecumseh and Pontiac, Laura Secord and Madeline de Verchères. The absence of a Canadian market during her lifetime might well explain this absence.

³ Marriages take place in all of Crawford's romances except "Sevres Fulkes."

⁴ According to Jean Philippe Worth, Swiss muslin was de rigueur for summer parties, and real laces, such as Pointe de France and Valenciennes, were rare and jealously guarded (A Century of Fashion, 1928). Mrs. Perry told me that her grandmother owned a priceless heirloom piece of real lace.

⁵ Since the famous nineteenth-century couturier Monsieur Worth copied many of his fashions from court painters, it is not surprising that Crawford studied their works. Watteau, Rubens, Reynolds, and Gainsborough are all mentioned by name in her stories.

⁶ Crawford's consistent use of the theatrical pose was also probably influenced by her interest in court paintings, in the world of fashion, and in portrait statuary. It was also most likely influenced by the need to furnish such poses for illustration purposes, since most of her short stories would be published by illustrated journals. In fact, all of Crawford's stories published in Popular Monthly contain illustrations.

For "A Five-O'Clock Tea" there is a large full-page engraving captioned, "'Your ring, Jack,' she says, lifting her lovely hand to him. 'See, it is on my finger now.' She slowly draws it off, takes his large hand and closes it on it; then lays her white face upon it" (PM 17:289).

For "Let No Man Put Asunder" another full-page engraving bears the caption, "I knelt down beside her, a slim drenched figure in gray, clasped in the arms of a man whose face was hidden by her pretty, driftin' hair, whose strong arms were bound like iron around her" (PM 9:529).

For "Sevres Fulkes" still another full-page engraving is captioned, "All at once she found the threshold, and stood swaying, her hands moving before her, plucking at the air, while he struggled furiously" (PM 20:353).

For "His Christmas Love" a large three-quarter page engraving has the following caption, "She held aloft a carriage-lamp, and its light smote actual flames from her neck and arms as it struck on the jewels binding them" (PM 21:97).

⁷ Some of the short stories of the time were miniature novels shortened for magazine purposes. In Crawford's manuscripts there is a short story, a synoptic novel of From Yule to Yule which exists also in an incomplete longer form.

⁸ The January issue in which "His Christmas Love" was printed included "A Match-Making Scheme" by Christian Reid, a sentimental romance of high society; "The Gilforth Ghost," by Emma A. Oppen, a ghost story; "His New Year's Call," by Walter Edgar McCann, a detective story; "One Christmas Day," by Helen A. Natsch, a domestic sentimental story; two serialized novels "Daughters of Cain" by Etta W. Pierce and "Of Two Evils" by Professor Clarence M. Boutelle, Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," etc. as well as articles entitled "The Opera in New York," by Noel Ruthvin, "Bermuda," by Henry R. Dorr, "The Upper Ten Thousand in England," by Miss Lily Higgin, "History of the American Potato," by A. S. Fuller, "John Ruskin and his Home," by Sarah K. Bolton, "The Kembles," by Brander Matthews, "North Tuscan Notes," by Vernon Lee, "What We Know About the Sun" (anon.) and "Sleep-Walking Freaks" (anon.). And besides several very short articles on a wide range of subjects, the issue also offered six pieces of verse entitled "A Song before the Mirror" (anon.), "The Red-Cross Knight" (anon.), "Washed Ashore" (anon.), "The Petrified Fern," "Snowdrops," and "Darkness and Light" by Florence M. Fulton.

⁹ According to a letter from the editor of the Pictorial Times of Montreal, dated January 31, 1887, this story was "very acceptable" for publication.

This letter, addressed to Crawford, is located in the Crawford MSS. It should be noted that the story mentioned in the letter is entitled, "From the Heart of a Maple." Whether the word "breast" was changed to "heart" for publication purposes, is impossible to say. However, the problem arises whether the story referred to in the letter and the story in manuscript draft in the Crawford MSS are the same. At the top of the first page of the manuscript draft, above the title "In the Breast of a Maple," appears the following entry, later crossed out:

A Bar of Sunset
Written for Pictorial
by Isabella Valancy Crawford

¹⁰ Standish O'Grady, "The Emigrants," Canadian Anthology, eds. Klinck & Watters (Toronto: 1966), p. 29.

¹¹ Toronto, where Crawford lived for nearly eleven years, is the setting for this fragment, and, in view of the complaint made by Hathaway in 1919, she was evidently a pioneer in the literary use of this setting:

. . . as Toronto does not seem to be a place where romantic or unusual things are likely to happen, it has not bulked large in Canadian literature. Curiously enough, too, the life of the city, the spirit of its people, its place in the commercial life of the Dominion and its political and industrial importance have all been passed over.

"How Canadian Novelists are Using Canadian Opportunities," The Canadian Bookman (July, 1919), p. 20.

Crawford also refers to Toronto in several of her long pieces of fiction. [Philip Dudley], for instance, opens with a letter dated, "Rossin House, Toronto, Ontario, Dec. 11th, 188_." (Rossin House at the time was a very popular Toronto Hotel.) In the same fragment we are told that Mr. Tennent's wife is "safe in her snug bower in Parkdale" (PD, 15). (Parkdale was then a fashionable area in Toronto.) And in Pillows of Stone, the American Dr. Lovelace in New York mentions "a boat race at Toronto" (PS, 59).

¹² Although the Canada First movement tried to influence Canadian intellectual life, and provided lively discussion in a group of periodicals that flourished in the seventies and eighties, the old hostilities remained: the new Dominion was

still divided by sectional, racial, and cultural conflicts, and Crawford suggests this factionalism in this story.

¹³ For Crawford, "a Canadian Summer is one long jubilee of sunshine" (SS, 55) and "deserves to be thoroughly enjoyed" (SS, 52, 53). "Why do they eternally paint Canada on snow-shoes and skates?" (SS, 53). Crawford asks, a sentiment which Hugh Kenner in modern times also expresses in "The Case of the Missing Face," Our Sense of Identity, ed. Malcolm Ross (Toronto: 1954), pp. 203-208.

Articles promoting Toronto as a summer resort were common in the daily papers. An article entitled "Toronto as a Summer Resort" (The Globe, 7 April 1886, p. 8) publicized the romantic scenery about the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario, and the number of pleasure boats in the harbour. Crawford's imagination may have drawn upon this article for "Tudor Tramp."

CHAPTER V

CRAWFORD AS A NOVELIST

¹ For example, although Crawford criticizes unmusical girls in "A Five-O'Clock Tea," her criticism is an ironic piece of social comedy:

Musical girls, generally with gold eye-glasses on chill, aesthetic noses, play grim classical preparations, which have as cheerful an effect on the gay crowd as the perfect, irreproachable skeleton of a bygone beauty might have, or articulate, with cultivation and no voices to speak of, arias which would almost sap the life of a true child of song to render as the maestro intended (SS, 22).

Crawford is poking fun at little vanities. The sarcastic tone of the comment does not permeate the story, and the criticism implied is casual and incidental.

The parlour piano was a contemporary cultural symbol and playing it a popular nineteenth-century pastime. Upper middle-class women were expected to be able to play the piano and sing the latest concert-household songs even though they might possess no special musical talent.

² Luca Varno, a painter, falls from a scaffolding on which he was standing to paint "The Martyrdom of St. Dorothea." Crawford's imagination is probably influenced by the death of Murillo (1618-1682) whom she frequently mentions in her works. Murillo died from a fall from a scaffolding which he had mounted to paint the upper part of a picture of the "Marriage

of St. Catherine" for the Church of the Capuchin Fathers at Cadiz in Spain.

³ A special feature known as "Tableaux Vivant" was part of the burlesque performance. Shapely women and handsomely moulded men would strike poses of different scenes from mythology, chiselled by the world's master sculptors. The titles of the tableaux were descriptive of their intention, and included, for instance, "The Three Graces" and "The Rape of the Sabines." At first flesh-coloured tights were used in the undraped statuary. Later men and women wore "plaster poses": their hair was covered with white wigs and their bodies with some sort of liquid that gave them the alabaster chastity of marble. Crawford frequently uses metamorphosis: her statues soften into flesh-and-blood human beings, and human beings harden into stone.

⁴ Crawford's choice of name is especially interesting because translated into English, it means golden trap.

⁵ Where Crawford learned so much about servants is problematical. The Peterborough Assessment Rolls for 1870, 1873, and 1874 show that there were five people living in the Crawford residence. One of these might well have been a servant.

⁶ The high incidence of emotional posturing in the theatre, where great tragediennes and operatic singers were complimented for their ability to portray intense passion through extravagantly stylized gestures such as Gwendolin's, was probably one influence on Crawford's use of histrionics.

⁷ The Age of Victoria saw a great deal of agitation for the education of women. Although the gospel of Tennyson's The Princess was absorbed into the consciousness of the English-speaking world, and had much in it that was progressive and tolerant, it was not one calculated to encourage any real attempt at bringing women's education up to that of men. To depict young women studying subjects that belonged to the male domain, therefore, was to suggest feminist sympathies and Crawford herself evidently felt these.

It is interesting that an article entitled "A Princess Ida's Castle" with the subtitle "W. S. Gilbert's Dream Exemplified in the Muskoka Regions" appeared in The Globe (22 Aug. 1886, p. 10). Princess Ida was based upon The Princess.

⁸ Crawford's references indicate a familiarity with, and an appreciation of, the programmes and the reputation of the burlesque. Ixion, for example, one of the burlesques Crawford mentions in Pillows of Stone, was staged in New York in 1869. (The New York Clipper protested strongly against representing

Minerva with a fan and whiskey flask, Jupiter as a jig dancer, and Venus with a taste for the cancan.) Many Victorian critics objected to burlesque as a lowering of personal morality and the aesthetics of the theatre. The male population favoured it generally, but the female regarded it as a threat to home and hearth. Genteel society, of course, disapproved violently of all actresses and fast women. Cocottes were invariably separated from ladies of quality. And yet the women of the half-world dressed as women of the great, and assumed their nuances of manner and refinement. One can only speculate whether the General who defends the burlesque is expressing the author's personal views. Crawford's sympathetic tone, nevertheless, would be unusual for the time.

Whether Crawford's knowledge of burlesque was gained from personal experience or reading can be only a matter of conjecture. Burlesque is a main topic in Pillows of Stone and even the narrator of Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter uses the term "burlesque" to describe the mood of flight and pursuit: "'Pon my word, tired and alarmed as I was there was such a burlesque air about the whole thing that I grinned as I fled" (GRG, 4).

An examination of the programmes staged at Toronto's two opera houses, moreover, shows that burlesque was very popular. The burlesque musical extravaganza, Evangeline, for instance, which had made American theatrical history in 1876, was advertised in the National, (Toronto), on Feb. 9, 1880. There was a sudden rise in the popularity of comedies, burlesque, pantomime, and farce in the 1880's and the arrival in America of the Gilbert & Sullivan opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," in the 1878-79 season, led to a veritable eruption of comic opera.

⁹ Worth was the celebrated nineteenth-century couturier who designed gowns for international beauties.

¹⁰ The Halton Farm seems to be conducted along the principles promoted by Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1746-1827) who, in Neuhoft, Switzerland between 1774 and 1780, operated a farm experimenting in bringing up vagrant boys and girls. Deciding that the most natural environment for a child was a loving home dominated by firm discipline, and clearly realizing the importance of emotional security in educational development, he introduced psychology into formal education, and attempted to implement his ideas on his farm. His educational principles were love and patience--the basis of the operation of Halton Farm.

It seems safe to say that Crawford had read about Pestalozzi, because his methods were attracting attention in the United States from 1860 onwards.

¹¹ Interest in deranged states of mind was part of the Romantic tradition. Writers such as Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, and DeQuincey, for instance, were all interested in

it. When one considers the number of "mad" people in the novels of Sir Walter Scott and of Charles Dickens, madness must have had a curious fascination for them, too. In The Ring and the Book, Robert Browning displays an interest in the internal strain of the mind. In Death's Jest Book, Thomas Lovell Beddoes also shows an interest in disoriented states of mind. Several nineteenth-century operas, such as Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor, contain mad scenes. Madhouse themes were popular in the nineteenth-century. Novelists like Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins wrote about them. The setting in Hard Cash is in a private lunatic asylum, and the novel treats the social and legal implications of madness. In The Woman in White the unfortunate Anne Catherick has been shut up in a mental institution by a scheming relative. Crawford might have been familiar with some, if not most, of these works and their writers. Her numerous references to Shakespeare's unstable characters such as Ophelia, Hamlet, Timon, and Othello certainly argue familiarity with them. We can now only speculate, what were her influences: literary tradition, close association with her physician father, or reading her father's medical books and journals.

It is noteworthy that in From Yule to Yule it is Dr. Florence's research in nervous disorders which have won him "a K.C.B. in honour of his vast additions to the scientific data of the Victorian Age" (FYY, 8-9).

¹² Crawford also accurately portrays Clyffe's "jim-jams" with its suicidal tendencies and terrible withdrawal states as well as Paolo's hallucinatory state when, stumbling into a church, he watches the figures of his wife and child merge into the window's "Madonna and Child."

¹³ Crawford's Malcolm's Katie also espouses this theme. Love is sophia, wisdom. If traditional criticism is correct in stating that Dante was her favourite poet, then Crawford was probably influenced by Dante in her concept of love. In her poem "My Irish Love" Crawford says "no poet tells/ The tale of Love with such a wizard tongue/ That lovers slight dear Love himself to list!"

¹⁴ "Seranus," The Week, 24 February 1887, p. 203.

¹⁵ Hale, Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, 1923), p. 108.

¹⁶ Burpee, Unsigned Speech, Public Archives (MG29, G41).

¹⁷ Garvin, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Canadian Bookman, 9 (May, 1927), 132.

Garvin's highly speculative comment is difficult to

justify for two reasons: one does not know Garvin's criteria for judgment, nor does one know whether he had access to a larger portion of the canon than is now available upon which to base his assessment.

In fact, Garvin had always intended to publish Crawford's prose. In his introductory note to his 1905 edition of the poems he states, "Miss Crawford left behind her much manuscript in prose (fiction) which may be published subsequently in book form" (p. 4). And as late as April 1, 1935, he still must have considered it worth publishing because he wrote Dr. Pierce, "I have long intended publishing a volume of her prose writings. This will probably be done within three years from date."

In this same letter to Dr. Pierce, Garvin expresses the hope that some Canadian University might grant him a "Litt. D. . . . and if so I should like to present to that University Miss Crawford's manuscripts and other treasures I possess."

CHAPTER VI

IMAGERY IN CRAWFORD'S PROSE

¹ Dr. John George Bourinot reports, "These are days of cheap cyclopedias, historical summaries, scientific digests, reviews of reviews, French in a few lessons, and interest tables. All is digested and made easy to the student." "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 12 (May, 1893), 31.

Little is known about Crawford's reading habits, but she probably did derive a vast amount of information from such areas and also from contemporary newspapers. She must have also read with an especial sensitiveness for what she could later use, gifted as she was with extremely retentive and associative powers.

We do not know that her musical knowledge was first hand. Piano reductions of opera scores were tremendously popular, and in the 1880's Toronto boasted two opera houses: the Grand Opera House and the Royal Opera House where variety shows were the norm. It was the great era of the travelling companies and extravaganzas, burlesque and comic opera. It was also the heyday of the Barnum Great Roman Hippodrome that played on a vacant lot at the corner of Gerard and Ontario Streets near the Crawford home in the 1880's.

Although it is safe to say that Crawford had never seen the sculpture and paintings mentioned in her works in their original forms, it was a great day for the lithograph and the

illustrated journal. Her own short stories appeared in the pictorial journal of Frank Leslie's, the most extensive publishing house of illustrated literature in the world.

² There are allusions to the heroes of Homer (Achilles and Agamemnon, Hector and Troilus) and to names, places, objects and events (Cerberus and the Styx, the Argonauts and Hylas, the Elysian Fields and Hades, Prometheus, Medusa, and Telemachus). It is interesting to note that Crawford prefers the Latin to the Greek names of the gods and goddesses: Jupiter for Zeus, Mercury for Hermes, Hercules for Heracles, Diana for Artemis, and Juno for Hera. She makes many allusions to Roman historical figures such as Caesar and Cicero, Nero and Caligula.

³ Hippona was a Greek Goddess who presided over horses. Her statues were placed in horses' stables.

⁴ Crawford is probably referring to the famous gold death mask found by the German archeologist, Heinrich Schliemann at Mycenae in 1876, and since called the Mask of Agamemnon. More recent research has proved the attribution wrong.

⁵ It was common in nineteenth-century fashion magazines to describe English ladies of quality as "statuesque Dianas" or "Juno-esque beauties."

⁶ Another gladiatorial image effectively conveys Claudia's courage under stress. Claudia is in that shadow of the mind where the real and the unreal intermingle and become indistinguishable. A bronze of a gladiator in the arena casting his "deadly" net over another attracts her "weirdly":

She lays her hand on the malachite base supporting the gladiators, and as she stands the net in the hand of the victor seems about to fall on her lovely head. She looks bewildered. "Strange," she murmurs to herself, "Strange! how dark it looks--how weirdly true. Can it be that I pushed her into the Pool in my fright at seeing her. Oh, can that be true! Am I indeed a murderer?" (7-8).

Although Claudia is trying to untangle the web in her own mind, she is actually becoming entangled in Cyril's net, which, like the gladiator's, is also deadly. Escape is impossible, and she imagines herself the victim in the bronze statue. Her imagination juxtaposes the actual and the imaginary, interweaving fantasy and reality in a strange relationship between what is and what seems. Later, Claudia says to Cyril, "You have woven a strong net round a very weak creature" (7-14). Still later, Crawford explains that if Claudia does not come out of the furnace unscathed or "if this horrible net of mystery is too strong--well--Roman women have died before--and death itself

is only a veiled angel" (7-15). By associating Claudia with the gladiators of Rome, Crawford focuses attention on Claudia's bravery.

⁷ A very amusing incident arises in Pillows of Stone between the Burlesque Queens and the General over the reference to Ruskin, the preeminent English art-critic of the century. General Dutrom is poking fun at the Baby's colour combination: "Who let you wear pink satin boots and a crimson tunic, Baby?"

The Baby retorts: "Well ain't it good enough? Don't be Buskin trash over me, Ab. Pink's a sweet color and crimson takes the eye."

The General corrects Baby: "Ruskin, Baby, Ruskin: you shall have him in a medieval binding of oak and gold if you'll promise to read him and profit by him, chuck" (p. 76).

Ironically, a buskin is a high thick-soled boot once worn by actors in tragic drama and often used as a symbol of tragedy. It could be Crawford's symbol of intentional irony or a clue foreboding no good.

⁸ It is not surprising that of all the musical instruments which Crawford uses, the harp is mentioned most frequently. It was an instrument popular with the ancient Greeks and Romans. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the harp in Ireland became a popular instrument for ladies. Dublin was a centre of musical culture and Crawford's parents probably attended many concerts there. We must not forget, of course, that the Crawfords brought a harp with them to Paisley, Canada West.

⁹ In calling Pollie Gore, Miss de Verulam, Crawford may be poking fun at Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, of course, had a great deal to say about music.

¹⁰ Another imaginative view of a bat is ambivalent. In Helen's Rock, Helen di Pansa looks up at a sky "which is turning almost violet with delicate ribs of rose like a bat's wing brooding over it" (HR, 3-17). This observation when filtered through her consciousness has special significance. Comparison to the colour of the underside of the bat's wing is meant to be attractive, but the appearance of the sky reminding Helen of a bat is also a bad omen--an unconscious and intuitive suspicion of future disaster. The image evokes delight to the visual sense and also subtly prepares the reader for future trouble.

¹¹ Desmond Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada (Toronto, 1961), p. 69.

¹² Such pedantry is displayed in the parenthetical expression attached to the following sentence: Mr. Foote "clung to his telescope with the devotion of a Parsee for his Zendevesta (Bible)" (BH, 4).

CHAPTER VII

CRAWFORD AS A POET

¹ The small body of shorter poems contains, among others, "To day the Doge," "Lorne an' Louise," and eight pieces about disobedient children entitled "Idle Jane," "Tommy Mutton and the Bees," "Dirty Jim," "Bob and the Tub," "The Bad Little Boy and the Frog," "The Dreadful Dunce," "How Pussie Stole the Cream" and "Angry Jack."

Dorothy Livesay has examined the unfinished poem which is in the Lorne Pierce Collection in the Douglas Library, Queen's University, and called it The Hunters Twain. Subsequent references to this poem will use her title.

² Crawford may have drawn upon the story of St. Anthony who was the first of the desert fathers to fight the tempter on all levels of consciousness. The devil tempted him in different shapes, coming to him in the form of a woman, and in the form of a prince who offered him all power and majesty, but the saint refused to be tempted. We have already noted in her prose that Crawford identifies with the young man who is betrayed by a wicked woman in beauteous disguise: in The Hunters Twain it is a raven-haired serpent woman who betrays Ion, the artist.

³ It is difficult for Canadians today to conceive clearly the intensity of the patriotic horror aroused by the rebellion which had to be put down by force of arms.

⁴ The following sentence taken from a letter written by Ethelwyn Wetherald to Mr. Garvin is interesting: "Will not J. E. Wetherall gnash his teeth when he finds he has carelessly omitted 'The Rose of a Nation's Thanks'--the finest patriotic poem ever written in Canada--from his book of patriotic verse!" The letter dated Oct. 15, no year, is in the Crawford Manuscripts, Douglas Library.

⁵ In a review of Crawford's 1884 volume, The National Graphic on April 4, 1885, states that "Old Spense" was "an excellent piece of dry humour at the expense of those worthy Puritans who, we suppose, still exist in the out-of-the-way American districts."

⁶ The way Crawford plays with religious concepts was much in the spirit of many contemporary nineteenth-century American humorists. Robert Burdette's "The Brakeman at Church" (1879) was a translation of the tenets of various religious sects into the jargon of the railroad man.

⁷ The National Graphic drew attention to the "genuine pathos in the cattle-drover's lonely meditations," and added, "though they are just the sort of thing that Philistines and fools would dub profane!" (April 4, 1885, n.p.).

⁸ George Johnston, who has translated the Saga of Gisli, states that the poem "is not in the least like the Saga of Gisli. . . . It sounds hardly Norse at all, the discussion of evil at the end doesn't sound Norse." This quotation is taken from a letter written by George Johnston to me dated Feb. 22, 1972. The narrative substance of this poem is slight; there is no discernible pattern of plot.

⁹ The concept of the pastoral Utopia is familiar to readers of classical literature. It found echoes in the monasticism of the Middle Ages and the Utopia of St. Thomas More. The secularism of the Renaissance, with its aspirations to the good life in this world, was yet another variation.

The French Revolution marked a watershed in Utopian thought. In reaction, F. C. M. Fourier (1772-1837) emphasized a small community on a human scale based on the land and settled by persons with complementary skills. His intention, in short, was to maximize human satisfactions.

Albert Brisbane brought Fourier's thought to the United States where it fused with the tradition of pioneer cooperation and furnished an answer to the objections of the New England intellectuals to the course of society. Of the several experiments in the United States (Oneida, Navoo, Amana, not to mention Robert Owen's plans) the best known is Brook Farm partly because of the reputation of those involved, partly because of the blaze of publicity that attended its short life.

It is, therefore, of some interest that a full generation later the values of Brook Farm--roots in the land, a human scale, and an inter-dependent community--appear in Crawford's Malcolm's Katie.

¹⁰ In a letter to me dated July 17, 1976, Miss Mary Martin says that some years ago she was sent a photostatic copy of The Hunters Twain by Mr. E. C. Beer, then Assistant Archivist of the Douglas Library, Queen's University, who explained that the sheets of the manuscript had been stitched. When Dorothy Livesay saw the poem, the sheets had been unstitched, and there was no indication of where the poem was intended to begin.

Miss Martin, who received the sheets in their original

order, suggests that The Hunters Twain should begin with the first line of the bound manuscript, "She had the full, fell frankness of her kind," rather than Livesay's first line "Without the West drew flaming gates across." I am using Miss Martin's order of pages.

¹¹ Crawford's 1884 version contains ninety-eight quatrains. Garvin's volume leaves out Crawford's fifty-ninth stanza:

Make a giant for our need,
Weak to feel and strong to toil;
Dully-wise to dig or bleed
On proud Sparta's alien soil!

¹² Garvin, The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, 1905), p. 20.

¹³ Ibid., p. 1.

¹⁴ Ethelwyn Wetherald to Mr. Garvin in a letter dated Oct. 8 (no year).

¹⁵ Marcus Curtius is a Roman legendary hero who, according to tradition, sacrificed himself for the good of his country. In 362 B.C. it is said that a chasm opened in the Roman forum from which issued pestilential vapours. The oracle declared that the chasm would close whenever that which constituted the glory of Rome should be thrown into it. Curtius asked if anything in Rome was more precious than arms and valour, and being answered in the positive, arrayed himself in armour, mounted a horse, and sprang into the abyss which instantly closed over him.

¹⁶ In her explanation of "Indian Summer" in Malcolm's Katie and in her other works--prose and poetry--Crawford uses Indian personages and terms similar to those that appeared in Longfellow's The Song of Hiawatha. Crawford's spelling, however, differs from that of Longfellow's vocabulary. In Longfellow we have Geezis, Bemahgut, Odahmin, Wenonah; in Crawford, Gheezis, Behmagut, Ohdamin, Winona.

¹⁷ Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada (Toronto, 1961), p. 69.

¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ Ibid., p. 70.

²⁰ Frye, A Study of English Romanticism (New York, 1968), p. 4.

²¹ A. J. M. Smith, The Oxford Book of Verse (Toronto, 1960), xxix.

²² The National Graphic, 4 April 1885, n.p.

²³ Brown, On Canadian Poetry (Toronto, 1943), p. 41.

²⁴ Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada (Toronto, 1961), p. 70.

²⁵ Bessai, "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford," Queen's Quarterly (Autumn, 1970), p. 417.

²⁶ Daniells, "Crawford, Carman and D. C. Scott," Literary History of Canada (Toronto, 1970), p. 408.

CHAPTER VIII

COMMON THEMES AND IMAGES

¹ This quotation is taken from Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion." Another quotation, which is also part of the heading, is attributed to Robert Dale Owen, who was a nineteenth-century American social reformer and edited a journal called The Free Inquirer, a socialistic and agnostic publication.

² In Crawford's works there are allusions to a wide variety of religious sects, among which are the Baptists, Puritans, Quakers, Buddhists, Hindus, Parsees, Zorastrians, Hebrews, and Cabalists.

There are also references to several books of religion such as the Bhagavad Gitâ, the Rig Veda, the Bible, the Koran, Talmud, and Zendvesta.

It is interesting that in La Tricoteuse we hear that "goodness and piety are not all when we can we like to see the Heathen Graces associated with the Christian virtues. . . ." (LaT, 19). And it is also noteworthy that in [Belfry House] Crawford regrets that in Fridgeville, American "heretical suspects" can not "enjoy" "Free thinking" (BH, 10).

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

- ¹ The Evening Telegram, 12 June 1884, p. 4.
- ² "Seranus," The Week, 24 February 1887, p. 202.
- ³ J. W. Garvin, ed., The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, 1905), p. 27.
- ⁴ Thomas O'Hagan, Canadian Essays (Toronto, 1901), p. 57.
- ⁵ Garvin, ed., The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto, 1905), p. 27.
- ⁶ Ibid., p. 17.
- ⁷ Pierce, An Outline of Canadian Literature (Montreal, 1927), p. 68.
- ⁸ Smith, The Book of Canadian Poetry (Toronto, 1948), xvii.
- ⁹ Reaney, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Our Living Tradition (Toronto, 1959), p. 278.
- ¹⁰ Ibid.
- ¹¹ Yeoman, "Towards a Native Mythology," Canadian Literature (Spring, 1972), 41.
- ¹² Frank Bessai, "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford," Queen's Quarterly, LXXVII (Autumn, 1970), 408.
- ¹³ Ibid.
- ¹⁴ Ower, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Canadian Literature (Autumn, 1967), 54.
- ¹⁵ Ibid., p. 59.
- ¹⁶ Dr. Ross's paper "Isabella Valancy Crawford: Solar

Mythologist," delivered at the Learned Societies' Conference in Quebec City in the Spring of 1976, is taken from her thesis.

17 James Reaney, "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Our Living Tradition (Toronto, 1959), p. 276.

18 Ross, p. iii.

19 Ibid.

20 Ibid.

21 Ibid., p. iv.

22 Dunn's essay "Crawford's Gisli, the Chieftain" (Contemporary Verse II, May, 1976) is based on her thesis.

23 Dunn, p. 21.

24 Ibid.

25 Ibid.

26 Their arguments are also carried to extremes. For example, Christ and Barrabas are not antagonistic figures. They are both passive. It is the crowd which is antagonistic. Barabbas does not represent the crowd. He is merely the passive subject for their passions. Similar arguments can be used for cedar paddle and lily bed, whirling lariat and yawning gulch, etc.

Moreover, how can the motifs of identical twins and clasped handshake (which is not a recurring motif at all) bring such a pair as Christ and Barabbas together?

27 Daniells, "Crawford, Carman, and D. C. Scott," Literary History of Canada (Toronto, 1970), p. 409.

28 Ibid., p. 410.

29 Bessai, "The Ambivalence of Love in the Poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford," Queen's Quarterly, LXXVII (Autumn, 1970), 408.

30 Ibid.

31 MacGillivray, p. 94.

32 Ibid., p. 97.

33 Ibid., p. iii.

34 Hughes and Sproxton, p. 63.

35 Ibid., p. 62.

36 Hughes, p. 38.

37 Ibid.

38 The pseudonym "Denis Scott" appears at the end of "The Halton Boys" in manuscript draft in the Lorne Pierce Collection.

39 Morgan, The Dominion Annual Register and Review (Montreal, 1887), p. 222.

40 "The Encouragement of Native Literature," The Varsity, 23 January 1886, p. 116.

41 "Seranus," "Isabella Valancey [sic] Crawford," The Week, 24 February 1887, p. 203.

42 "Elizabeth," "Isabella Valancy Crawford," The Globe, 31 May 1920, n.p.

43 Burpee, Unsigned speech, Public Archives (MG29, G41).

44 Ethelwyn Wetherald's letters to Garvin in conjunction with his 1905 publication raise some questions regarding the unpublished work of a dead author. In a letter dated October 19 (ca. 1904), Miss Wetherald wrote:

I was sure you would be opposed to "Selected Poems" as much as I was. As a matter of fact they ought to be called Complete and ought to be selected. That need not deceive anyone for it would simply mean her best work complete.

Garvin did omit quite a number of poems in his edition, but

Wetherald's concern seemed to stem from the inclusion of Crawford's "folksy" verse:

My heart sank when I heard that "He saved his soul and saved his pork" was to go in after all. It . . . goes to prove that even the most careful and critical of Editors (as you undoubtedly are) is yet in spite of himself compelled at times to play to the gallery.

And yet in another letter to Garvin, Wetherald praised his editing:

I am sorry that Canadian readers will never realize what a debt of gratitude they owe you for putting this magnificent poetry into shape, so that its beauties are more clearly visible.

But Garvin did not include any notes to indicate his editorial depredations and thereby hampered Crawford scholarship.

⁴⁵ MacGillivray, p. 117.

⁴⁶ Ibid.

APPENDIX I

POETRY: A CHRONOLOGY

YEAR	DAY	NEWSPAPER	POEM
1873	Feb. 1	<u>The Favorite</u>	Love in a Dairy ^o
"	Feb. 15	"	The Inspiration of Song ^o
"	May 24	"	Love and Reason ^o
"	Dec. 24	<u>The Mail</u>	The Vesper Star ^o
1874	Mar. 7	"	Esther ^o
"	Mar. 24	"	*The Wishing Star ^o
"	Apr. 27	"	Caesar's Wife ^o
"	June 26	"	A Battle ^o
"	July 28	"	Canada to England ^o
"	Aug. 19	"	*The Roman-Rose Seller
"	Sept. 18	"	*The Wooing of Gheezis: An Indian Idyll
"	Nov. 6	"	Moloch
1875	Feb. 26	"	Flora
"	May 3	"	An Interregnum ^o
1876	July ?	<u>The National</u>	Where, Love, Art Hid? ^o
1878	Apr. 17	"	They Tell me Love is Dead
"	Sept. 5	"	*The Farmer's Daughter Cherry ^o
"	Sept. 26	"	Filigrane!
"	Oct. 10	"	The Death of a Queen
"	Oct. 31	"	Baby's Boots
"	Nov. 28	"	The New Shoes o' Protection
1879	Mar. 13	"	Roger Bontemps
"	May 8	"	Uncle Joe's Reason
"	June 25	<u>The Evening Telegram</u>	Erin to her Grandson, Ned Hanlan
"	Aug. 4	"	*War ^o
"	Sept. 3	"	To the Princess Louise
"	Sept. 3	"	A Song of the Sea
"	Sept. 12	"	*Joy's City ^o
"	Oct. 6	"	Lines: on the Picture of Semiramis Receiving News of a Revolt in Babylon

YEAR	DAY	NEWSPAPER	POEM
1879	Oct. 22	<u>The Evening Telegram</u>	*How Deacon Fry Bought a Duchess Wealth ^o
"	Nov. 26	"	
"	Dec. 12	"	*Beside the Burgo- meister's Well ^o
"	Dec. 31	"	The King is Dead!-- Long Live the King! ^o
1880	Jan. 16	"	*Farmer Downs Changes His Opinion of Nature
"	Feb. 4	"	*Beside the Sea ^o
"	Feb. 21	"	A Creed
"	Mar. 25	"	Love me, Love my Dog ^o
"	May 14	"	Said the West Wind ^o
"	May 27	"	Sylvius to Chloris ^o
"	June 3	"	June
"	June 19	"	True and False ^o
"	July 7	"	*The Deacon and his Daughter ^o
"	Aug. 9	"	The Camp of Souls ^o
"	Aug. 19	"	Said the Daisy ^o
"	Sept. 4	"	*The City Tree ^o
"	Sept. 29	"	*Old Spense ^o
"	Oct. 15	"	The Billet-Doux
"	Nov. 27	"	The Pilgrims
"	Dec. 9	"	The Sailor and his Bride ^o
1881	Jan. 19	"	1880
"	Feb. 15	"	*A Hungry Day ^o
"	Mar. 7	"	Erin's Warning ^o
"	Mar. 19	"	*March
"	Apr. 27	"	The Rowan Tree ^o
"	June 4	"	A Fragment
"	July 16	"	*Curtius ^o
"	Aug. 20	"	A Wooing
"	Oct. 3	"	*The White Bull
"	Oct. 13	"	The Deacon's Fate
1882	Jan. 7	"	Youth
"	Feb. 11	"	Life ^o
"	Mar. 13	"	Two Songs (Love's Forget-Me-Not) ^o
"	May 11	"	O Eyes that See Not
"	June 2	"	*Some of Farmer Stebbins' Opinions ^o
"	July 21	"	*Verses, entitled "Late Loved, Well Loved" (Late Loved--Well Loved) ^o

YEAR	DAY	NEWSPAPER	POEM
1882	Sept. 8	<u>The Evening Telegram</u>	Good-bye's the Word!°
"	Oct. 27	"	At the Opera - A Fragment
"	Nov. 8	"	Thanksgiving Day
"	Dec. 2	"	Mavourneen°
1883	Feb. 9	"	He Arose and Went Into Another Land°
"	Apr. 16	"	*The Earth Waxeth Old°
"	June 1	"	A Perfect Strain°
"	June 18	"	A Lover's Quarrel
"	July 30	"	Love, Stay for Me
"	Sept. 15	"	September in Toronto°
"	Nov. 14	"	The Butterfly (The Mother's Soul)°
"	Nov. 28	"	The Dark Stag°
"	Dec. 5	"	*My Irish Love°
"	Dec. 22	"	The Legend of the Mistletoe°
1884	Jan. 19	"	*Roses in Madrid°
"	Feb. 26	"	*The Canoe (Said the Canoe)°
"	June 25	"	Toronto°
"	Sept. 24	"	Song of Michaelmas
"	Oct. 22	"	His Clay°
"	Oct. 30	"	The Lily Bed°
"	Nov. 11	"	The King's Kiss°
"	Dec. 22	"	The Christmas Baby°
1885	Mar. 18	"	An Apology for the Spring Poet (The Poet of the Spring)°
"	Apr. 20	"	The Red-Cross Corps
"	May 4	"	To Gladstone: "Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery"
"	May 22	"	The Dauntless Daughter of the Dane
"	June 11	"	The Rose of a Nation's Thanks°
"	July 17	"	Songs for the Soldiers°

YEAR	DAY	NEWSPAPER	POEM
1885	July 22	<u>The Evening Telegram</u>	The Gallant Lads in Green
"	Aug. 8	"	Peace ^o
"	Oct. 10	<u>The Globe</u>	Phyllis
"	Nov. 18	"	All Men are Born Free and Equal
"	Nov. 30	"	Co' Boss!
"	Dec. 23	<u>The Evening Telegram</u>	Yule
1886	Jan. 1	<u>The Globe</u>	Hast Thou?
"	Mar. 20	"	My Darling
"	Apr. 14	"	The Sabot Maker
"	May 1	"	The Harp of Spring
"	May 29	"	The Pessimist
"	May 29	<u>The Evening Telegram</u>	The Rolling Pin (Fairy Toil) ^o
Unknown	Unknown	<u>The Favorite</u>	Love Amongst the Roses ^o
"	"	<u>The National</u>	I'll Laugh to See the Year In ^o
"	Aug. 28	"	La Blanchisseuse ^o
"	Unknown	"	A Harvest Song ^o
"	"	Unknown	The Rose ^o
"	"	"	*Gisli, the Chieftain ^o
"	"	"	Who sees a Vision ^o
"	"	"	Egypt I Die ^o
"	"	<u>The Mail</u>	Vashti, the Queen ^o
"	"	Unknown	The King's Garments ^o
"	"	"	*The Hidden Room ^o
"	"	"	*The Helot ^o
"	"	"	*Malcolm's Katie ^o
"	"	"	*Mary's Tryst ^o
"	"	"	*Said the Thistle- down ^o
"	"	"	*The Shell ^o
"	"	"	*My ain' Bonnie Lass ^o
"	"	"	*Between the Wind and the Rain ^o
"	"	"	*Said the Skylark ^o
"	"	"	*Said the Wind ^o
"	"	"	*The Sword ^o
"	"	"	*The Land of Kisses
"	"	"	*Old Spookses' Pass ^o
"	"	"	*Bouche-Mignonne ^o
"	"	"	*La Bouquetière
"	"	"	*The Ghosts of the Trees ^o
"	"	"	Laughter ^o

YEAR	DAY	NEWSPAPER	POEM
Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	*Baby's Dreams ^o
"	"	"	*In Exchange for his Soul ^o
"	"	"	*Two Songs of Spain
"	"	"	Faith, Hope and Charity ^o
"	"	"	To-day the Doge
"	"	"	Lorne an' Louise
"	"	"	The Hunters Twain

LEGEND

* In 1884 edition

Total - 43

o In 1905 edition

Total - 86

According to Garvin, fifty-two poems appeared for the first time in book form in his 1905 edition. Eight poems in the 1884 edition were not included in the 1905 edition.

APPENDIX II

PROSE: A CHRONOLOGY

TITLE	PUBLICATION	MSS	DATE
"The Waterlily"		"	1862-1870
"The Golden Locket"		"	1862-1870
"The Vain Owl and the Elf"		"	1870-1876
"About the Duchess"		"	1872-1873 1873-1874
"Winona"	Unknown		1875 or before
"Huldah's Arrow"		"	May 13, 1873
"Her Whole Life Long"		"	Jan. 18, 1876
"Dreams and Manifesta- tions"		"	July 18, 1876
"Mrs. Hay's Ghost"		"	July 18, 1876
"Let No Man Put Asunder"	<u>Popular Monthly</u>		1880
"Fair Little Jealousy"	<u>Frank Leslie's Illustrated News</u>		1882
"A Lovelamp"	<u>Popular Monthly</u>		1883
<u>Helen's Rock</u>		"	Apr. 11, 1883
"A Five-O'Clock Tea"	<u>Popular Monthly</u>		1884
"Sevres Fulkes"	<u>Popular Monthly</u>		1885
"His Christmas Love"	<u>Popular Monthly</u>		1886
"Extradited"	<u>The Globe</u>		Sept. 4, 1886
<u>A Little Bacchante</u>	<u>The Evening Globe</u>		Jan. 1886
<u>The Halton Boys</u>		"	1876-1887
"A Bar of Sunset"			1887
"In the Breast of a Maple"			1887

"The Waterlily" is dated "North Douro," and "The Vain Owl and the Elf," "Peterborough;" hence the dates 1862-1870 and 1870-1876. "The Golden Locket" is signed "Isabella Valancy;" thus, the dates 1862-1870. (See p. 22.) "About the Duchess" was intended for The Favorite, a Montreal publication which published in 1872-73 and 1873-74. (See n. II-42.)

The title Winona first appeared as a sub-heading of "Flora" which was published in The Mail on Feb. 26, 1875. The Halton Boys was dated "Toronto;" hence the dates 1876-1887. On the first page of the manuscript for "In the Breast of a Maple" appears the heading, "A Bar of Sunset/ Written for Pictorial/ By Isabella Valancy Crawford." This was later crossed out. The Pictorial Times was a Montreal journal with vol. 1, no. 1 published Jan. 15, 1887. The only other known copy is for Jan. 22, 1887. It ceased publication in 1887 but no one seems to know precisely when. There is a rejection slip from The Pictorial Times dated January 31, 1887. (See n. II-74.) A Little Bacchante was published in The Evening Globe in 1886. Only the ninth chapter, "In the Face of the Tempter" in The Evening Globe of January 21st, 1886 can be located.

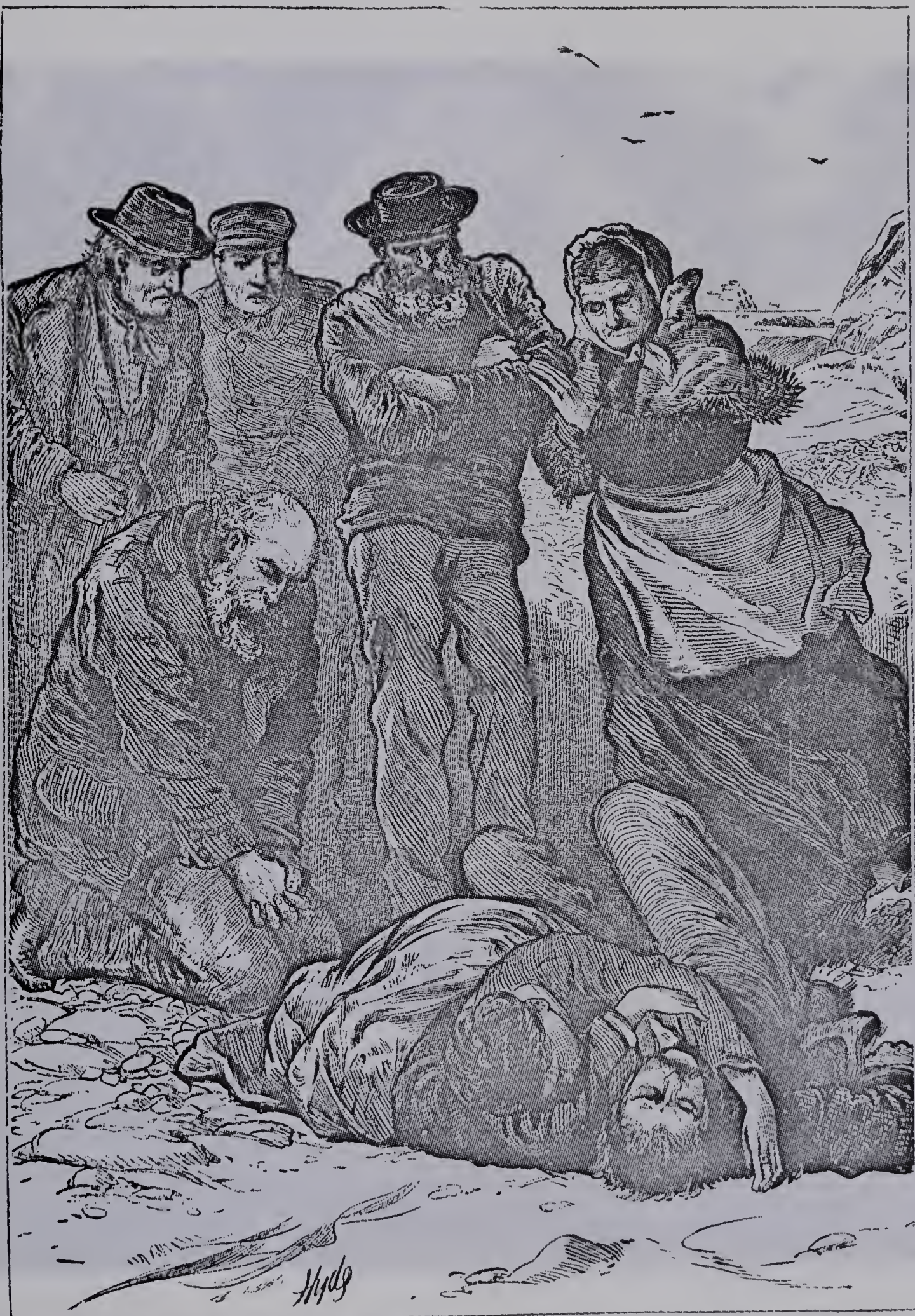
It is reasonable to suppose that Pillows of Stone was written in the 1870's. Mrs. Falcon's dog, Caretaker, wears a dog-collar marked March 14, 187_ (PS, 4-53). The date June 21, 1878 appears on page 15 of [Belfry House] and it seems safe to say that [Philip Dudley] was written in the 1880's. A letter written by George T. Dudley is dated Toronto, 188_ (PD, 1).

"SEVRES FULKES."



"SEVRES FULKES."—"ALL AT ONCE SHE FOUND THE THRESHOLD, AND STOOD SWAYING, HER HANDS MOVING BEFORE HER, PLUCKING AT THE AIR, WHILE HE STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY."

"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."



"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."—"I KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER, A SLIM, DRENCHED FIGURE IN GRAY, CLASPED IN THE ARMS OF A MAN WHOSE FACE WAS HIDDEN BY HER PRETTY, DRIFTIN' HAIR, WHOSE STRONG ARMS WERE BOUND LIKE IRON AROUND HER."



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Hale, Katherine, ed. Isabella Valancy Crawford: Makers of Canadian Literature. Toronto: Ryerson, n.d.

Petrone, Penny, ed. Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford. Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1975.

B. POETRY IN SERIAL PUBLICATIONS

The Favorite

"Love in a Dairy".....	Feb.	1,	1873
"The Inspiration of Song".....	Feb.	15,	1873
"Love and Reason".....	May	24,	1873
"Love amongst the Roses".....			Unknown

The Mail

"The Vesper Star".....	Dec.	24,	1873
"Esther".....	Mar.	7,	1874
"The Wishing Star".....	Mar.	24,	1874
"Caesar's Wife".....	Apr.	27,	1874
"A Battle".....	June	26,	1874
"Canada to England".....	July	28,	1874
"The Roman-Rose Seller".....	Aug.	19,	1874
"The Wooing of Gheezis".....	Sept.	18,	1874
"Moloch".....	Nov.	6,	1874
"Flora".....	Feb.	26,	1875
"An Interregnum".....	May	3,	1875
"Vashti, the Queen".....			Unknown

The National

"Where, Love, Art Hid?".....	July	?,	1876
"They Tell me Love is Dead".....	Apr.	17,	1878

"The Farmer's Daughter Cherry".....	Sept.	5,	1878
"Filigrane!".....	Sept.	26,	1878
"The Death of a Queen".....	Oct.	10,	1878
"Baby's Boots".....	Oct.	31,	1878
"The New Shoes o' Protection".....	Nov.	28,	1878
"Roger Bontemps".....	Mar.	13,	1879
"Uncle Joe's Reason".....	May	8,	1879
"I'll Laugh to See the Year In".....	Unknown		
"La Blanchisseuse".....	Aug.	28,	no year
"A Harvest Song".....	Unknown		

The Evening Telegram

"Erin to her Grandson, Ned Hanlan".....	June	25,	1879
"War".....	Aug.	4,	1879
"To the Princess Louise".....	Sept.	3,	1879
"A Song of the Sea".....	Sept.	3,	1879
"Joy's City".....	Sept.	12,	1879
"Lines: on the Picture of Semiramis Receiving News of a Revolt in Babylon"..	Oct.	6,	1879
"How Deacon Fry Bought a Duchess".....	Oct.	22,	1879
"Wealth".....	Nov.	26,	1879
"Beside the Burgomeister's Well".....	Dec.	12,	1879
"The King is Dead!--Long Live the King!".....	Dec.	31,	1879
"Farmer Downs Changes His Opinion of Nature".	Jan.	16,	1880
"Beside the Sea".....	Feb.	4,	1880
"A Creed".....	Feb.	21,	1880
"Love me, Love my Dog".....	Mar.	25,	1880
"Said the West Wind".....	May	14,	1880
"Sylvius to Chloris".....	May	27,	1880
"June".....	June	3,	1880
"True and False".....	June	19,	1880
"The Deacon and his Daughter".....	July	7,	1880
"The Camp of Souls".....	Aug.	9,	1880
"Said the Daisy".....	Aug.	19,	1880
"The City Tree".....	Sept.	4,	1880
"Old Spense".....	Sept.	29,	1880
"The Billet-Doux".....	Oct.	15,	1880
"The Pilgrims".....	Nov.	27,	1880
"The Sailor and his Bride".....	Dec.	9,	1880
"1880".....	Jan.	19,	1881
"A Hungry Day".....	Feb.	15,	1881
"Erin's Warning".....	Mar.	7,	1881
"March".....	Mar.	19,	1881
"The Rowan Tree".....	Apr.	27,	1881
"A Fragment".....	June	4,	1881
"Curtius".....	July	16,	1881
"A Wooing".....	Aug.	20,	1881
"The White Bull".....	Oct.	3,	1881
"The Deacon's Fate".....	Oct.	13,	1881
"Youth".....	Jan.	7,	1882
"Life".....	Feb.	11,	1882

"Two Songs (Love's Forget-Me-Not)".....	Mar.	13,	1882
"O Eyes that See Not".....	May	11,	1882
"Some of Farmer Stebbins' Opinions".....	June	2,	1882
"Verses, entitled 'Late Loved, Well Loved'" ("Late Loved--Well Loved").....	July	21,	1882
"Good-bye's the Word!".....	Sept.	8,	1882
"At the Opera--A Fragment".....	Oct.	27,	1882
"Thanksgiving Day".....	Nov.	8,	1882
"Mavourneen".....	Dec.	2,	1882
"He Arose and Went Into Another Land".....	Feb.	9,	1883
"The Earth Waxeth Old".....	Apr.	16,	1883
"A Perfect Strain".....	June	1,	1883
"A Lover's Quarrel".....	June	18,	1883
"Love, Stay for Me".....	July	30,	1883
"September in Toronto".....	Sept.	15,	1883
"The Butterfly" ("The Mother's Soul").....	Nov.	14,	1883
"The Dark Stag".....	Nov.	28,	1883
"My Irish Love".....	Dec.	5,	1883
"The Legend of the Mistletoe".....	Dec.	22,	1883
"Roses in Madrid".....	Jan.	19,	1884
"The Canoe" ("Said the Canoe").....	Feb.	27,	1884
"Toronto".....	June	25,	1884
"Song of Michaelmas".....	Sept.	24,	1884
"His Clay".....	Oct.	22,	1884
"The Lily Bed".....	Oct.	30,	1884
"The King's Kiss".....	Nov.	11,	1884
"The Christmas Baby".....	Dec.	22,	1884
"The Poet of the Spring".....	Mar.	18,	1885
"The Red-Cross Corps".....	Apr.	20,	1885
"To Gladstone: 'Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery'".....	May	4,	1885
"The Dauntless Daughter of the Dane".....	May	22,	1885
"The Rose of a Nation's Thanks".....	June	11,	1885
"Songs for the Soldiers".....	June	17,	1885
"The Gallant Lads in Green".....	July	22,	1885
"Peace".....	Aug.	8,	1885
"Yule".....	Dec.	23,	1885
"The Rolling Pin" ("Fairy Toil").....	May	29,	1886

The Globe

"Phyllis".....	Oct.	10,	1885
"All Men are Born Free and Equal".....	Nov.	18,	1885
"Co' Boss!".....	Nov.	30,	1885
"Hast Thou?".....	Jan.	1,	1886
"My Darling".....	Mar.	20,	1886
"The Sabot Maker".....	Apr.	14,	1886
"The Harp of Spring".....	May	1,	1886
"The Pessimist".....	May	29,	1886

C. PROSE IN SERIAL PUBLICATIONS

"A Five-O'Clock Tea," Popular Monthly, 17 (January - June 1884), 287-291.

A Little Bacchante; or, Some Black Sheep, Chap. IX, The Evening Globe, 21 January 1886.

"A Lovelamp," Popular Monthly, 15 (July - December 1883), 674-680.

"Extradited," The Globe, September 4, 1886.

"Fair Little Jealousy," Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 16, 1882 (Supplement), 283-286.

"His Christmas Love," Popular Monthly, 21 (January - June 1886), 97-103.

"Let No Man Put Asunder," Popular Monthly, 9 (January - June 1880), 531-539.

"Sevres Fulkes," Popular Monthly, 20 (July - December 1885), 351-356.

D. MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS

1. The Lorne Pierce Collection of Canadian Manuscripts in the Douglas Library of Queen's University includes such material as the letters, manuscripts and memorabilia of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, the Bliss Carman Papers, and the Marjorie Pickthall Papers. The Collection was given to Queen's University by Dr. Lorne Pierce who began building it up about 1924 and over the years continued to add to what is reputed to be the finest Canadiana collection in Canada. The Crawford Manuscripts are in this collection.

2. Crawford Manuscripts

Novels

[Belfry House] (incomplete)

From Yule to Yule; or, Claudia's Will (incomplete)

The Halton Boys (A story for boys)

The Heir of Dremore (incomplete)

Helen's Rock

La Tricoteuse (incomplete)

Lodesley Abbey (incomplete)

Monsieur Phoebus; or, Some of the Adventures of an Irish Gentleman (incomplete)

Old General de Bezir (incomplete)

[Philip Dudley] (incomplete)

Pillows of Stone; or, Young Cloven Hoof (incomplete)

Short Stories and Sketches

"After a few weeks sojourn in that gayest of cities" (incomplete)
 "Aunt Dorry's Potpourri" (incomplete)
 "A Bar of Sunset"
 "About the Duchess" (incomplete)
 "A Cuypp" (incomplete)
 "A Founderling" (incomplete)
 "A Rose in his Grace"
 "Dreams and Manifestations"
 "From Yule to Yule; or Claudia's Will" (incomplete)
 "Grannie Ruby's Granddaughter" (incomplete)
 "The Grasshopper Papers"
 "The Golden Locket; or the Story of a Nun"
 "Her Chariot Wheels" (incomplete)
 "Her Whole Life Long"
 "Huldah's Arrow"
 "In the Breast of a Maple"
 "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas"
 ["Missus"] (incomplete)
 ["Mr. Blushleigh's Queries"] (incomplete)
 ["Mr. Julian"] (incomplete)
 ["Mr. Tarlton"] (incomplete)
 "Mrs. Hay's Ghost"
 "Primrose's Shell" (incomplete)
 "Pussie Corder" (incomplete)
 "Ruby and Snow" (incomplete)
 ["Sam Shane"] (incomplete)
 "Some years after my aunt's marriage" (incomplete)
 "Topley's Widow" (incomplete)
 "Tudor Tramp" (incomplete)

Fairy Tales

"How the Nightingale and the Parrot Wooed the Rose"
 "The Vain Owl and the Elf"
 "Prince Papillon; or the Charitable Violet"
 "The Rival Roses"
 "The Rose and the Rainbow"
 "The Waterlily"
 "Wava, the Fairy of the Shell"

3. Letters in Lorne Pierce Collection

1887

31 January

Pictorial Times to Crawford

[1904]

1 October	Ethelwyn Wetherald to Garvin
8 October	Ethelwyn Wetherald to Garvin
11 October	Ethelwyn Wetherald to Garvin
15 October	Ethelwyn Wetherald to Garvin
19 October	Ethelwyn Wetherald to Garvin

1905

23 September Stephen Walter Crawford to J. W. Garvin

1906

24 May Pauline Johnson to J. W. Garvin
28 September Wm. Briggs to Garvin

1907

9 April E. S. Caswell to Garvin

1931

16 November Eliza Jane Crawford to Garvin

1935

1 April Garvin to Lorne Pierce
6 August Garvin to Eliza Jane Crawford

1937

3 September Lorne Pierce to Eliza Jane Crawford
31 December Lorne Pierce to Eliza Jane Crawford

4. Letters from Other Sources

[ca. 1885] Crawford to "Seranus"

5. Official Documents

1. Burial Records at Little Lake Cemetery, Peterborough, Ontario
2. Burial Records at St. John's Episcopal Church, Peterborough
3. Canada, Public Archives, "Application for Grants for Sites for Churches in Township of Paisley Land Petition," RG1, L3, vol. 416a and RG1, L3, vol. 417
4. Canada, Public Archives, Manuscript Documents, "Application of Stephen Dennis Crawford of Paisley," RG5, C1, Vol. 507, No. 561
5. Death Certificates--Isabella Valancy Crawford
Sydney Scott Crawford
6. Douro Township Assessment and Collectors' Rolls.
7. Instrument No. 39, April 22, 1859, between Sidney Crawford and Geo. Norton, Walkerton Registry Office

8. Instrument No. 71, March 18, 1861, between Sidney & Stephen D. Crawford and Thos. Brightly at Walkerton Registry Office
9. Peterborough County Assessment and Collector's Rolls at Peterborough Centennial Museum
10. Sherin Papers, Trent University Archives
11. Toronto City Directories, 1876-1887
12. Toronto Mechanics' Institute Register No. 133

6. Scrapbooks

Attwood Scrapbook kindly given to me by Miss Mary F. Martin.

The Scrapbooks of Herbert Fairbairn Gardiner in the Hamilton Public Library, Hamilton, Ontario

- vol. 88, pp. 81-2
- vol. 97, pp. 131-2
- vol. 117, p. 77
- vol. 189, p. 411
- vol. 227, p. 81

E. INTERVIEW

Mrs. Valancy Perry, 31 December 1971

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B. FULL-LENGTH STUDIES

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